Collier's

TEN CENTS

MARCH 31, 1945

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I Meet the Front-Line Russians

BY LILLIAN HELLMAN

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES SNYDER

MEN AND GUNS AT IWO JIMA

BY WALTER DAVE ORT

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March 31-1945

THE NEW *Lifetime** "TRIUMPH"

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Judged by all pre-war standards, Sheaffer's newest *Lifetime*, the "TRIUMPH," is the finest, most precise writing instrument ever manufactured by anyone.

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This new "TRIUMPH" is the sturdiest of all Sheaffer pens, but you'll want to give it the care befitting the finest—*the same care you would give a fine watch*—and if you do, your personal writing problems are solved!

*Sheaffer's service contract on the *Lifetime* "TRIUMPH" pen (applicable to all *Lifetime* "TRIUMPHS" of the new type)— The giant cylindrical point is guaranteed against everything except loss or willful damage for the life of the first user; the complete pen against defective materials or workmanship. *If repair is needed, return complete pen to Sheaffer or your dealer.* No charge will be made for repairing the point other than a service charge of 35c to cover return postage, handling and insurance. (Slightly more if you ask the dealer to send it in for you.)

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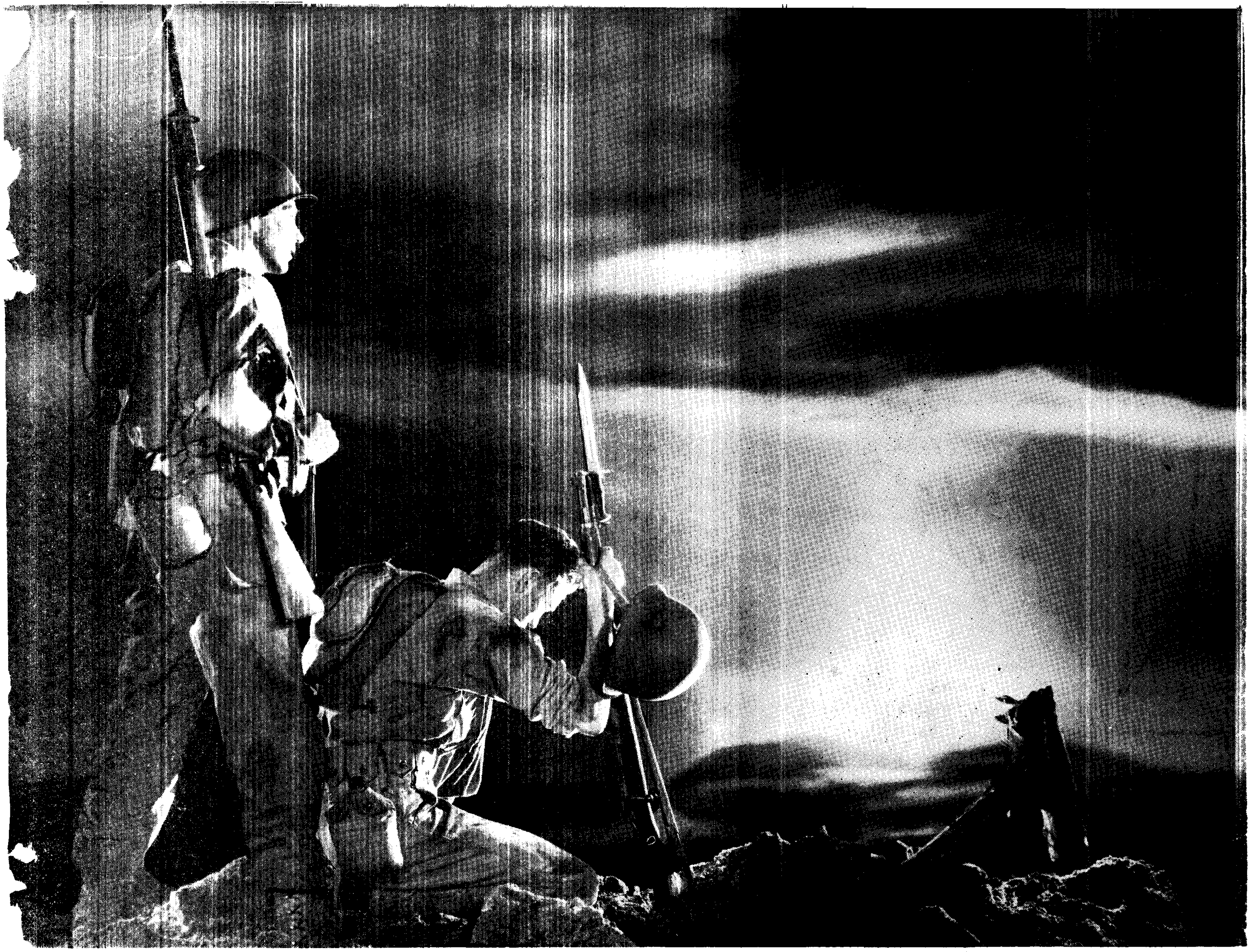


THE SONG THAT EASTER BRINGS...FROM HOME

"Tonight from New Guinea, my heart and thoughts walked along Cedar Avenue. I seemed to be closer to home, to mother and dad, to our friends and to our way of life." Thus, last year wrote a young soldier from the hot hell of the Pacific, after hearing the Easter Sunrise Services broadcast from home by short-wave radio.

This year, more than ever, your sons and ours hunger for the rebirth of the spirit that will wash away the mud and blood, the struggle and the strife that have engulfed the world.

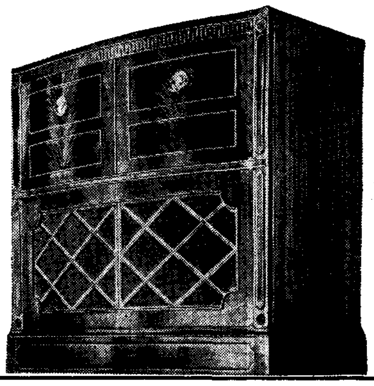
But while they wait and fight so that honor and decency may walk again, their need for principle, for God and for home is great.

We have no bigger task here at home than to see that these things are given.

In 1921 WESTINGHOUSE broadcast the first short-wave program ever to be heard. Since then, WESTINGHOUSE has made most of the major technical contributions to short-wave radio which have enabled it to become so great a power in America's international relations.

It is our privilege today to broadcast American programs to the world through Westinghouse-owned stations. We will again this year share in shortwaving to our armed forces the Easter programs that they want . . . and need.

We are proud to be charged with this part of the nation's responsibility to her sons.



Westinghouse first brought radio to the homes of America . . . and is today one of the world's largest producers of military radio and radar. After victory, Westinghouse will turn its unsurpassed resources to building for you the finest radio that you can own.

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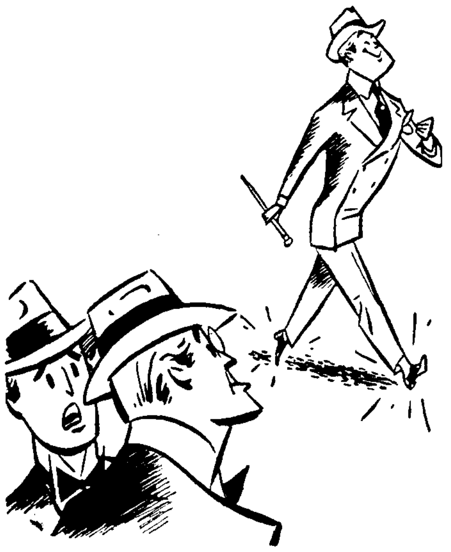

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Collier's
FOR MARCH 31, 1945

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any week

LET us begin with the case of an architect in a Manhattan firm who felt it was time he had a vacation. Seems, however, that the firm was expecting a big order and didn't want their man to take a vacation. But he went away anyhow, leaving a distant forwarding address. Well, the order came in, and the boss telegraphed this architect to come back, but quick. There was no reply. The firm sent a more urgent message. The answer to this was a terrific silence. A third and vitriolic wire went out, and to this there was a response. "Proceed," advised the vacationer, "as though I were dead."

WE DIDN'T catch the colored boy's name, but he works in a printing plant and, the way we got it, he was asked to work overtime on a rush job. When it was done, he approached his superior. "Boss," he said, "about that extra work. Do I get time and again for it?"

NOW for the mail. An anonymous reader sends us a page torn from a publication called Bataan Magazine, dated December, 1944. A pencil line encircles an item containing the name of the new chief of the Hawaii News Bureau of Bataan Magazine. The name is Angel P. Pingpong. What the significance of this is, we do not know.

A GENTLEMAN in Montgomery, Alabama, writes as follows: "Since my wife prefers Collier's magazine to all other magazines, will you kindly run her photograph in your good magazine?" The accompanying picture revealed the lady to be truly beautiful, and we are overcom with frustration.

AND Pvt. Alex K. Sherman, in Franc is sick and tired of getting letters fro home asking him how he likes C tions and admonishing him to keep a eye on his brother. "I often wonder," V-mails, "if they realize how big this m

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The man who took Tuberculosis in his stride...

A victim of tuberculosis is not necessarily condemned to the life of an invalid, *if two things happen.*

> **First, the early discovery of the disease . . . and second, the calm and systematic carrying out of the doctor's program of recovery.**

Tragically, thousands of people today are carrying early tuberculosis around without realizing it. For it's not hard to ignore a slight pain in the chest, a constant tired feeling, or a persistent cough. And it's not until they discover their sputum is blood-streaked that many tuberculosis victims see their doctor.

Even then it may not be too late. At first, twenty-four-hour-a-day rest and quiet are essential—the kind of care best afforded by a sanatorium. It may take a short or long time to build up the resistance the body needs to fight off the disease, and establish the patient on the road to recovery. And after discharge from the sanatorium the real job has just begun.

For it is then that the patient must depend on *himself* to practice the routine already established. He must be careful to have adequate sleep . . . proper diet . . . sensible recreation. He must avoid overexertion. In fact, these are wise precautions for *any* who fear tuberculosis.

Young adults, and teen-age boys and girls—especially the latter—are the most likely victims of active tuberculosis. Parents should warn their families to be careful of chronic coughers who may be harboring the germs—many elderly people with "asthma" or "bronchitis" may have the disease.

> **And, since the surest way to find tuberculosis early is by *routine examination, including* X-ray, all of us, young or old, should be looked over regularly.**

Precautions like these have contributed much to the decline of the tuberculosis death rate. Thirty years ago it was some 220 per hundred-thousand people. Today it is down to 40 per hundred-thousand.

That's largely because of two developments. First, modern methods for finding tuberculosis *early*. Second, adequate care for people *after* they have been discharged from the sanatorium—especially those who prematurely think themselves ready to resume an active, strenuous life.

> **To help you understand the importance of early tuberculosis recognition and its later rehabilitation, Metropolitan has prepared a booklet entitled "Tuberculosis." Write for a free copy today.**

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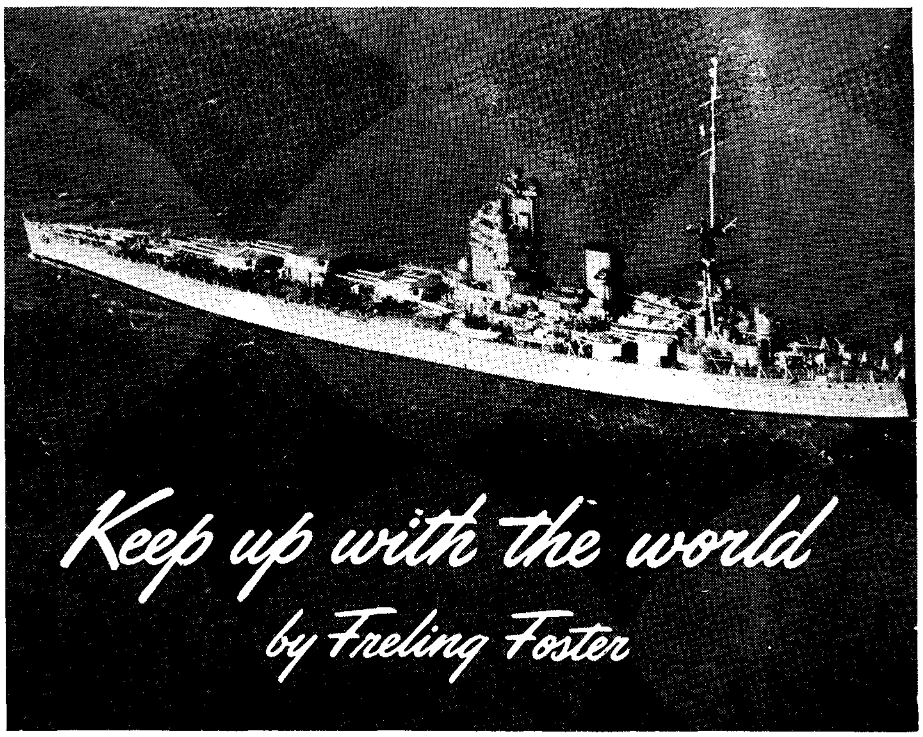


Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

BRITISH COMBINE

The sister battleships, Nelson and Rodney, of the British Navy, present a strange appearance because half of their rear section is missing. Being under construction in 1922 when naval arms were limited at the Washington Conference, their tonnages had to be reduced one quarter; and this was accomplished by cutting some 200 feet off the end of each vessel. But their superstructures were built as originally planned and, therefore, came so close to the stern that the heavy guns for the section had to be moved forward.—*By A/C J. R. Dunbar, Maxwell Field, Alabama.*

Common door locks cân be locked and unlocked while the key remains inserted on the inside. And many modern tumbler door locks can be locked and bolted with a knob on the inside or a key on the outside. Therefore, the only time a detective may be certain that no one has left a room by the door is when the lock is of the tumbler type and is bolted with a spring bolt which can be turned or locked only from the inside.

The Air Transport Command now flies daily, from New York to Paris, some 850 quarts of whole blood for casualties too serious to respond to plasma.

Johannes Gutenberg, "the father of printing," has long been credited with the invention and first use of movable cast metal type in the early 1450s. Yet such type had been made and employed in Korea in 1409, and 53 authentic pieces of it are on exhibition today in the American Museum of Natural History in New York City.—*By Basil L. Winsell, Bay Pines, Florida.*

To see in their native habitat all 2,500 animals in the Bronx Zoo in New York, the world's largest zoological park, a person would have to travel for 10 years, visit more than 100 countries and spend at least $200,000.

The three religious denominations in the United States which lead in number of churches, according to the latest census, are: Negro Baptists with 23,093, Roman Catholics with 18,406, and the Methodist Episcopalians with 18,349.—*By Richard L. Porter, St. Mary's, Kansas.*

Excluding Arbor Day, state and national holidays will be observed on more than 60 different dates in this country in 1945. . . . The designs for the B-29 Superfortress required 8,000,000 man-hours before production started in December, 1943; yet 1,000 engineers are still working to improve them.

Although the bishops of the Church of England are elected by cathedral chapters, they may be deprived of their authority and emoluments by the Archbishop of Canterbury alone.—*By William B. Bercovich, Brookline, Massachusetts.*

The greatest recorded movement of animals on foot took place in Russia last year when the Soviet government distributed 1,000,000 cows, sheep and goats to the families who had returned to their homes in the liberated regions. Although the animals reached their destinations within six months after starting, the six previous months were required to map the 23 routes, totaling 25,000 miles; set up camping grounds and dispatchers' stations; arrange for food, water and veterinary care; and hire and instruct the 7,500 herdsmen.

In a unique practice started in 1944, Spain is to issue annually hereafter a five-pesetas air-mail stamp that will be valid as postage on only one day—October 12th.

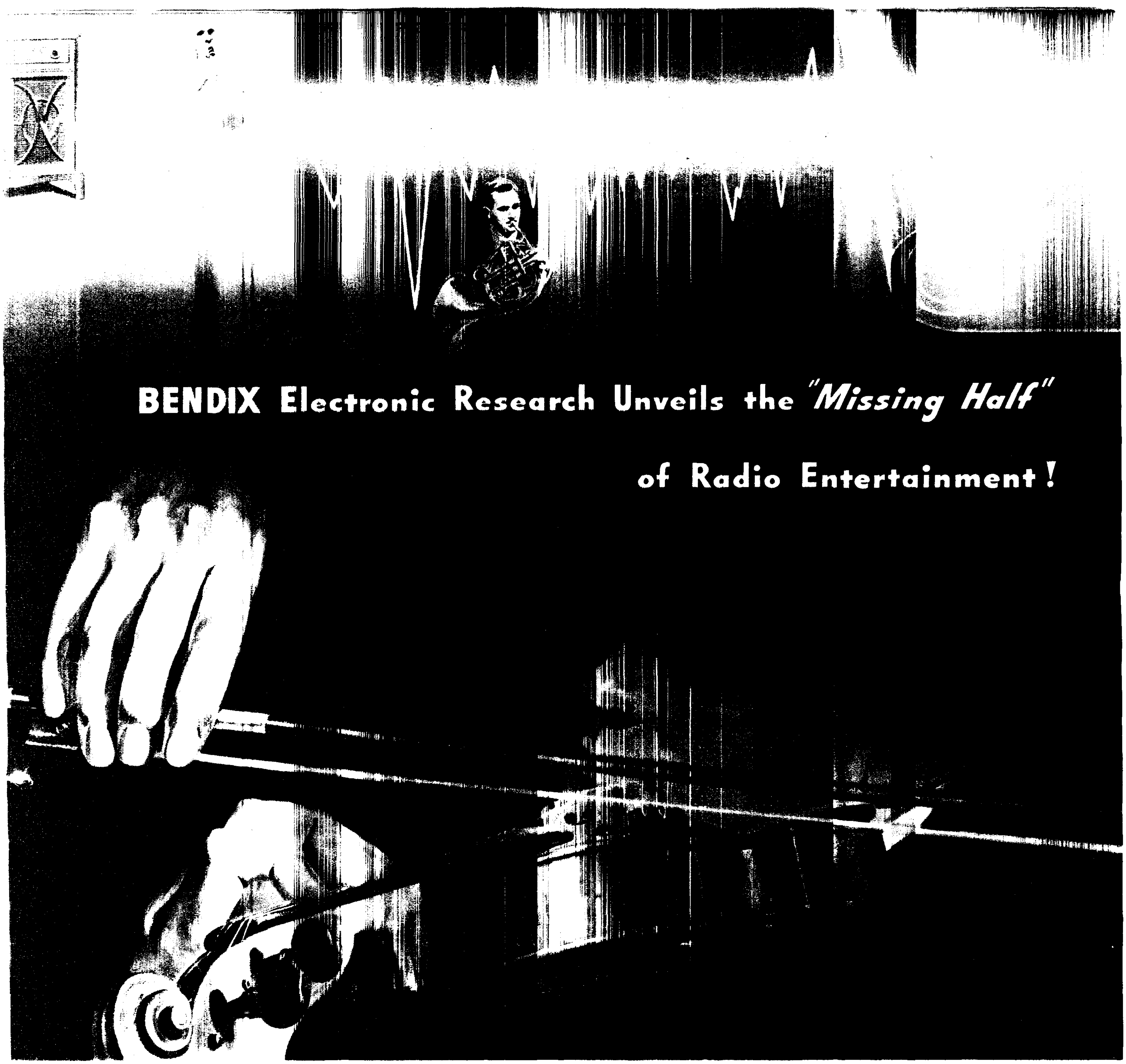
The establishing of the National Archives by Congress in 1934 ended a century-old fight for the construction of a permanent repository for federal records, during which time thousands of important national papers were lost, stolen, destroyed by fire or sold as wastepaper. In 1935, Archives men, searching for existing records about the capital, found many stored in garages, barns, cellars and other strange places. For instance, the long lost plans for the Washington Monument were discovered under layers of dust in the attic of an old abandoned house.

Work is suspended in many American logging camps when the humidity falls to 30 per cent, as the atmosphere is then dry enough for a chance spark to start a fire.

To celebrate the invasion of Europe, America's Liberty Bell was officially "rung" —by tapping with a rubber mallet—on D-Day, June 6, 1944. . . . Chevalier Cliquot, famous British sword swallower of the 1890s, whose esophagus was only twice as large as normal, could swallow 14 thin swords at one time. . . . While the average length of English words is 4.5 letters, that of German words is 5.92 letters, or 32 per cent more. . . . The Executive Branch of the U.S. government has today about 285,000 employees who serve without pay.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

In dramatized form Keep Up with the World is now broadcast every Wednesday night (at 9:00 E.W.T., 8:00 C.W.T., 7:00 M.W.T., 6:00 P.W.T.) over 140 stations of the Blue Network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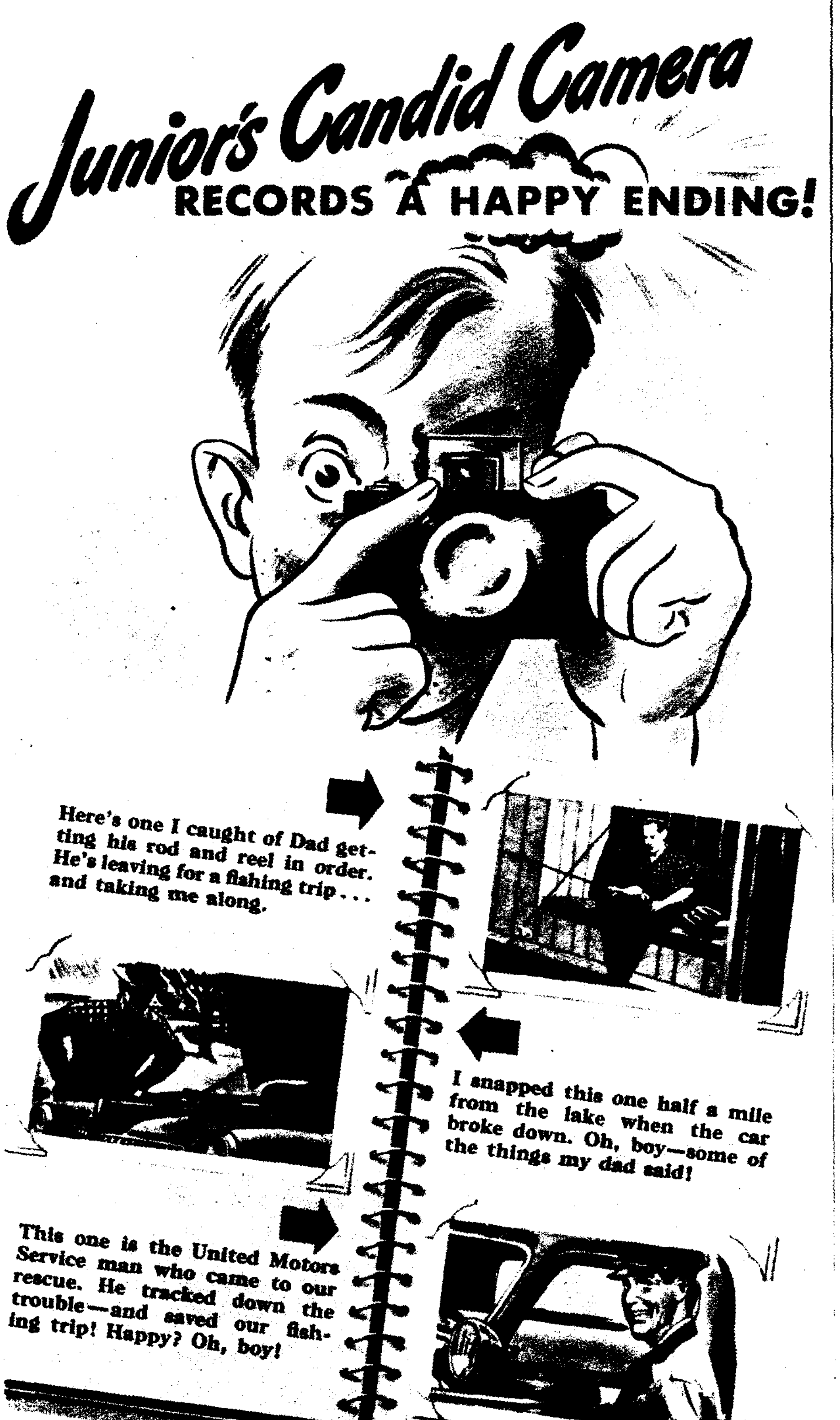
Junior's Candid Camera
RECORDS A HAPPY ENDING!
Here's one I caught of Dad getting his rod and reel in order. He's leaving for a fishing trip . . . and taking me along.
I snapped this one half a mile from the lake when the car broke down. Oh, boy—some of the things my dad said!
This one is the United Motors Service man who came to our rescue. He tracked down the trouble—and saved our fishing trip! Happy? Oh, boy!

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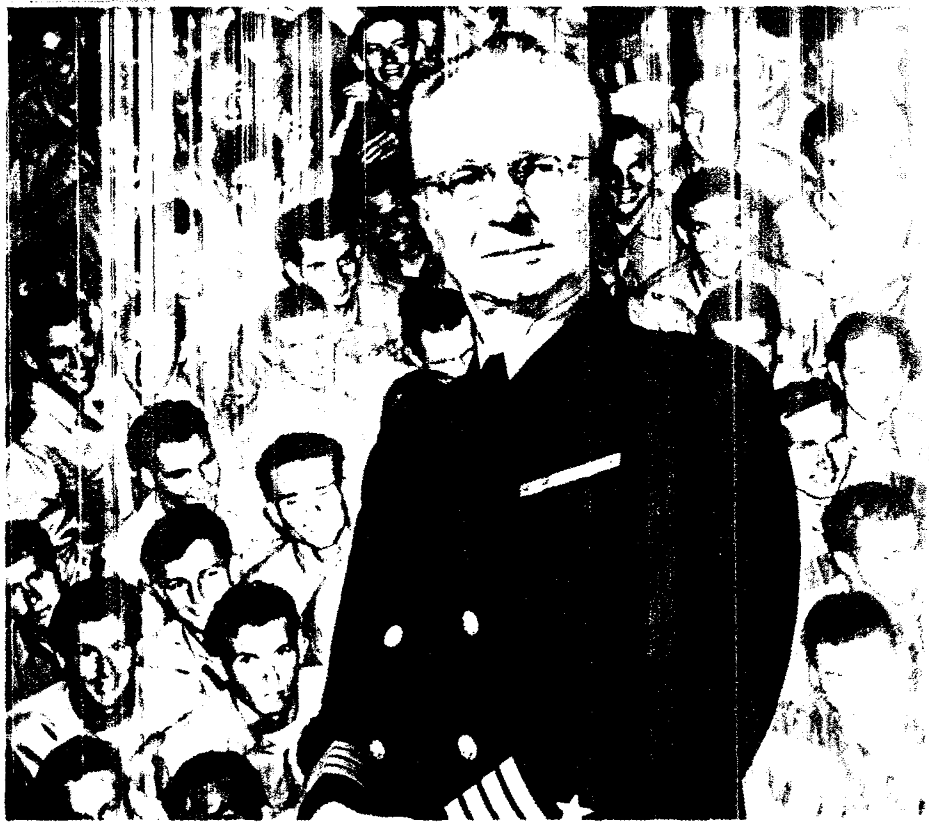


KARGER-PIX

Photographer of The Fighting Lady, 66-year-old Captain Eduard Steichen, is making an unforgettable picture record of the U.S. Navy in this war

Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY

THE world of art and photography honors Steichen. So do people who grow delphiniums. For Steichen is preeminent in both. Yet of all the monuments that may be erected to him, none can be more lasting than the one he is building now: a photographic record of naval aviation at war.

At sixty-six, he is a fine specimen: six feet, ramrod carriage, white-topped and healthy. Years ago he was plagued with ulcers, but he whipped them; not, however, without compromising for a mild case of gout which he maintains very satisfactorily.

Steichen has found a new life, and it is dedicated to the kids who fly off the flat-tops, who work on the flight deck, who keep the mighty aircraft carrier in action, all the way down to the black gang.

And so the people ashore are at last beginning to know about naval air warfare in the most exciting manner—in the Steichen manner. First evidence of what he has been doing for the past three years, and an indication of what is yet to come, is in the motion picture, The Fighting Lady, the story of an aircraft carrier. It was made under his direction by naval photographers, and every inch of it is real. Naval airmen say there will never be anything to equal this. Steichen accepts the tribute with a grateful smile, all the while fully aware of the unlimited capabilities of his camera.

Eduard J. Steichen, born in Luxembourg, here since the age of three, and educated in Hancock, Michigan, and Milwaukee, joined the Navy shortly after Pearl Harbor. He is now a captain and heads the Naval Aviation Photographic Unit. When he went to war, he took the natural course—applied to the Army, though he was then sixty-two. In the other war, he had served overseas for sixteen months as commanding officer of the Photographic Division of the A.E.F., combat aerial photographic reconnaissance. He came out of the war a lieutenant colonel—with a citation by General Pershing—and a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

He remained in the service for six months after the Armistice and feels that he left some sort of a mark by persuading two brilliant young officers to remain in the Army—Albert W. Stevens and George Goddard, who are now recognized as the Army's great aerial photography experts—and by being instrumental in helping Sherman Fairchild obtain his first military contract from which his company grew to the largest aerial camera manufacturer in the world.

But when he plowed under his delphiniums on his Ridgefield, Connecticut, estate and reported for duty to the Army, the world's highest paid photographer, friend of Rodin and Paderewski, got no further with the examining officer than the question, "How old are you?"

Samuel W. Meek, vice-president of the J. Walter Thompson Company, and a twice-wounded fighting Marine from the last war, had taken on the side job of aviation consultant to the Navy Department and heard about Steichen's crushing disappointment. Meek went into action. Then Steichen received a telephone call from Rear Admiral Arthur W. Radford in Washington, inquiring if he'd like to join up with the Navy.

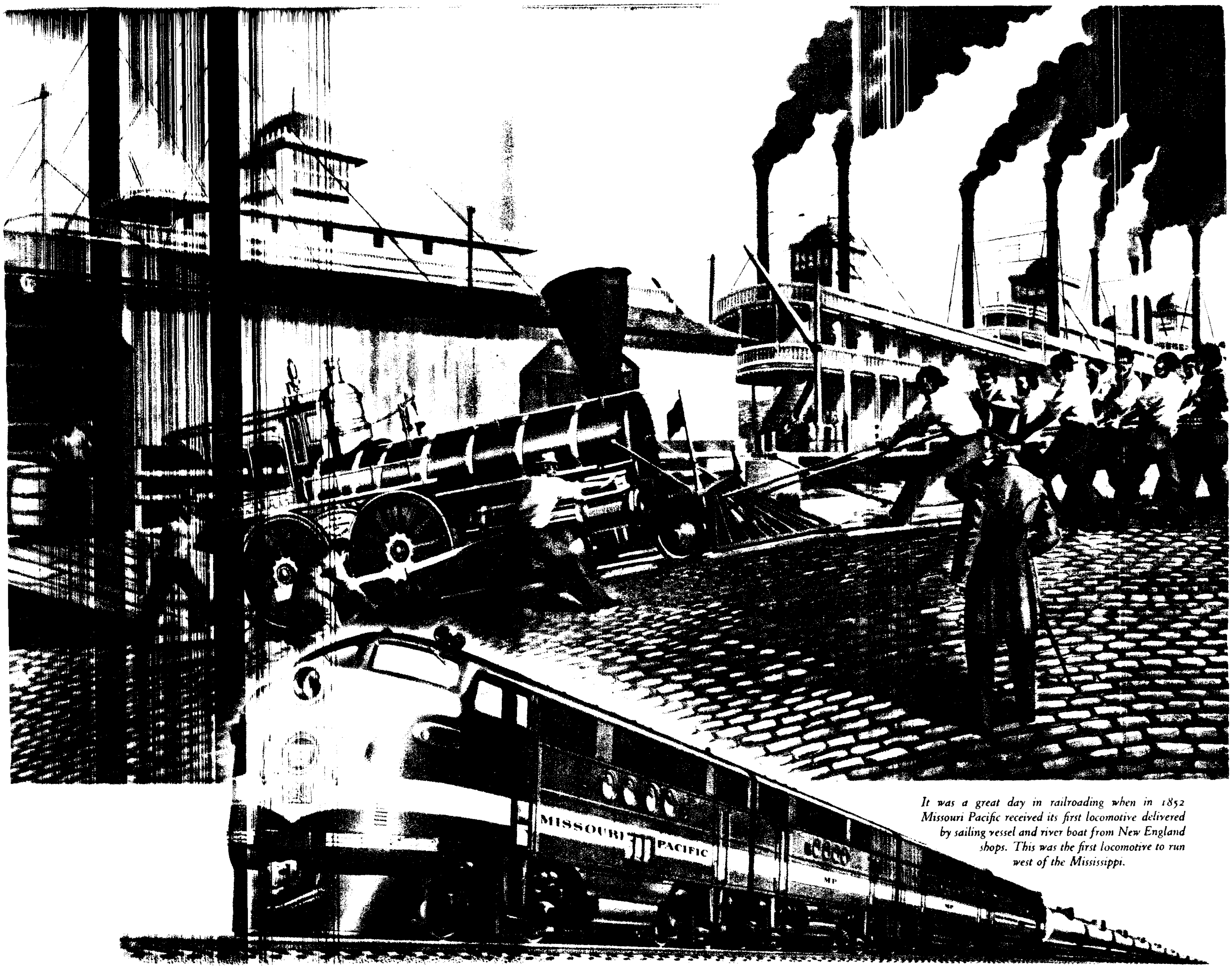
"I all but crawled right through the phone," Captain Steichen recalls, "and was in Washington the next morning. But when I entered Admiral Radford's office, I saw his jaw fall. At that moment, the ringing telephone saved us both. While he was talking, I was thinking about how to get around my age."

ALTHOUGH he was crowding the retirement limit of sixty-four at that moment, Admiral Radford knew this volunteer was needed badly for a visual training program for naval aviation then being considered. He jumped on Steichen's band wagon and took him into Assistant Secretary for Air, Artemus L. (Di) Gates. Di Gates had the same immediate reaction, but yielded. So did the now Secretary of the Navy, James V. Forrestal. There was some fast paper work to get Steichen in, and on January 31, 1942, he put on the uniform of a lieutenant commander and began to form his photographic unit with the blessing and support of these three friends to whom he gives all credit for anything good that may come out of his naval service.

Without knowing them personally, but solely on the basis of their photographic accomplishments, Steichen recruited a half dozen photographers from newspapers and magazines and commissioned them naval officers. This was unprecedented, but Steichen wanted them clothed with sufficient rank to enable them to go freely anywhere and get pictures. It's still shocking to some old regulars to see an officer going about lugging camera bags, flash bulbs and tripods.

For the visual training program, he photographed everything about an airplane and a carrier from birth to battle, and these pictures sped up the training of lads who had never seen either. Then he went to work on

(Continued on page 74)



It was a great day in railroading when in 1852 Missouri Pacific received its first locomotive delivered by sailing vessel and river boat from New England shops. This was the first locomotive to run west of the Mississippi.

Today Missouri Pacific uses a fleet of h powered General Motors Diesel locomot to haul long heavy loads of oil and w freight, and to provide swift dependa passenger transportation.

PUTTING RAILROADING ON A NEW PLANE

THESE DAYS the railroads are doing things that would have been impossible a few years ago. And one of their most powerful and modern tools is the General Motors line of Diesel locomotives.

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U. S. MARINE SETTING UP A TELEPHONE SWITCHBOARD ON AN ISLAND "SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC"

The girl in the telephone Business Office—thousands have come to know her courtesy and desire to help.

If only switchboards grew on trees!

That would make things a lot easier for our fighting men, for us, and for every one who is waiting for a home telephone.

But switchboards and telephones and electronic equipment of many kinds must still be made by telephone factories for the armed forces.

Your patience in this emergency makes us eager to take care of your home telephone needs just as soon as possible.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR MARCH 31, 1945

I MEET THE FRONT-LINE RUSSIANS

A brilliant American playwright was accorded a rare honor: The Soviet sent her from Moscow to within rifle range of the Russian front lines. Her account of whom she met and what she saw makes ~~absorbing~~ reading

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BY LILLIAN HELLMAN

PERMISSION to join the Red Army somewhere on the Warsaw-Vistula front had come through the week before, but Ria (who was coming along as translator) and I had been waiting for good flying weather. On the seventh cloudy Moscow day we decided to take a train. Although that meant a long detour (we had to go down into the Ukraine to Kiev and then back north and west again to Lublin, Poland) Ria said we would make it in two days, but the Red Army major who was coming along with us as guide and protector said he thought maybe two and a half days. They were both wrong. For five days the train crawled across the devastated country and, as time stretched out, I grew dirty and tired and sad.

There was little water on the train and less heat, and I had learned that it hurts to wash your hands in snow and does little good to clean your teeth with cold tea. I was tired of canned sardines and elderly sausage, and the ends of bread seemed no older now and no more frozen than I. If I had not felt so sorry for the cheerful white-faced baby in the next compartment, I might have had time to feel even sorrier for myself.

Five days of looking out of a train window into endless devastation makes you sad at first, and then numb. Here there is nothing left, and the eye gets unhappily accustomed to nothing and begins to accept it. Everywhere along the roads the people are dragging themselves back to what had been home and is now seldom more than a piece of a building surrounded by bomb craters. We have just pulled out of Kowel, which is on the Russian side of the Curzon Line. Kowel had been a large, thriving railroad town when captured by the Germans in 1941 and taken back by the Russian armies in 1944.

Nothing Left to Look At

The train was on a siding for two hours, so we had plenty of time to look at Kowel, or to look at nothing, because there is nothing left: the fine railroad station is now a wall and in the distance there are only little pieces of walls that were houses. I started to go for a walk but I found out that you can't stroll over hills of broken concrete, bricks, wire and mangled iron. I got as far as a clearing where Red Army soldiers were buying food from peasants. I bought some mashed potatoes—glad to have anything hot—a large onion and some apples and was once more impressed with the friendliness of the Russians: People came to translate, to help me pick the best apples, to make proper change, and three soldiers hurrying back to their trains carried my packages for me.

Sunday—yesterday afternoon—the train finally pulled into Lublin. We were met at the station by a Major Zeidner from Army Headquarters. In the disorganized railroad station, with too many excited people meeting too many other excited people, I began to admire Major Zeidner and to understand the Red Army. Within ten minutes we were out of the station—there had been a few minutes delay while we all looked for our Moscow major, who is a rather vague character—and into a shabby but pleasant hotel.

The stove in our room had been heated since the day before, there were large pitchers of hot water and a fine dinner with a bottle of wine. The hotel was heavily guarded by soldiers in a courtyard and on the staircase, but I was too sleepy to wonder about that. The next morning it all began to puzzle me, and when I had thought about it a little while, I knew why: We were the only people in the large hotel.

At breakfast I said to Zeidner: "Major, I know the Russians are wonderful hosts but I can't believe you have taken over the

(Continued on page 68)

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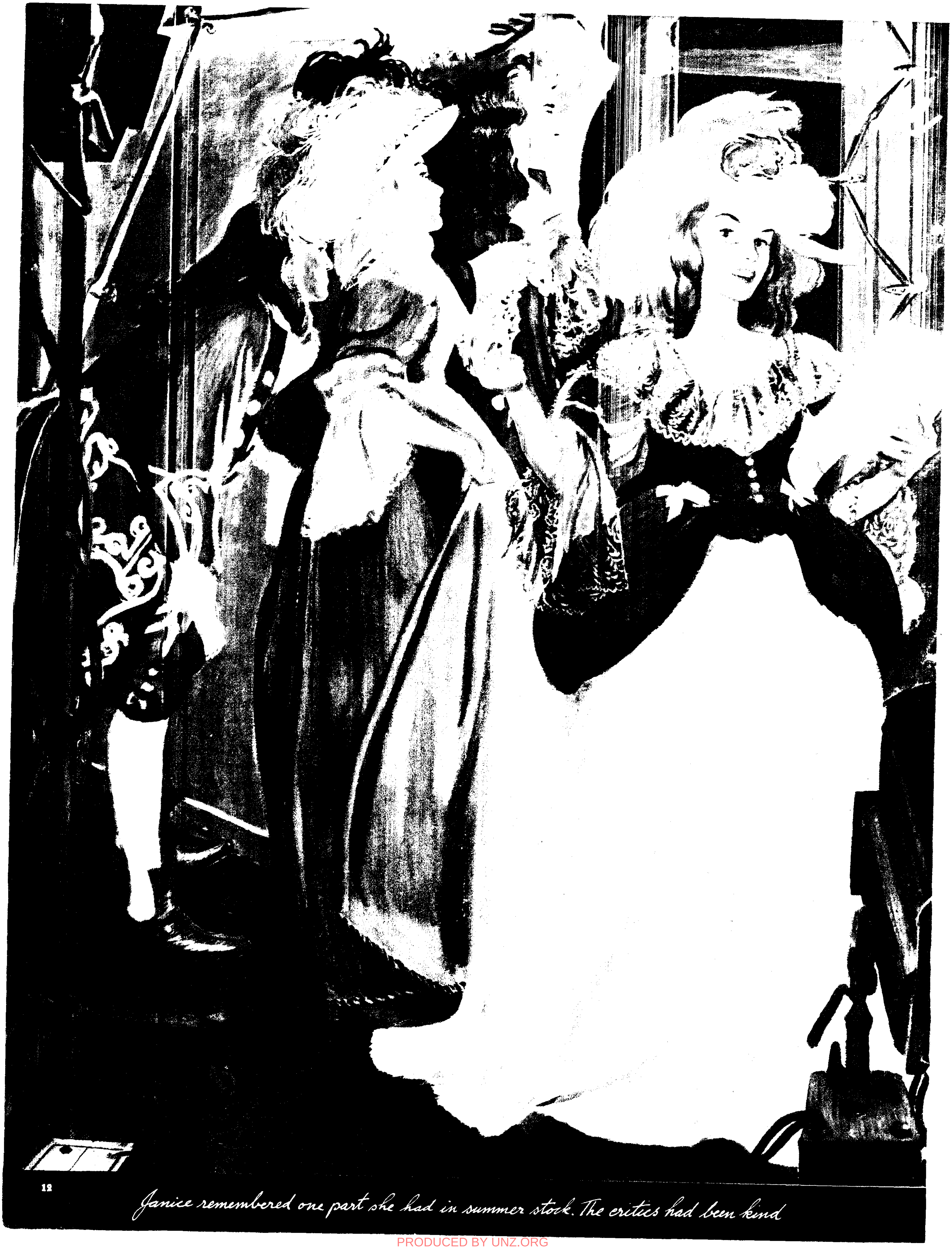


Janice remembered one part she had in summer stock. The critics had been kind

Small Sound of Applause

BY ERNEST LEHMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

He had a cross-country reputation for wickedness, and she knew all the Hollywood answers. But this time—to her surprise—the answer was different

ROB KIPLINGER was tired . . . tired of the morning fogs and tired of the afternoon sunshine . . . tired of the good pictures he never produced, tired of all the money it made for him . . . tired of the people who loved him, baby . . . above all tired of being Rob Kiplinger and of the knowledge that no matter how tired he was of being Rob Kiplinger he would probably never make the slightest effort to be something better.

He sat at his great bleached-oak desk, gloomily examined the sprawling litter of unfinished business, noted that it was twenty past five of a dying October afternoon, and scowled impatiently as his secretary padded in noiselessly over the thick beige carpeting.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Kiplinger," she announced.

"I'm sorry, too, Miss Delmar," he said, looking out of the French windows at the California sun trying to make believe that it wasn't autumn. "I'm sorry I ever left New York. I'm sorry my brother-in-law knew the head of this studio. I'm sorry my name isn't Preston Sturges. I'm sorry I have been given a secretary who is always walking in here and being sorry about something. What is it you're sorry about this time?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Kiplinger," said Miss Delmar, "but that girl is here. The one that called twice this morning. She said Ferdinand Saxon told her to see you about . . ."

"Yes," Kiplinger said flatly, letting Miss Delmar wait while he squeezed the sweet nectar from a tiny delay of the inevitable. Then he looked up and said, "What was her name again?"

"Janice Barker. She got in from New York yesterday."

"Okay," he sighed, and Miss Delmar padded out again. His fingers moved automatically to the knot of his tie, but there was no tie. He had been in Hollywood for five years but somehow his hands had never learned to accept the fact that the rightful place of his tie had been usurped by a paisley scarf, a pretender to the throne. He made an effort to pull the loose ends of his nerves together into what he hoped was a semblance of the kind of man who had good digestion and who would think phenobarbital was the name of a horse. Then he called, jovially, "Come in. . . . Come in!"

THE girl walked in a little too casually to be genuinely casual and Kiplinger's quick, practiced eyes photographed her from toe to head in a rapid-shutter exposure. She would be even more beautiful if she were smiling. Why couldn't they ever get it into their heads that it isn't attractive to look scared? Unless you're playing opposite Karloff.

"*Hel*-lo," he cooed. He stood up and took her proffered hand and held it between his large, warm hands, and he noticed that hers was cold and that her blue eyes were not smiling with her mouth. "Sit down, honey," he said. "How was the trip? Tell me about Ferdie Saxon. Tell me about yourself. Tell me about everything."

"The trip was simply horrid," she said, sinking into the green club chair. She recited the details and Kiplinger shook his head sympathetically, though he was only half listening. She had fine, small features and long auburn hair and good legs and there were no circles under her eyes and to Kiplinger her beauty was exquisite, but he was struck with the vague feeling that whatever she had was not for films and could be put to better use making some young man happy, or miserable, for the rest of his life.

"Didn't Mr. Saxon write to you about me?" she was saying. "He promised me he would before I left."

"Well, you know how it is," he said. "Our mailing room probably sent the letter to the story department by mistake, where it was quickly synopsized by a reader, bought by the studio, rewritten by a former Theatre Guild playwright and is probably being shot this very minute on Sound Stage Three, right over there." He pointed out of the open French windows, but when he saw the disappointment clouding her face, he added, "No, honey, I'm sorry. I received no letter about you from Ferdie. But why let that bother you? You're here. I'm here. I love you."

"Mr. Kiplinger," the girl said a little desperately, he thought. "I do want so terribly to get into pictures. Mr. Saxon said you would help me, and it means so awfully much to me."

He tapped the desk nervously with a pencil.

"I've had quite a bit of stage experience, Mr. Kiplinger: Several small parts with George Abbott, and two seasons at the Playhouse in Dennis. Of course, that's only summer stock but Gertrude Lawrence told someone she thought I had a charming stage personality and last spring I had a part in Louder and Funnier. It died in Boston but the critic on the Herald was awfully nice to me. Mr. Saxon says that's where he saw me . . ."

"Tell me something," Kiplinger said, scowling, "are you a . . . are you a personal friend of Ferdie Saxon?"

"Well . . . frankly, no . . . not really," she apologized, looking down at her hands and not seeing his scowl relax. "I met him at one of those cocktail parties at the St. Regis, for Fred Gimble, the director. I spilled some Scotch on my dress, and Ferdie Saxon came over and helped me clean it and naturally we got to talking. When I happened to tell him that I was going to the Coast soon and that I would do anything, but really *anything* to get into pictures, he laughed and said, 'Well, then—why don't you see Rob Kiplinger?' Everyone there laughed—for the life of me I couldn't see why—but they all agreed with him."

HE CLEARED his throat sharply and threw the pencil down on the desk, but the trouble with clearing your throat is that you clear only your throat, and getting rid of a pencil is just as futile because you don't get rid of anything but the pencil.

"He really thinks the world of you, Mr. Kiplinger. They all do."

"Yes, I know," he muttered, thinking of the admiration he had once hoped for and comparing the dream with the reality. "They all do."

"Every time your name came up Mr. Gimble said, 'That Kiplinger, quite a guy!' or *something* like that. I guess I shouldn't be telling you this, Mr. Kiplinger, but I always say that flattery isn't worth a darn if the person being flattered doesn't know about it. Don't you agree?"

He nodded, because nodding was easier than saying something like, "Insinuation is the sincerest form of flattery," and watching the blank look that would come over her face.

"Oh, yes," the girl continued, "I almost forgot *the* most important thing of all: Mr. Saxon told me to be *sure* to ask you to do a sketch of me. He told me all about your career as a scenic designer and how you studied art in Paris when you were a boy and how you once had an exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art and still loved to do sketches of your friends even though your work here in Hollywood no longer had anything to do with art. And he made me repeat one sentence over and over so I wouldn't forget it when I got here: 'Ferdie Saxon says he thinks I would make a wonderful subject for you.' That was it."

Kiplinger heard the chuckle. . . . Miss Delmar's chuckle. He had heard it so many times before. It was not a chuckle of mirth or derision. Rather it was a chuckle of admiration and respect, a small pat of applause for a reputation that was transcontinental and that perpetually enhanced itself, like a self-winding clock.

"I certainly do agree with them. You're a perfect subject," he said, a little more loudly than was necessary, for Miss Delmar's desk was only a few feet off the entrance to his private sanctum. "And just to show you that I mean what I say, I'm going to do your portrait for you this very evening. That is, unless you're busy and . . ."

"No, not at all, I'd love to," she said eagerly.

"All right then, just as soon as we've had a bite to eat we'll go over to my hotel. . . ."

"Your hotel?"

"I know. I know. You don't understand why I am living in a hotel instead of in a palace in Beverly Hills, but, honey, the servant problem is not just something we thought up as a good topic for bad films. The light here in my office happens to be very poor, so I keep all my drawing equipment over at my hotel."

"I . . . see," the girl said very slowly, and he knew that at last she did see. "Well, really, I don't think I ought to put you to all that bother, Mr. Kiplinger, and to tell you the truth . . ."

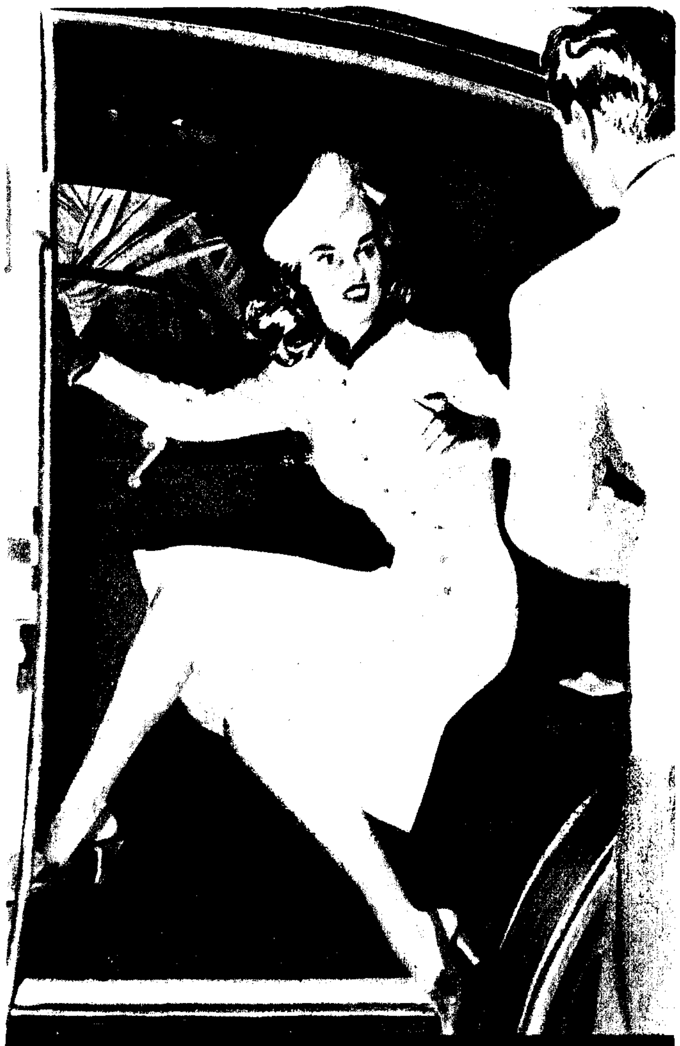
"Unh, unh, remember now, honey, you're in Hollywood. Absolutely no telling of the truth permitted. So not another word. It's settled."

He was not looking directly at her. He did not want to see frightened blue eyes. He was looking out through the entrance to his office, across the anteroom, to the glass panes of the modernistic bookcase against the wall. Miss Delmar was at her observation post. He hadn't doubted that for a moment. From her desk, she could watch the bookcase and see a reflection of everything that went on in his office. It gave her a visual movie to go with the sound track. It was vital that Miss Delmar enjoy the movies he put on for her.

"I think I'd like to do you in water colors," he said. "I hardly think crayon or charcoal would do justice to your lovely hair or to those eyes."

She blushed, and he wondered if Miss Delmar's movie was in Technicolor, and for a moment he thought of all the sketches he had done in the years since he had left the work he loved, because he had feared being a failure at it, to wind up eventually as producer of inferior motion pictures. Dozens of bad films and dozens of sketches and it was the sketches that had counted.

A few of them hung in the foyer of his suite at the hotel. But most of them had been given to their subjects and thus put back in circulation where they could do the most good for their creator—the framed *fait accompli,* the diploma on the wall, the testimonial not to the art of Rob Kiplinger but to the genius that made him, or rather allowed him to be, what he was. That Kiplinger. What a guy. His motion pictures stink but did you hear about the time he . . .



"Here's your cab home, honey," Rob said. Janice sat there smiling with a question on her lips

He held out his hands and said, "Come here."

She got up and walked around the huge desk to his chair and he took both her hands and drew her toward him. He looked toward the bookcase for a moment and then he said, "You're a damned lovely kid, do you know it? Come here." He drew her head down and kissed her quickly on the lips. "Sit down, now, honey, and listen to me do something nice for you."

She did not say anything, but by the time she had reached her chair, he could see that she had managed to bring back a smile to her face, and she said, with too much composure, "You're a dear, Mr. Kiplinger."

He called Miss Delmar in. The chuckle was now the trace of a smile. "I'm sorry, Mr.

(Continued on page 61)

BRITHERS OF THE BROOM

By Don Dornbrook

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY H. J. KNOPF-PIX

TO MOST of us, a curler, a broom and a stone mean one thing. To the "Brithers of the Broom," they mean quite another. The "Brithers" are addicted to curling, a 400-year-old Scottish ice game. To them, a curler is one who plays their game, a broom is an ice-sweeping device, and a stone is a 40-pound *hunk of granite shaped like a holeless doughnut with* a handle.

Today, during the cold months, more than five thousand Americans play the game, and at least one thousand of them are in Wisconsin, where curling was introduced about a hundred years ago—no one knows just when. Recently the Milwaukee Curling Club and its neighbor at Wauwatosa picked 1845 as the year the first "Brithers" began curling in Milwaukee, and the centennial was celebrated with an all-state "bonspiel."

The 130 members of the Milwaukee club play on an indoor rink built for them in Riverside Park by the city in 1938 and fitted with an air-conditioning unit which makes ice. The Wauwatosa club has an unusually elaborate rink—one of the half dozen artificial ice rinks of its sort in America.

Women, as well as men, play the game. In 1939, Mrs. William J. MacNeill, on a visit to Canada with her husband who had been secretary of the Wauwatosa club for twenty years, saw some women curlers in action. She came back and solved the curling-widow problem (of the same serious nature as the golf-widow problem) in the obvious way. She formed a women's curling club.

At first, her women friends were skeptical; they felt sure they could never handle the heavy stones. "You can lift a pail of water, can't you?" she came back at them. "Very well—you can curl." As an added incentive, she got a popular local golf pro who was also a curler to teach the girls the game. The club is now going strong, with 56 members.

The first curling club in North America dates back to the middle of the 18th century when Scottish Highlanders stationed in Quebec played with stones made of cannonballs. The first club in this country was formed at Pontiac, Michigan.

A Sport Without Professionals

Curlers are proud of the fact that their game has always been free of gambling and that there is no such thing as a professional curler; it is strictly a team sport, for amateurs.

The first players used a "besom"—a bunch of twigs tied around a stick so as to form a sort of broom. Curling brooms of today resemble ordinary household brooms, but are narrower and have softer, longer straws. The earliest stones were water-worn boulders found in river beds and notched with finger-and-thumb holes. About 1650, handles were added, and the stones were polished. Today stones are imported from Scotland, where they are turned from impervious granite mined under water at low tide. They cost about $40 a pair.

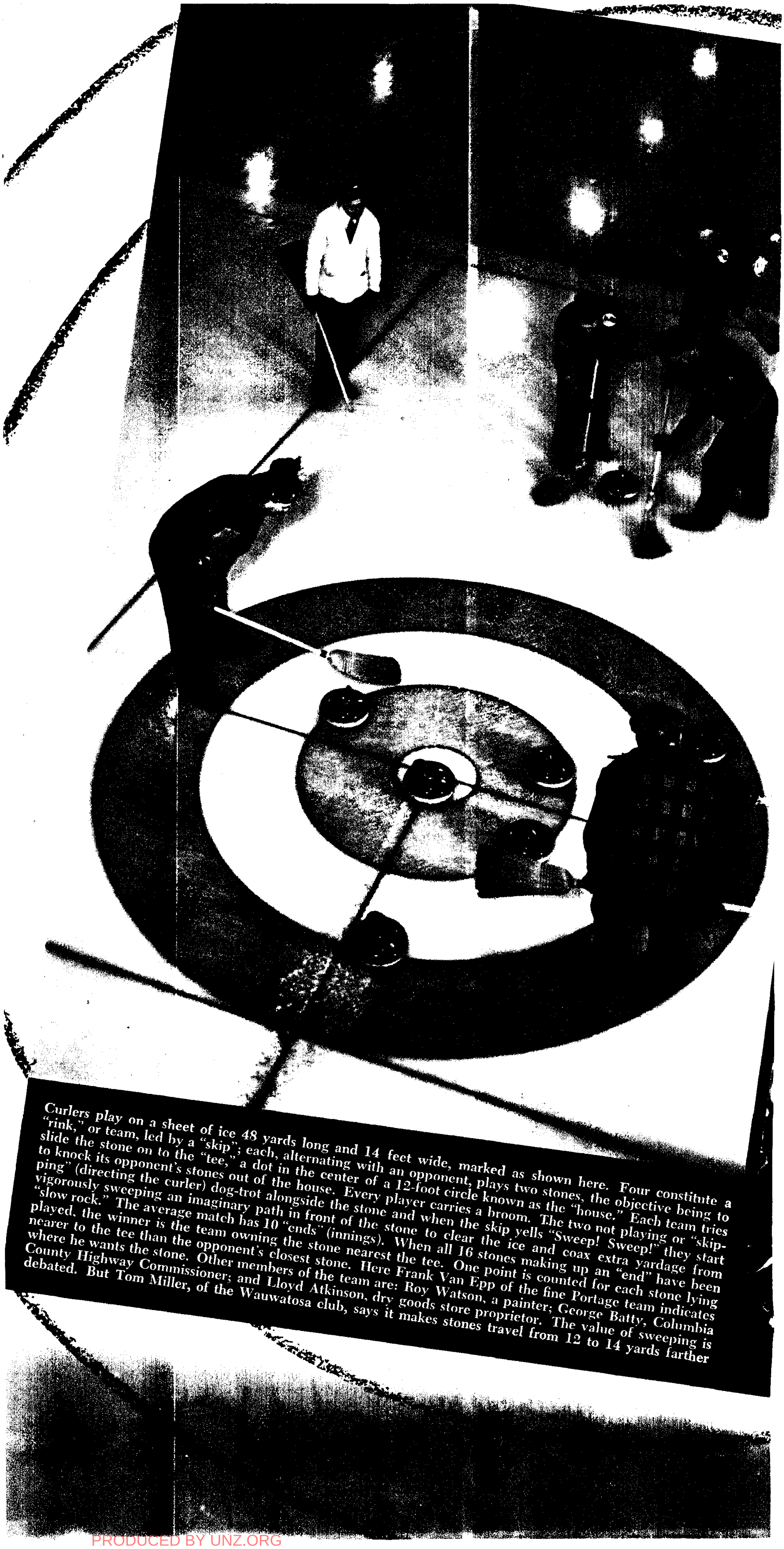
Indoor rinks are booming the game. After the war, when artificial ice making is available, many golf clubs may take up curling as a winter sport.

The Scots do not own the game in this country. It has been adopted by all nationalities and by persons in all walks of life. Much of the sport's charm lies in its traditions. Many club members dress in medal-covered tams and Glengarries, and even in kilts and sporrans. Curlers pride themselves on their wild-hued shirts. At banquets they eat haggis, the pudding of sheep's or calf's innards boiled in the animal's stomach. During a game when the skip yells, "Stack the brooms!" the players stack them as neatly as soldiers' rifles, and adjourn to the clubhouse for a "wee drappie." There is no age limit in curling. "The Granites," the Wauwatosa women's club, has four grandmothers in its membership.

There are plenty of curling songs, but the closest the average American male ever gets to a simon-pure old Scottish curling song is Auld Lang Syne. Herein he differs from the women, who not only sing the old refrains, but make up their own. This original one is a favorite with the Granites:

"I'm a curler and a curler I will be till I die.
For I'd rather be a curler than home abakin' pie."

★★★



Curlers play on a sheet of ice 48 yards long and 14 feet wide, marked as shown here. Four constitute a "rink," or team, led by a "skip"; each, alternating with an opponent, plays two stones, the objective being to slide the stone on to the "tee," a dot in the center of a 12-foot circle known as the "house." Each team tries to knock its opponent's stones out of the house. Every player carries a broom. The two not playing or "skipping" (directing the curler) dog-trot alongside the stone and when the skip yells "Sweep! Sweep!" they start vigorously sweeping an imaginary path in front of the stone to clear the ice and coax extra yardage from "slow rock." The average match has 10 "ends" (innings). When all 16 stones making up an "end" have been played, the winner is the team owning the stone nearest the tee. One point is counted for each stone lying nearer to the tee than the opponent's closest stone. Here Frank Van Epp of the fine Portage team indicates where he wants the stone. Other members of the team are: Roy Watson, a painter; George Batty, Columbia County Highway Commissioner; and Lloyd Atkinson, dry goods store proprietor. The value of sweeping is debated. But Tom Miller, of the Wauwatosa club, says it makes stones travel from 12 to 14 yards farther

A game over, curlers replay it with miniature stones on tables painted like a curling rink. Rudy Holm, a Wisconsin Telephone Company engineer, is explaining a shot to Dentist William Earle, Milwaukee Curling Club president; Joseph Carson, a Milwaukee broker; and Joseph Fuss, Wauwatosa club president. Looking on are Milton Kyseth, Noel Miller, James Taylor, Ben Dunlop, Earl Trimm, L. S. Brodd and K. A. Godfre

Emmett Doherty (left) and James O. Dunlop, of Wauwatosa, talk things over in the broom house. Dunlop's father, a Scottish Highlander, helped found the Wauwatosa club. General Billy Mitchell's grandfather, Alexander Mitchell, was the daddy of Milwaukee curling

TORONTO
CLUB
G

Skip Frank Van Epp of Portage sports 63 medals and buttons. President of the Freeland Steel Tank Company, he is only 56, but he has been curling for 36 years

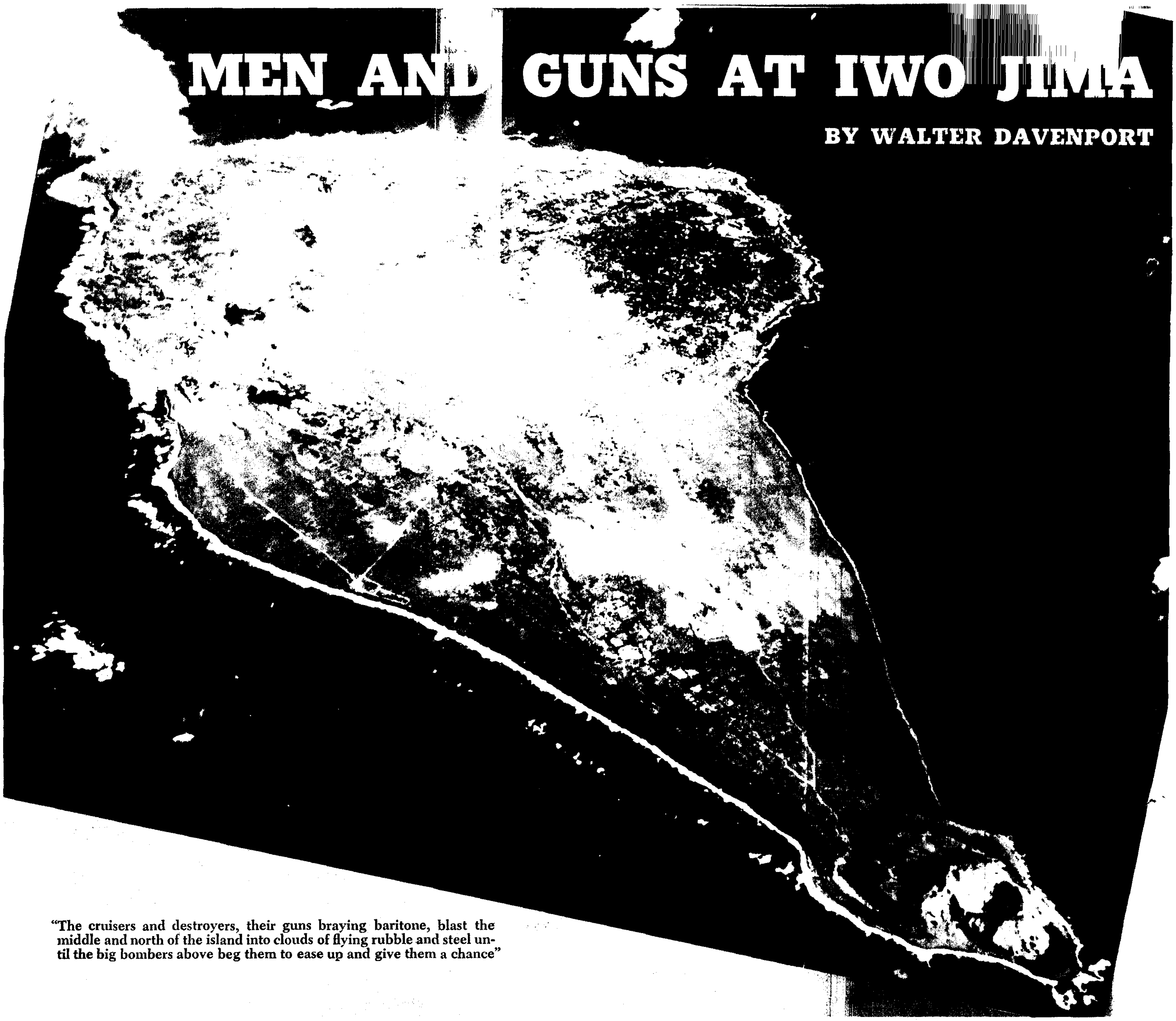
H. W. Patterson, Wauwatosa rink skip, cleans the stone in the way an expert does it. Curlers believe that even an infinitesimal piece of foreign matter will hamper the progress of the stone on its way to the tee

TRAY
3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 END
LLIES

Mrs. Emmett Doherty, of the Wauwatosa Granites, delivers the stone—and perfectly! Ready to ease stone down the ice are Mrs. Wm. MacNeill (left), club founder, and Ruth Biersach

MEN AND GUNS AT IWO JIMA

BY WALTER DAVENPORT



"The cruisers and destroyers, their guns braying baritone, blast the middle and north of the island into clouds of flying rubble and steel until the big bombers above beg them to ease up and give them a chance"

RADIOED FROM GUAM

How many men make a hero? Collier's correspondent flies over the Pacific island battle scene and, to get the answer, takes you behind the scenes to see part of the almost incredible task achieved by those who make it possible for Americans to fight on Japan's doorstep

●

This is the first of several articles by Walter Davenport, written on a tour of the Pacific fighting fronts and concerned primarily with one of the greatest triumphs of this war—the supplying of our tremendous armies across thousands of miles of ocean. Succeeding articles will appear in early issues

MEN with guns will beat the Jap army—men fighting on the ground. But on the second day of our attack on Iwo Jima, no Jap blazing away at the American Marines from his cave in the side of Suribachi, the dead volcano that is the head of the island, could raise his eyes and see the American Navy and hundreds of supply craft, huge and tiny, and still be the Jap he was before we attacked the place.

Those ships and aircraft and guns and bulldozers, and the heroes who handled them (as we saw them from a plane flying low over the tortured island) were part of the American answer to Japan. They were a climax. But to see the entire picture. we must begin back on Guam; we must begin with a young man standing in the sun.

Where he stands was but recently a jungle, heavy with the sick, sweet reek of rotting tropics and death. Now it's a broad, bald plateau, flattened by tractors and bulldozers and massive crushers, paved with concrete plazas and grand boulevards, absurdly called runways and air strips. Behind him are the huge-mawed shops, the hospitals into which wounded warplanes are wheeled to be operated on and returned to life by such specialists as Master Sergeant Peter Munch, who, stripped to the waist, himself, looks like an untamed jungle. And farther behind, beyond the wild fall-away of cliff, spreads the treacherous Pacific, alluring, beguiling and poisonous with deceit.

He is quite young; thirty. The sun, a suggestion of cynicism and a weariness that is deeper than muscle and bone narrows his eyes, tightens his jaw, slants his mouth. He is a welterweight, blond, dapper in spite of his open collar, his unpressed pants, his blunt, battered, punishing combat boots. You'd guess he was a salesman of some sort, back in civil life and be very pleased to find that you were right. Advertising.

He doesn't seem to see the general, the admiral, the colonels and commanders who in a moment are to listen solemnly while his valor is extolled in stilted, frozen military phrases, and to pin upon him the Distinguished Flying Cross. Instead, he seems to be peering at the humid sky, at the infested hill chain yonder where Japs who fled the Yankee assault live like wilderness creatures and who occasionally emerge to steal a few cases of Yankee rations, to kill and be killed.

He is a hero and what we shall say hereafter reflects in no adverse degree upon his right to the title. He flew through a rage of flak and machine-gun hail across a Jap atoll, smashed Jap planes on the ground, blew Jap planes out of his path, was stitched in both legs by Jap bullets, and he brought back to his Marianas base a plane that was all but riddled junk. He fetched it back all in one piece or, at least, all the piece the Jap fire had left him. So he is a hero, and hundreds of men here watching, who have never flown a furlong, will be glad to have a hand in slaughtering anyone who denies it.

They can kid him. They can sit around drinking their beer, talking with mock solemnity about guys who ran into fame by getting off their course. They can tell one another what a difficult thing it is for a hero to stay a hero, and about the ghastly fate of heroes who go back to the States for parade luncheons, cocktails, shows, night clubs, speeches and worse—women. They can read imaginary newspaper and magazine eulogies of this trim young hero and the ever-enlarging recountings of his derring-do.

They can do all this—all of them from the most obscure Pfc. or Navy yeoman third class who filled out the simplest supply requisition for the plane Munch piloted, to the maintenance crew chief, Sergeant Reuben "Red" Thompson of Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. Officially, by virtue of what the commanding officer has proclaimed, and by the evidence of the medal on his chest, Munch is a hero. But in spite of that, he's just their guy, as his plane is their plane, as what he did was their doing as well as his. A good guy with guts. But hero? Hell, heroes are civilian chow!

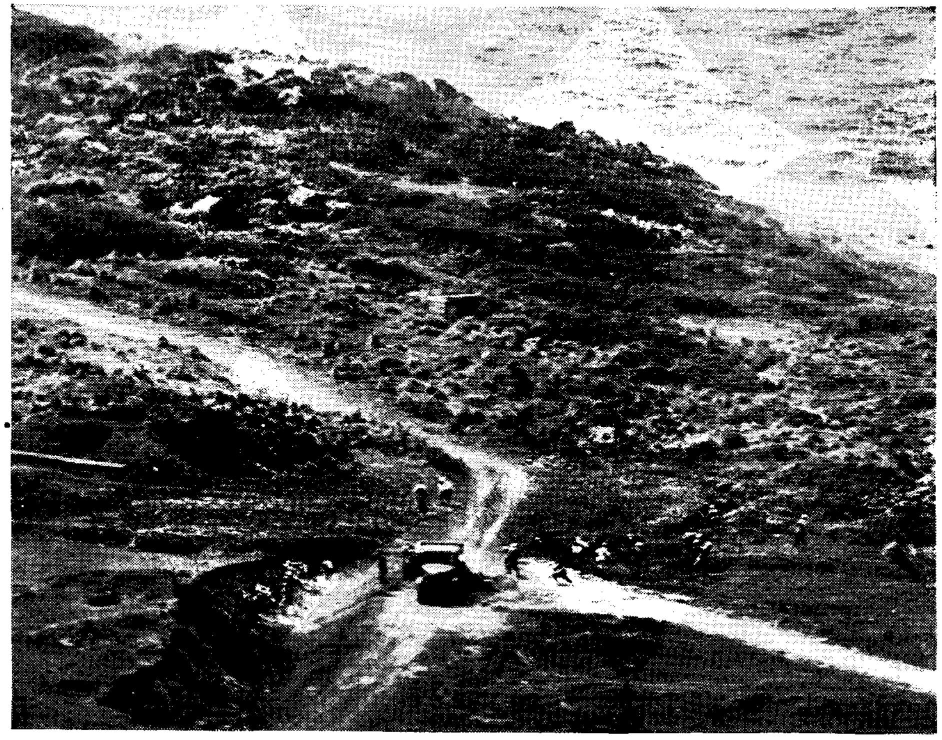
Anyway, there is our hero. He is a composite. He's a combination of several halo receivers we've beheld in identical circumstances. All of their triumphs were of similar weave—a fabric of quiet courage, careful training, swift decision, the fatalism that comes to men accustomed to combat, and an abiding faith in those he left behind him on the runways. For the purposes of this piece we shall deal with that last component: the unquestioned confidence of the man at the controls and his crew in the men who sent them forth upon their mission.

That cross was pinned on only one sweat-stained shirt. Actually it is the property of nearly five thousand men, and the lad who now wears it would be the first to admit that fact. Statisticians would smother us with figures. Researchers, their imaginations ignited, have tried to drag us beyond this horizon to include the most remote sharer in our hero's honors—a girl who threaded a fuse and a man who crated and shipped his plane, men and women to be found somewhere east of San Francisco, 5,500 miles from this steaming island of Guam. But we shook them off wearily.

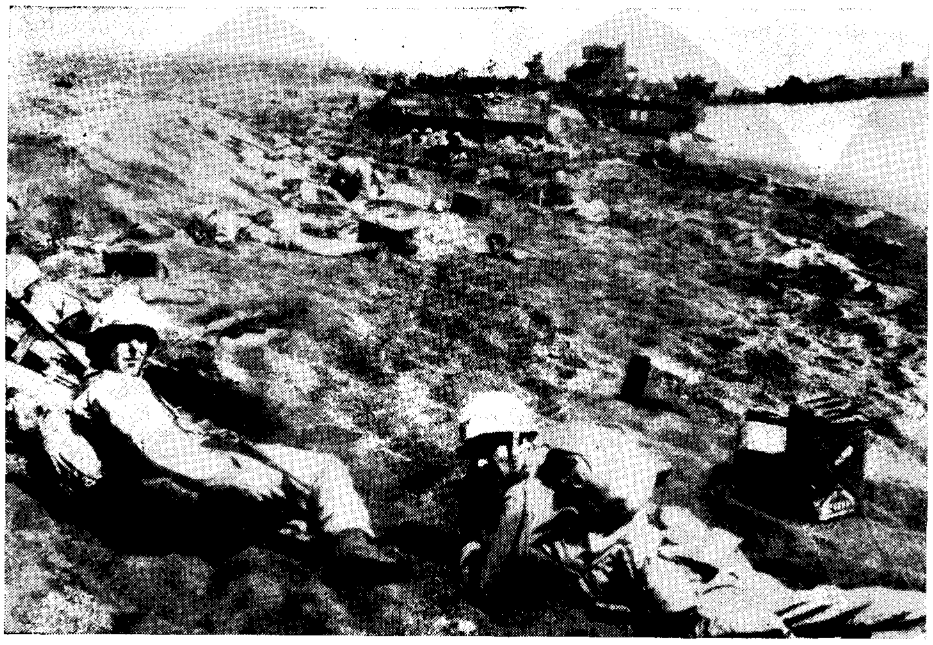
We shall not, therefore, go beyond the shores of these coral and limestone geological burps, the Marianas Islands, that poke their dripping pates above the surface of the far Pacific. It's a story of supply and maintenance, of plane and salvage, not of parched fact and arid figures. It's an analysis only to this extent: How many unsung men does it take to make a hero?

Ask the question yonder on the airdromes from which the bombers soar—the Superfortresses, the Liberators and the rest of them—or in the clubs and hangars of the fighter pilots, and they'll tell you the answer is too

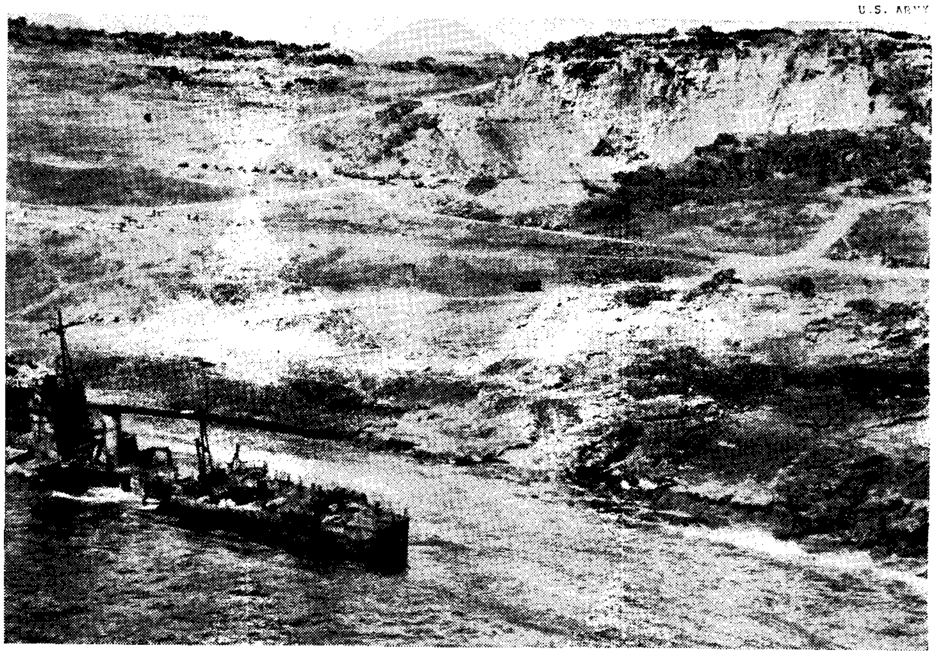
(Continued on page 28)


U.S. ARMY

Japs, who had been riding in the truck, scatter wildly as a Yank in an airplane swoops down on them, his wing guns spitting. Preliminary air and sea attacks were the heaviest in history, yet did not begin to break Japanese resistance on Iwo Jima


PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

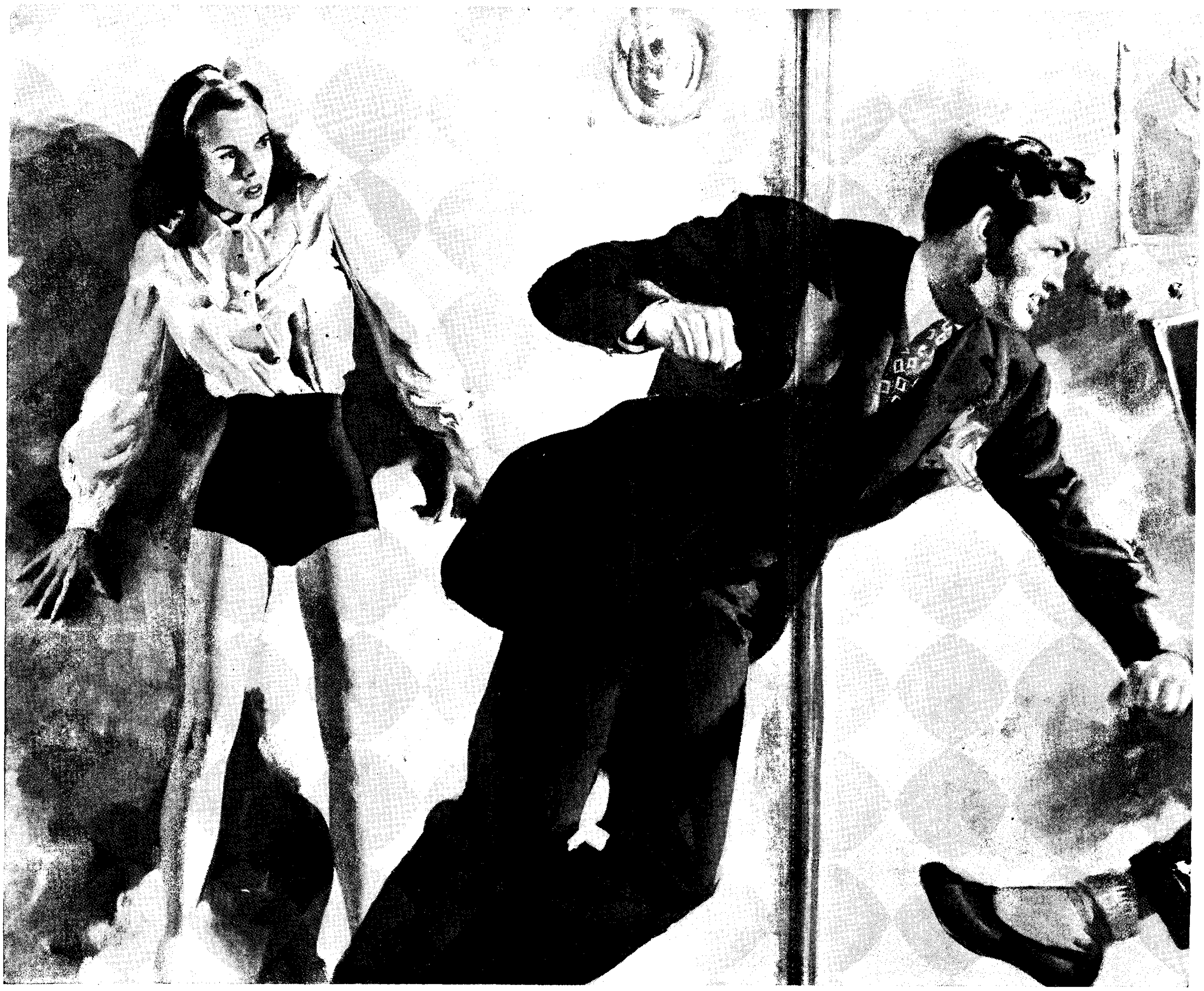
"The Jap is fighting for his life but our life is pouring into his island in endless streams" from a five-mile ring of battlewagons and supply ships. Many small craft were hit, but most made the shore first and the river of supplies flowed on unchecked


U.S. ARMY

This pre-invasion photograph, showing a dead Jap destroyer escort lying offshore, gives an idea of terrain U.S. Marines had to fight up and over. Cliffs, in background, were honeycombed with deep caves which were not smashed by the bombardment

"The battlewagons are hulking offshore in a double ring and inside them are the troopships and supply ships and smaller craft scooting for the shore in crazy courses"

OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH



Love HAS NO ALIBI

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

The Story:

Kirk Douglas was trying to find a way to marry **Dana Warren**, lovely dancing partner and wife of **Ricardo Sanchez**, when his life went haywire. First, an unknown person deposited $100,000 in his bank account, then a total stranger named **Ethel Brower** was found murdered in his apartment. Suspected by **Police Lieutenant Gold**, **Kirk** racked his brain for clues, got involved in more mystery when—dining at the Club Caliente—**Candy Livingston**, spectacular owner of twenty millions, made a play for him. Next, **Arthur Maybank**, hard-working intern at the McKinley Hospital and in love with **Agnes Sheridan**, nurse's aide, introduced him to **John Ferguson** who assigned him to a big postwar architectural project. He was celebrating with **Dana** when he heard that **Arthur** had been shot. Only slightly injured, **Arthur** had no information to offer, and **Kirk**, believing everything in some way centered about himself, got a bigger surprise later, while **Dana** was dining with him, when **Candy** burst in and asked him to marry her.

III

I DON'T know how I took that one. Instinctively, I knew Candy wasn't kidding, but even then I couldn't believe that she wanted to marry me.

Twenty million dollars is a lot of money. Candy Livingston was a lot of girl. The combination was pretty good. It could mean plenty of comfort and plenty of fun. It wasn't something you could laugh off even if you understood it. I didn't.

I sat on the couch alongside of her, doing nothing and saying the same thing. For the first time in our brief and unusual acquaintanceship, she was embarrassed. She was blushing, and I'd have bet my socks that she'd long ago forgotten how to do that. She dropped her cigarette in the ash tray and let it smolder. I reached over absently and ground it out. I wanted to talk, but I couldn't figure what to say. This was a ridiculous position to be in.

She said quietly, "You can't quite figure whether I mean it, can you?"

I nodded.

"I mean it. Straight across the board."

"Why?" The question popped out before I knew I was going to ask it.

She hesitated. "Perhaps," she said, "because I'm in love with you."

Once again I was hanging on the ropes. I didn't say a word, and probably looked as intelligent as a freshly caught fish. The faintest sort of a smile showed briefly on her lips. She said, "Unaccustomed as you are to public proposals . . . You still could make some sort of an answer."

"All right." I turned toward her. "I think you mean it. I believe that's what you came for. I still can't figure why, and I still don't believe you'd want me to take you up on it."

"I know what I want. I usually get it."

"That isn't the point, Candy. Let me ask you a question: How many times have you been in love?"

"I lost count long ago."

"You see!"

"I don't see anything." She toyed with the platinum cigarette case, turning it over and over without looking at it. "I wish people could talk about love without being trite. But it isn't possible. There's been so much written about it—in so many ways—that you always sound as if you're repeating something you've read." She let that sink in, and then went on in a voice that wasn't quite steady. "Get this straight, Kirk. I've absorbed a large slice of life in my twenty-two years. More than I should, perhaps. That makes me wild, but it doesn't make me dumb. When the real thing comes along: I know it."

She stared at me levelly with her big blue eyes. She looked beautiful. I said slowly, "I wish we'd met a couple of years ago, Candy."

She nodded. "I thought it was that way."

"Let me explain: I think you're a grand gal. But it just happens that I'm all tied up emotionally. Dana and I want to get married. Unfortunately, her husband doesn't see it like that."

She asked abruptly, "How come Ricardo can't be pushed into a divorce?"

I gave it to her briefly. There was an interesting light in her eyes. "I'm not checking

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

My fist flashed out and caught Ricardo. I knew that I had started something, but it was the way I had wanted it for a long time

out," she said. "Not as long as Dana stays married."

I still couldn't think of anything that fitted. I liked her better, at that moment, than ever before. But that wasn't being in love. She wasn't Dana, and she wasn't for me.

SHE straightened up suddenly, and started to laugh. "I've really put you on the spot, haven't I?"

I said, "I'm dazed, that's all."

"I'll answer some of the questions you're too considerate to ask. I fell for you the night I met you. Don't ask me why. I wouldn't be knowing the answer myself. Maybe it's because you didn't make a play for me."

She reached for another cigarette and lighted it. "Just remember this, Kirk: Until you hear from me to the contrary, the proposal stands. Nod your head and I'll come running. Now let's drop it."

That suited me fine. I started to say something. I don't know what it was, but it didn't matter because I never finished. A pair of arms were around my neck, a pair of soft, warm lips were pressed against mine. I'm not made of stone. The universe commenced spinning.

She pulled away and got up. She said, "Better fix yourself up. You're all over lipstick."

I went into the bathroom and looked in the mirror. I dabbed at my lips. I walked back into the room and tried to be nonchalant. I wouldn't have gotten away with it except that she was willing to string along.

She carried the ball from then on. No more talk of love or marriage, no more embarrassing questions. She'd made her pitch and it hadn't worked out. She wasn't through, but she wasn't pushing me around, either. She was more of a person than I had thought. Crazy as three sea gulls, perhaps; but there was something solid underneath.

We sat around and talked. It was silly talk, because we were both just killing time. We killed a lot of time. We killed it until almost three o'clock.

I insisted on taking her home, and rode her to a white apartment house that had a lobby choked with chromium and glass. She didn't ask me upstairs. I went back in the same taxi. I flopped in my reading chair and said, "Wow!" I felt uncomfortable and at the same time I felt good. It was something to reflect that I had said No to twenty million dollars.

This was another night when I was slated to stay awake. There were getting to be too many of them. I made some firm resolutions. Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man . . . and I let it stop there.

At four o'clock my eyes were still pinned back and my brain was racing. I was thinking of a lot of things and none of them fitted.

I was trying to connect Candy Livingston with the hundred thousand dollars which had been put to my credit at the bank. It wouldn't mean a thing to her, and she might have felt that it would boost my morale when the big moment occurred. But that was wrong, too, because when the hundred thousand had been given to me, I hadn't even met Candy. And she didn't know me. At least, I had no reason to believe she knew I was alive. So what might have been a good theory had to be pitched out of the window.

I don't know what time I got to sleep. I do know that I felt drugged when the alarm clock went off, and I was late getting to the office. A couple of the boys grinned and winked. They thought I had a hang-over.

I telephoned Arthur and invited him to have dinner with me that night. He said he'd be tickled pink, and told me he was back on full-time duty and feeling good. His arm was sore, of course, but it didn't really bother him.

I held off speaking to Dana until late afternoon. When I did call her to say I wouldn't be seeing her that evening, she was perfect. Her only reference to the previous night was casual. It was slightly kidding, but definitely not catty. We talked for a few minutes and that was that.

Arthur met me at the restaurant. He looked nervous and worried, but that was nothing new. He had looked that way ever since I first met him. We discussed the war and the big winter offensives in Europe. He asked how my work for Ferguson was getting on. We finished eating and went back to my apartment.

Arthur flopped in one chair and I sprawled out in another. We chewed the fat casually and let ourselves get sleepy. Arthur pulled out a cigarette and tried to fit it into his holder but it dropped out of his hand and rolled under the couch. He got down on his hands and knees and started searching for it. I started to help him, and he said he had it. He got up with the holder, and also with something else. He said, "You should tell the maid to sweep behind the couch, too."

I shrugged. He said, "Finders keepers, isn't it?"

"It all depends on what you find."

"A quarter." He smiled. "That's a lot of money to a guy like me."

He held it in his palm. I looked at it without interest. Then something clicked. I said, "Let me see that."

He handed me the coin. It was a quarter, all right, but it was like no other quarter in the world. One segment of it, perhaps a fifth of the coin, was absolutely flat. The rest of it was okay. Arthur said, "You can have it. I don't believe it could be spent."

I was staring at the coin. The brain—the same brain I'd been trying to tranquilize so that it would let me sleep—was doing nipups.

I said, "You found this under the couch, Arthur?"

"Yeh. Sure. Why?"

I turned it over and looked at the other side. That was flat, too. I don't know what else I expected. Ideas were crowding in on me; ideas that I didn't like.

Arthur said, "Why all the excitement over a bum quarter?"

I said, "This is a very special quarter, Arthur. I know who it belongs to."

"Well . . . ?"

"It belongs to Ricardo. It's his luck piece. He'd rather lose his right eye than this."

Arthur said, "Then if the coin was here, it looks as though Ricardo must have been."

"Not when I was at home."

Arthur and I stared at each other. I knew we must be thinking the same thing.

Maybe Ricardo *had* been in my apartment. Maybe he'd been there one night when I wasn't at home.

Maybe he had been there with a girl named Ethel Brower.

I KEPT turning the coin over and over like a pancake that wouldn't cook the same on both sides. I could be wrong, of course. Maybe another streetcar had run over one fifth of another silver quarter. That was possible, but improbable. What was even more improbable was that the second silver quarter should find its way into my room.

Arthur Maybank sat watching me. I was thinking so hard I would have bet he could hear my brain grinding. He ran slim, delicate fingers through hair that was too sparse for so young a man, and waited for me to say something. He didn't have long to wait.

I said, "You've known Ricardo and Dana almost as long as I have. Didn't either of them ever tell you about this?"

He shook his head. Then he smiled, just a little bit. "And so far," he said, "you haven't, either."

"It's quite a story. It always sounded silly to me and it'll probably strike you the same way. It deals with superstition, and your scientifically trained mind will reject it. But you mustn't."

He said, "I won't. I meet a lot of superstitious people at the hospital."

"The yarn goes back about ten or twelve years. At that time Ricardo Sanchez was unknown. All he'd ever succeeded in doing was to remain in a half-starved condition, but like a lot of optimists on the fringe of show business, he wouldn't give up.

"Whatever breaks he'd been having were bad ones. He had extended his limited credit until his friends either cut corners to avoid him, or he did the same to them for fear they'd request the return of loans which he couldn't return. He had an agent—they all do—and he had borrowed so much from his agent that he never went near the office. He was ill-fed, poorly clothed, discouraged and just about ready to become a beautiful floorwalker so that he could eat occasionally.

"One day, crossing Third Avenue, he saw something on the car track. It was a quarter. A car had run over a small portion of it. Four fifths of the coin was still good money. The remaining fifth was flat." I held the coin between two fingers so that Arthur could see it. "What it meant to Ricardo right then was doughnuts and coffee, provided he could persuade someone to take it.

"So he went looking for the only person he knew who might possibly stand another touch. His agent. He wanted to sell his quarter to the agent for a quarter he could spend. He wanted food."

I PAUSED long enough to fill my pipe and light it. "I'm giving you the details, Arthur, because they're important. Without them, you'll never understand how a thing like this can come to mean so much to an otherwise intelligent man."

"Don't apologize." Arthur was leaning back and watching me through half-closed eyes. "I'm interested."

"Knowing that he faced a two-to-one chance of being pitched out on his ear, Ricardo went to his agent's office. He met the agent just as he stepped inside the door. But to his amazement, he didn't get thrown out. The ten-per-center grabbed him and said Ricardo was just the man he wanted to see. He said there was an immediate opening in the chorus of a new musical that was on the verge of a Broadway opening. Would Ricardo take it? Ricardo would. He did. At the same time he borrowed five dollars from the agent. He didn't say anything about the flattened quarter. He kept that in his pocket as a luck piece.

"He got the job. He held it. What was more, from then on he began going up, and before the end of that show's run, he and a girl partner had supplanted the original couple. He and the girl went from there into a nice, small club as a ballroom team. Wham! Then a better engagement and another one still better.

"The rest you know. And through all of this he held tight to that luck piece. He credited it with all the luck he'd had.

"Several years ago he bought one of those little flat 18-carat cases which are called pill boxes. Just big enough to fit snugly into a vest pocket. He had it lined with purple velvet and he put his luck piece in it. He carries it everywhere. There's probably nothing in the world he values so highly."

Arthur said, "You think that the box might have opened and the coin dropped out . . . under certain circumstances?"

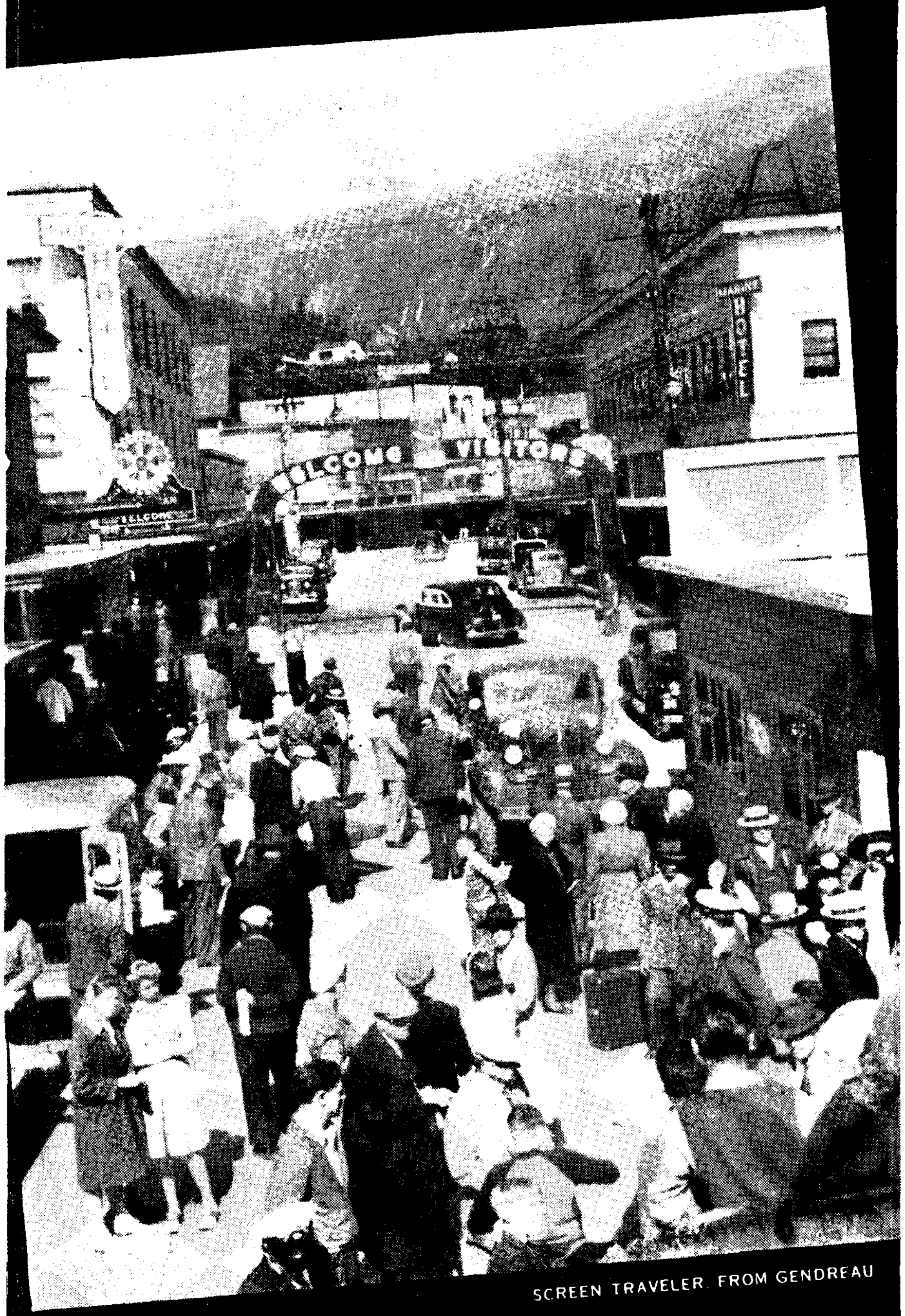
"It's possible. If Ricardo happened to be under enough nervous strain at the time, he might not notice."

Arthur crossed one leg over the other.

(Continued on page 45)

Storm Over ALASKA

By Kyle Crichton



SCREEN TRAVELER. FROM GENDREAU

The Indians want to take over some of the most productive areas in Alaska. This town, Ketchikan, is involved in their claims. The whites, who have made Alaska what it is, object

INTERNATIONAL

INTERNATIONAL

Harold L. Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, left, and John Collier, former Commissioner of Indian Affairs, think the red man has something coming to him. They intend to see that his rights are protected according to the law

It's brewing because the Department of the Interior has begun to settle the Indians on reservations. White residents protest loudly; they say it would turn the best part of Alaska over to the natives

A WIND is roaring down from the north, filling the air with howls, shrieks, wails and strange lamentations. It is the Big Wind from Point Barrow and Ketchikan; the Midnight Special from Fairbanks, Anchorage and Sitka. It is headed straight for Washington, D. C., and the bloody but bumpproof head of the Honorable Harold L. Ickes, Secretary of the Interior. The white settlers of Alaska are firmly and blasphemously convinced that Horrible Harold is intent on giving Alaska back to the Indians.

This arises from the fact that the Department of the Interior has begun to set up Indian reservations in Alaska. Nobody kicked much when the natives were given lands in interior and northern Alaska and the Aleutian Islands because that was hopeless territory fit only for Eskimos and Ally-oots (Aleuts). But when it was announced that hearings would be held to establish the rights of the Indians to fishing districts in southeast Alaska, the roof fell in with a bang.

The cities of Ketchikan, Sitka and Juneau were near by, and the waters involved held the fishtraps of the largest interests in the Territory. What immediately concerned them were the petitions from Hydaburg, Kake and Klawock on behalf of the Haida and Tlingit tribes which included, according to the Ketchikan Alaska Chronicle, a wealthy mining area that has produced over $7,000,000 in wealth and a fishing industry of ten canneries and seventy-five fishtraps producing $4,000,000 to $5,000,000 worth of canned fish a year (plus an estimated $2,000,000 worth of other products).

"If they can take that land and those waters," cried the whites, "what is to keep them from taking everything?"

A Case of Winner Take All?

The excitement seemed a bit excessive until further Indian claims started coming in, and then the panic was really on. The Juneau Indians asked for all of Gastineau Channel, including the cities of Juneau and Douglas. The Ketchikan Indians claimed all Revillagigedo Island, with the city of Ketchikan and the town of Saxman. All told, these new claims involved Ketchikan, a city of 5,000 population; Wrangell with 1,100 people; Douglas with about 600, and Juneau with 7,500, including the state capital buildings and the famous Alaska Juneau gold mine.

"Well, that proves it," shrieked the whites. "The Indians are certainly the original settlers. If that's the basis they're claiming it on, they can eventually take over the whole Territory."

Much to their own chagrin, the whites are on firm ground there. The courts of the United States have held repeatedly that nothing can destroy the original rights of occupancy, unless the right has been extinguished by act of Congress or has been lost by abandonment. The government itself can't do it, as witness the celebrated case of the Walapai Indians of Arizona, settled by the United States Supreme Court in December, 1941. A tract of land was given by the government to the Santa Fe railroad at the time of the building of the road (every alternate section along the right of way). The Walapais maintained that they had always lived there, had never given any of the land to anybody, and it was theirs. The court said: You are most certainly right, Walapais—and now the Santa Fe railroad has to pay damages.

The former Commissioner of Indian Affairs, John Collier, agrees that aboriginal rights to the above-mentioned territories might be upheld by the courts but he maintains that it is "inconceivable that any court would turn over the land occupied by an established city or land on which a business has been developed. . . . *At best, it might* award the Indians compensation to be paid by the United States government."

Anyhow, on that basis a most beautiful fight is lined up in Alaska. On the one side are the whites standing in solid phalanx from Delegate E. L. Bartlett down to the most modest descendant of the most hard-bitten sourdough. On the other is Mr. Ickes. John Collier also was active on Mr. Ickes' side until his recent resignation as Commissioner of Indian Affairs. In between are the natives (Indians, Eskimos and Aleuts), still not clear whether they prefer to go on as they are or desire the protection of the United States government.

"Tut, tut," says Mr. Ickes, who has been in so many gang fights that he considers a brickbat a form of osculation. "They're a little excited but they'll get over it when they see they're not hurt. I have a duty under the law to see that the rights of the Indians are protected. It's part of the act and I couldn't dodge it if I wanted to."

Down to Racial Differences

The "act" is the Wheeler-Howard Bill, which was amended in 1936 to extend to the Alaska aborigines the same rights held by the Indians of the United States. The fishing rights come under the Alaska Fishing Regulations of 1942. The whites in Alaska have patented land, deeds given them by the government; the Indians have always lived there and they have nothing legal to show for it. Big tracts have been sold to the whites around the cities, and the Indians live in so-called "native villages." They have their own schools and legally are entitled to go to Territorial schools, but, practically speaking, they don't do it. There are restaurants and saloons with signs saying: No Natives Permitted and the Army really polished it off nicely when it prohibited soldiers from associating with native girls.

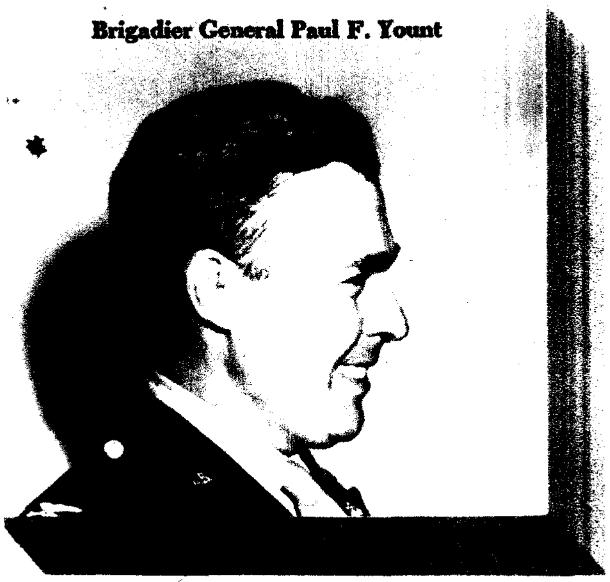
That has been bad, and the matter of a livelihood has been bad, too, which brings us to the fishtraps. A fishtrap is a formidable structure consisting of heavy piling and wire webbing and is located in water of considerable depth along the shore from the high-tide line. They are legally barred in British Columbia and the states of Oregon and Washington, but they provide the greater portion of the catch in Alaska. Nobody has any legal right to a fishtrap site, and there were some gargantuan battles between rival interests in the early days, but the things cost between $50,000 and $100,000 to build, and those who were in the field early have a halfway right of possession to the site. Recently, a firm paid $250,000 for a fishtrap, which shows that in practice the rights are considered as established.

But when you have a fishtrap along the shore, other fishermen have to do their best farther out with seines and lines. The competition is ruinous to the individuals farther out, and that's where the Indians are. Also, it is estimated that 95 per cent of the fishtraps are held by absentee owners, and that is a sore point in the Territory.

In the Hydaburg community the Indians have asked for 820,000 acres, but the Department of the Interior has cut that down to 222,100 acres of land and 152,900 acres of

(Continued on page 74)

Brigadier General Paul F. Yount



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH
U.S. ARMY

JUNGLE EXPRESS

BY RALPH CONISTON

In faraway Bengal and Assam, American Army railroaders are bringing new efficiency into railroading

TO THE Indians, the Bengal & Assam Railway, a narrow-gauge pike wandering through the jungles of northwest India, seemed a fine, up-to-date railroad. But when several thousand G.I. railroaders of the Military Railway Service, Army Transportation Corps, took over the transportation of tons of guns, ammunition and supplies for the Chinese and Americans fighting the Japs in Burma, they figured they were working on the Toonerville Trolley line.

Even before the war, the Bengal & Assam had been little more than a "tea-garden railroad," designed only to carry produce of plantations along the way; now it was straining its boilers hauling incredible loads of equipment. The G.I.s had to learn to cope with sacred cows languishing on the tracks, truculent water buffaloes derailing trains, and occasional wild elephants charging the engines.

The equipment was remarkable. Freight cars had no automatic couplers. Each car had a female coupler at one end and a male at the other, so that, to make up a train, half the cars had to be Y-d or turntabled until they all faced the same way. Even then, it was no trick to pull a lung, as hoggers and brakemen soon found out.

The first day of American occupation, Engineer Emmet P. Doughty of St. Louis, hauling a long freight out of Pandu yards, died game on Kamakhya Hill. The train broke in two, and nine cars started back down the grade. The stationmaster at Kamakhya West Station reported to the yardmaster at Pandu that Doughty hadn't arrived on the advertised. First Sergeant William J. Cearfoss of Lowellville, Ohio, commandeered a yard engine, and he and Pfc. James Piazzy of Trenton, New Jersey, started down the line.

Near the bottom of the hill, Cearfoss and Piazzy were startled to see the nine runaway cars heading toward them at a fast clip.

"Stop her! Reverse her!" yelled the sergeant.

Piazzy jammed the brakes and horsed her over. In no time, they were boiling down the grade at fifty miles an hour, the flanges screaming against the iron on the curves. Piazzy steadied her with the brake and slowly let the runaway cut ease up to the tender. Finally he brought the string to a stop, and he and the sergeant shook hands. They were beaming all over when suddenly there was a terrific crash and they were hit by eighteen more cars that had broken away from Doughty's freight up on the hill. No casualties, but the wrecker was busy for half a day rerailing cars.

Faced with a tremendous job and not much time to do it in, the Americans immediately stepped up the speed limits. Whereas Indian personnel had run the trains at a maximum of 25 miles an hour, G.I.s highballed through as high as forty-five. The sacred cows of India, meandering along the right of way, naturally were used to more respect and less speed. They lost out. Fortunately the Indians regarded casualties for collisions with engines as "deaths from natural causes." One G.I. engineer, finding himself blocked by a cow in a narrow cut, bumped her repeatedly until she got off the track.

(Continued on page 66)

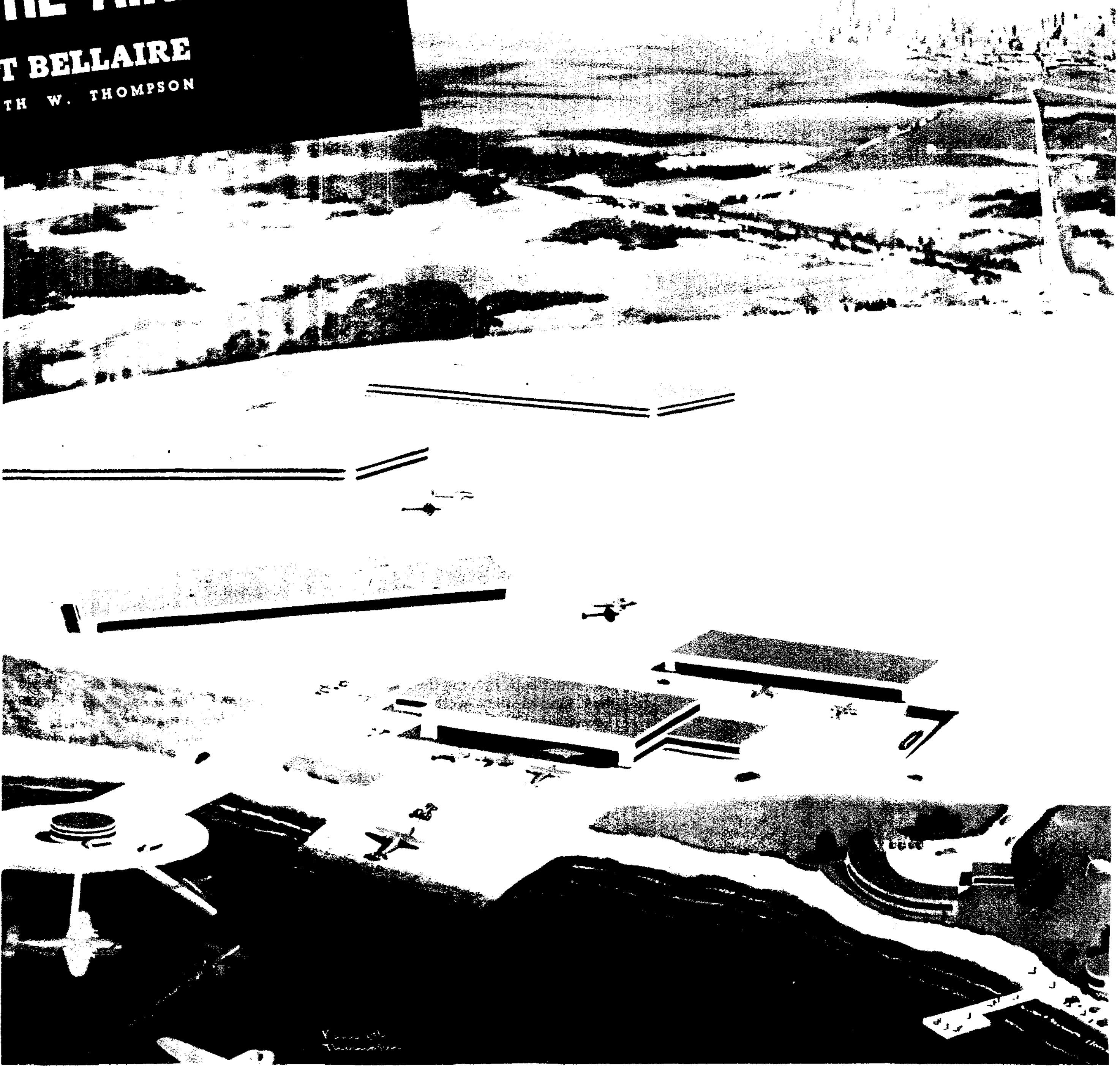
One effect of the war has been the spread of the peculiar American railroad language among the peoples of northeast India and Assam. Since some of these words are unknown to many Americans, here is a glossary for a few terms scattered throughout this article: HOGGER—locomotive engineer. PULL A LUNG—jerk out a coupling between locomotive and tender. DIED GAME—engine failed on a hill. ON THE ADVERTISED—on schedule. HORSE HER OVER—reverse the motion. CUT—a few cars coupled together.

DECORATION BY LEO RACKOW

BATTLE OF THE AIRPORTS

BY ROBERT BELLAIRE

MAP BY KENNETH W. THOMPSON



Postwar municipal airports are going to make the current models look like cow pastures. Every major city in the country is now making its plans, and the big competitive struggle for air business will get hotter and hotter

A BILLION-DOLLAR battle is raging throughout this country, far from either theater of the war. It's a battle to determine which of our cities will dominate postwar air routes and ultimately air routes of the entire world.

The city fathers know that airports are to aviation what harbors are to shipping, and that only cities with the most ultramodern of airports can hope to become major terminals. Large and small cities are fighting to capture strategic positions on the air maps of tomorrow.

New York's Idlewild is planning for undisputed leadership at the moment, but it may soon be challenged by a dozen cities including Boston, Washington, Miami, Chicago, Los Angeles and San Francisco. Idlewild, Mayor La Guardia's bid for making New York the air capital of the world, is still only a dreary stretch of sand and swamp along the shores of Jamaica Bay in the eastern suburbs of New York City. Part of what is planned as tomorrow's greatest airport lies under twenty feet of sea water.

Your first glimpse of Idlewild may come a few years after the war, perhaps when you're catching a luxury airliner for Europe or South America. Then you'll see a hundred-million-dollar airport, at least four times the size of our largest commercial airport today. Other Idlewild statistics are impressive, some almost incredible: More than 8,600 giant passenger and freight transports could be handled daily on a peak basis of 180 planes in and 180 out in the course of an hour; the concrete poured into its runways would build a four-lane highway from New York to Washington; tens of thousands of sightseers will swarm over it every week end, Oh-ing and Ah-ing and eating hot dogs.

Seventy thousand employees, with their wives, children, chickens and dogs, will make Idlewild their permanent home. That's what will make Idlewild a city of perhaps half a million people a few years after the war.

Newly built railroads, subways and highways will converge on this former wilderness from all directions, carrying millions of tons of freight and air mail annually, in addition to passengers and sightseers. Trucks and private autos, bound for Idlewild from the West, will be able to by-pass congested New York City completely by following a new subterranean express tunnel.

For the thoroughly air-minded, helicopter taxi service will link Idlewild with other airports in the New York-New Jersey-Connecticut area. An aerial shuttle service will operate regularly between Idlewild and Manhattan. And if you're flying your own plane into Idlewild, you'll find a separate landing and parking field especially reserved for air commuters like yourself. You'll see monster leviathans of the sky, twice as large as our Army B-29s, landing and taking off from those parallel strips at 20-second intervals—sometimes as many as 360 of them every hour.

Pilots should find landing at Idlewild easy enough. Runways will be clearly marked day or night, and you'll have no worries about obstructions anywhere within miles. Power lines will be buried. Heights of surrounding buildings and smokestacks will be restricted. Erection of other hazards, such as radio towers and gas storage tanks, will be prohibited.

In winter, giant bulldozers with electrically heated blades will keep all runways free of treacherous ice and snow. And the most modern radio-radar equipment in the world will bring planes safely into their proper Idlewild runway even when the pilot can't see the tips of his wings.

A multitude of hangars, administration buildings, warehouses and office buildings will cluster around the vast network of runways and taxiways, and conveniently near three large amphibian basins in Jamaica Bay. A master control room in one of the larger administration buildings will direct Idlewild's complicated traffic system. And near by will be the world's most modern weather station, atop a large post-office building specially equipped to handle several million air-mail letters and packages daily.

In office buildings, hundreds of federal officials—customs, immigration, quarantine, aviation, etc.—will make their headquarters, and so will scores of progressive export, import and warehouse firms, travel agencies, transportation companies and aircraft supply concerns.

Real-estate salesmen will tempt airport employees with cozy new bungalows nestled along tree-shaded streets in Idlewild City, but within a few minutes of hangars, warehouses and office buildings, and travelers between planes will put up at ultramodern hotels where rooms will be soundproofed and air-conditioned.

The traveling businessman will find brokers' offices with the latest quotations from the New York Stock Exchange and other world markets, and he'll be able to confer by radiotelephone with business associates anywhere in the world—even aboard moving trains or planes in flight. Lavish night clubs, intimate cocktail lounges and fashionable shops may make Idlewild one of the world's foremost pleasure centers.

The Poor Will Get a Break, Too

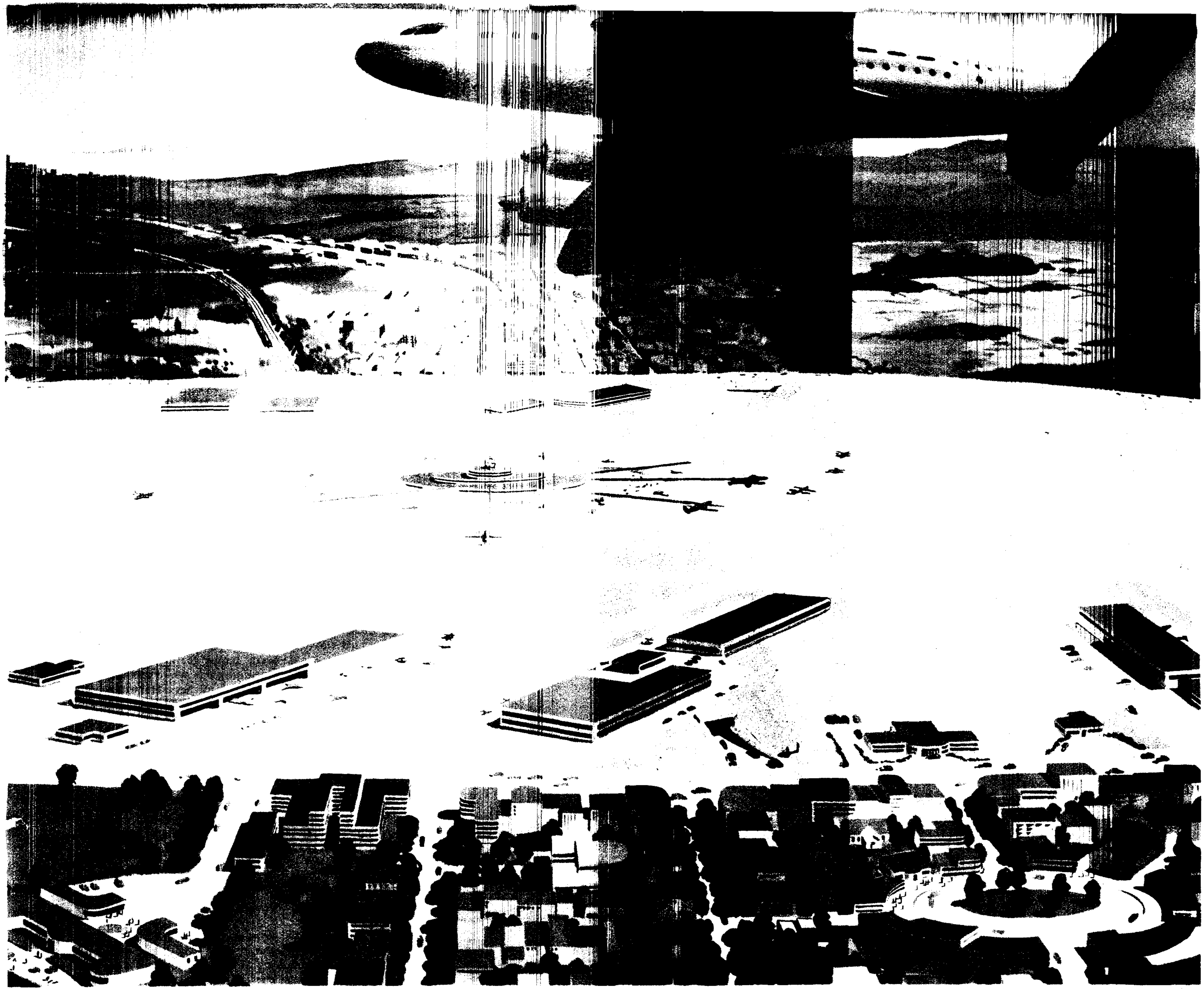
But living lavishly at Idlewild will be optional. If you can't afford a private, soundproofed hotel room overlooking the boardwalk, you'll still find Idlewild's public waiting rooms as comfortable as the Waldorf lobby, and soundproofed, too, and you'll be able to indulge in food, drink or entertainment at one of Idlewild's hamburger heavens, jukebox bars or two-bit movies.

You won't even have to rent expensive hangar space for your private plane while that luxury liner is whipping you around Europe or South America. Just leave it on one of Idlewild's free open parkways. For a few cents a day, you'll be able to rent a new, portable "nose hangar" which will keep your motor safe and dry until you return.

At Idlewild, your airliner won't taxi up to the waiting rooms as transports do today, and then taxi to the far end of the field for the take-off. Moving a plane around like that on the ground costs far more than flying it through the air. Wear and tear on motors, tires and brake linings is greater, and so is multimotored consumption of relatively expensive high-octane fuel. Taxiing also takes time, and cuts into the speed advantage of air travel.

Idlewild's designers have found the answer to this problem in the Idlewild "chariot," a unique fleet of economical, streamlined busses which will shuttle you between waiting rooms and hangars. The planes will taxi only between hangars and the take-off or landing runways. This means the low-cost chariots may save as much as 12,000 miles of unnecessary taxiing at Idlewild in a single day. The chariots also will have a canopied, built-in escalator guaranteed to deliver you from inside the bus to the interior of the transport cabin, without making you walk up a single step or exposing you to sun, rain or snow.

The man behind this fabulous Idlewild, and actual inventor of the Idlewild chariot, is none other than New York's fighting little mayor, Fiorello La Guardia. "Butch" La



From your giant plane of the future you will view airports that are masterpieces of beauty, comfort and efficiency; and planes will land and take off every twenty seconds

Guardia is the defending champ in his battle with other major cities to make Idlewild the airport of airports. But this is only one battle of the airports.

There is also plenty of planning elsewhere in the United States. Cleveland, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh are embroiled in a three-way scramble for control of future air traffic between our East Coast and the Middle West. Equally bitter regional battles are raging between such natural rivals as St. Louis and Kansas City, Memphis and Atlanta, Fort Worth and Dallas, New Orleans and Houston, Seattle and Portland.

Commercial aviation has come of age virtually overnight, largely as a result of the war; and the postwar plans of our commercial airlines are so gigantic that no city has any real advantage today over its rivals on the basis of present airport facilities.

No existing municipal airport, for example, has enough runways to handle more than five hundred planes daily. Few of these runways are thick enough to stand up under the constant pounding of giant 150-ton transports. Yet any city which hopes to become an important crossroads in the Age of Flight must be ready to accommodate and service at least two thousand planes daily, and perhaps half these planes, with cargo, will weigh in somewhere around 300,000 pounds, or five times the weight of a Flying Fortress.

That's why the Battle of the Airports is big, bitter and behind-scenes. That's why grim-faced engineers and architects, sworn to silence, are scheming day and night behind locked doors in city halls everywhere. Ask almost any mayor what's going on, and you'll get double talk. Try to get a glimpse of those secret blueprints and you'll discover they've been hidden away in subterranean bank vaults, beyond reach of spies from rival cities.

Both our federal and state governments have stepped into the Battle of the Airports—both to encourage and curb it. The Civil Aeronautics Administration, while anxious to prevent needless waste, wants to be sure that postwar aviation is provided with enough airports of the right type.

Advice and Money from Uncle Sam

When the CAA sees need of new or large airports, it offers interested cities free expert planning advice and helps them obtain special federal appropriations for airport construction.

In addition to millions already granted to our cities, the CAA has asked Congress to approve a new $1,250,000,000 airport-expansion program, half of which would be paid out of the federal treasury.

Other government departments also are interested in the Battle of the Airports. The Army and Navy, for example, realize they cannot maintain all their present airports in peacetime. Yet they believe our defense against future aggression will depend on our national airport facilities. So some military air bases built since Pearl Harbor have been consolidated with municipal airports, and will be maintained by commercial use after the war.

Government agencies, worried about reconversion of war industries and postwar employment problems, also have welcomed the Battle of the Airports. They see it as a billion-dollar market for peacetime industry, a direct source of temporary jobs for several million ex-servicemen, and permanent employment for several hundred thousand more. Other veterans will find temporary employment constructing new express highways designed to bring outlying airports closer to their mother cities. Some cities such as Denver are prepared to spend $500,000 on such highways simply to cut five minutes off present travel time between airport and downtown hotels.

Meanwhile, state legislatures, viewing the airport battle as a battle between states as much as between cities, are preparing to vote liberal appropriations to swell the war chests of their leading cities. The Massachusetts legislature both owns and operates that state's largest airport, Logan International in Boston.

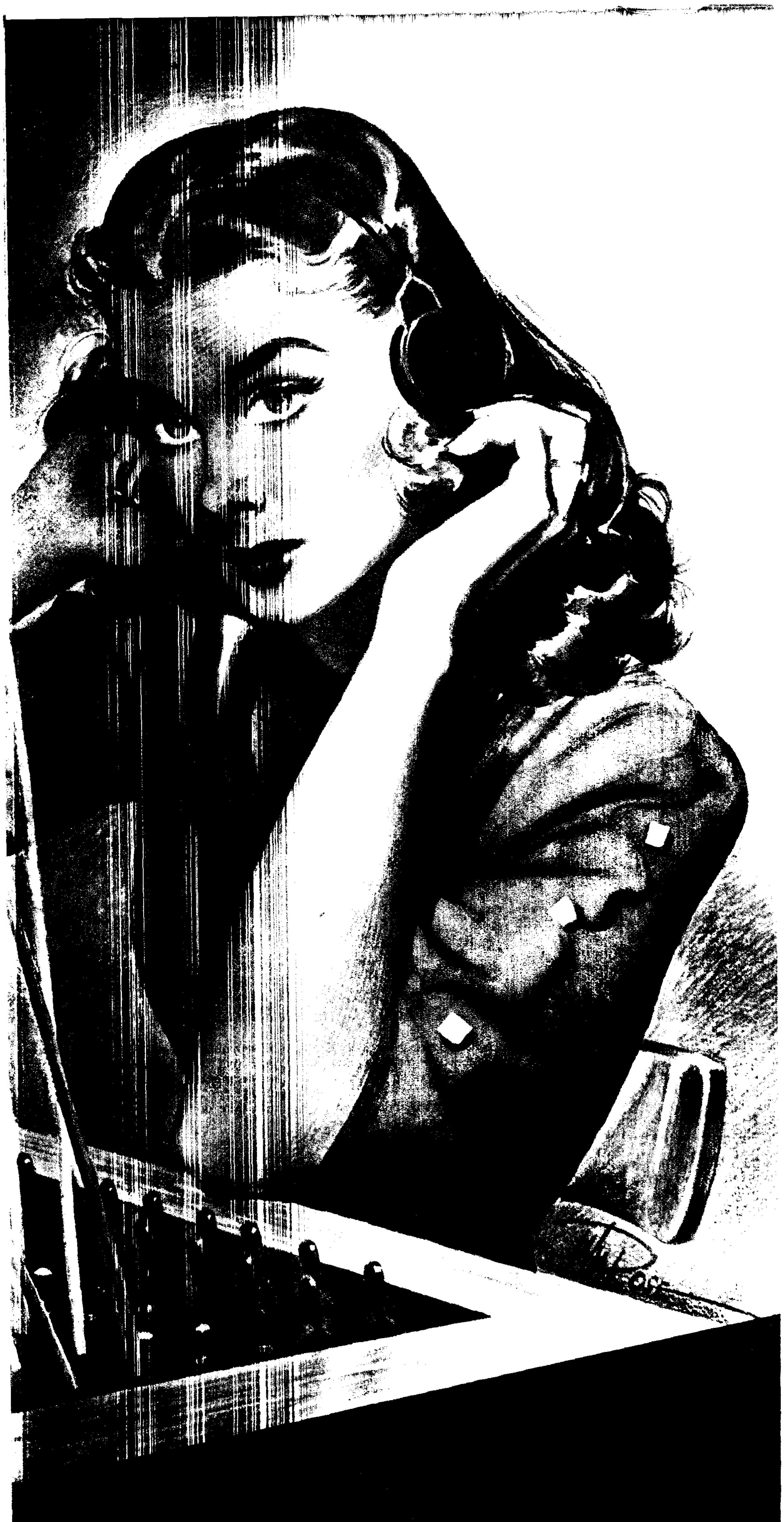
But no one in the Battle of the Airports has come out swinging with greater enthusiasm than the air-minded American public itself. Through civic organizations and the press and individually, the average American everywhere has prodded, ridiculed and threatened his leaders into action. Public impatience, violent and vengeful, has forced quick decisions in more than one city hall where postwar airport planning obviously was being delayed by backstairs bickering among politicians, contractors, real-estate agencies and others hoping to cash in on the airport boom.

In scores of cities, voters have recently approved municipal airport bond issues totaling more than $200,000,000—and not a single airport bond referendum has been defeated anywhere!

Not that some solid citizens haven't raved against the prospect of having a noisy, unsightly airport suddenly dropped into the back yards of their quiet suburban homes. But their objection has been to the proposed site—not to the airport itself.

In most communities, airport designers have overcome even the suburbanite's objection by promising to build airports which won't look like airports. There will be no barnlike hangars, no tomblike warehouses, no shacklike waiting rooms. Instead, airports camouflaged as swank country clubs, complete with tennis courts, miniature golf

(Continued on page 63)



Nobody was watching and it didn't matter much—did it?—if she got a little closer to these two people—in love and in trouble, too. Mitzi shoved back her curls and listened

PERSON *to* PERSON

BY NANCY LYON

Any long-distance operator can give you a wrong phone number, but only Mitzi McCoy could make a wrong number right

IT WAS nearly midnight, and the circuits were pretty quiet. Mitzi was dozing, her chewing gum comfortably lodged between her teeth, her pretty brown curls tumbling forward on the earphones she wore. She was half dreaming, and it was a warm, happy feeling. . . . Joey was here, again, his dark eyes gleaming, his white teeth showing in a grin as he slid a sure arm about her. He was saying, "Mitzi, kiddo, it won't be long now: I'll be back and we'll make it down that aisle with some solid jive—Lohengrin stepped up—but good." A smile whispered over Mitzi's lips, and her lashes fluttered almost to waking. Joey was such a good dancer. . . .

There was a buzz on the switchboard, and she sat up with a jerk, her eyes flying open like a doll's when you set it straight. She began to chew hard, as much to help swallow the tears in her throat as to wake up. She threw in the plug and gave out with her rendition of "Operator," her voice soft and warm and willing—putting her heart into it, being Mitzi McCoy, one of the best little operators on the country's night shift.

"This is Major Phillip Armstead, room 208, The Regency Hotel. I want to place two calls—person to person—"

Gee, he didn't have to go any further. Mitzi could tell all about him from his voice and the way he spoke—nice and polite but young, smooth and easy, like somebody who'd been places and done things and done all right at it. Before he went on, she knew darn' well it would be girls he'd be calling.

"The first call is to Miss Kay Crawford, The Mayflower, Washington. Got that? The second to Miss Marion Jamieson, Harpersville, Virginia. The number is 870."

"Thank you, sir. You wish to place the Washington call first?"

"Oh, yes." He said it so quickly she knew it was important. "In fact, you had better not place the other call until this one comes through. I don't want them to get mixed."

MITZI'S lips tightened. Monkey business, huh. Now a nice-sounding man like that shouldn't be two-timing girls. But maybe he wasn't. . . . She'd kind of like to know.

"Just a moment, sir. Will you hold on, please."

The Washington circuits were busy, and she came back to the major with the familiar, "There'll be a delay on your call to Washington, sir," but she made it sound as nice as she could.

"Oh, hell," he said, and then, "Sorry. . . . But I just got in, and these two calls have been hanging over me, and I wanted to get them through as soon as possible. How do you rate a priority these days? I've been out of the country so long I wouldn't know."

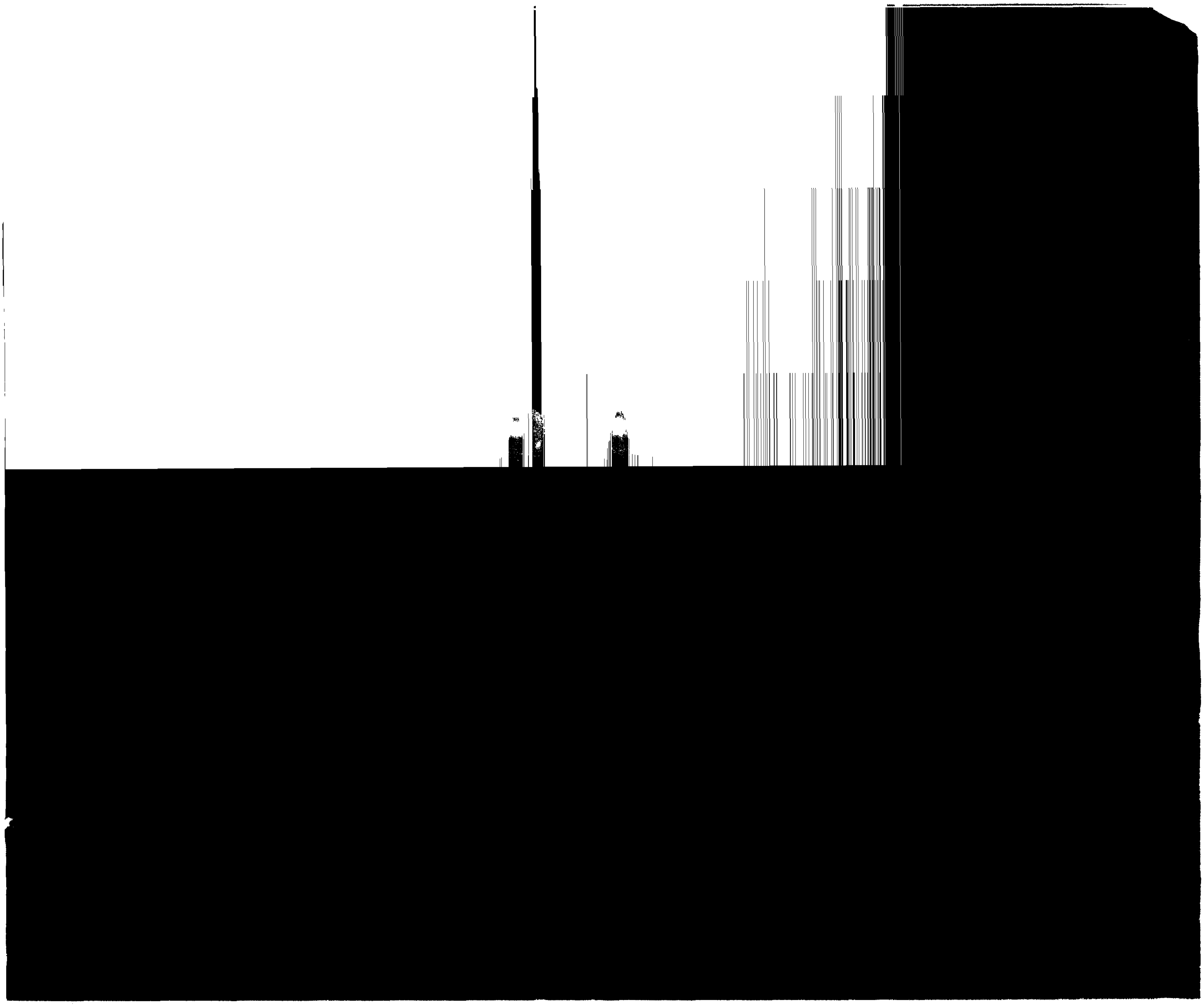
Mitzi gave him a soft little laugh. Well, she wasn't busy, was she? And the poor guy was in a stew. "I'm afraid that would take a while," she said. "You'd have to get it through Washington." She checked the switchboard again and said quickly, "Just a moment—I think I have a circuit now. Will you hold on?"

"Yes," he said, but now that the call was going through, he didn't sound a bit happy about it. He sounded miserable.

She got through to The Mayflower and asked for the party and when a low, full voice answered, "Hullo," she knew it was Miss Kay Crawford and the major's girl, because she sounded just like she ought to sound, him sounding the way he did. She'd be pretty

(Continued on page 58)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM ROSE



New tires often look a lot alike, too

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

Which is the genuine pearl? Unless you're an expert, you probably can't tell the genuine pearl from the imitation. Likewise, you can't tell how good a new tire is by just looking at it. You have to know something about the hidden values because the mileage you get *out* of a tire is determined by what the manufacturer puts *in* that tire.

Why does one make of tire give you longer life and greater safety than another? The answer is found in a combination of factors — the raw materials, the processes used in manufacture, and the skill with which these processes are employed.

Every Goodyear tire is the composite product of many specialists — the chemist who compounds the rubber, the textile expert who spins the fabric, the engineer who designs the tread, the factory worker who builds the tire. Behind these are the scientists in research and testing laboratories.

It is this co-ordinated concentration of scientific skills which gives the Goodyear tire its famous longer wear and greater safety qualities. And it is these qualities that make the Goodyear tire today — as it has been for more than 30 years — *the first choice of American motorists.*

A pioneer in rubber and the world's leading builder of tires, Goodyear also works with metals, fabrics, chemicals and many other materials . . . constantly searching for new products that will serve you better.

BUY WAR BONDS *BUY FOR KEEPS*

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

THE NEPHEW

BY ELI WALDRON

Proving that a woman's eyes are more discriminating than a man's when it comes to recognizing evil forces

IT WAS a wide bright day when the nephew of Ignatius Yaka arrived from the city. There were no clouds in the open sky and the earth breathed a gentle and sustained goodness. The nephew of Ignatius Yaka had a huge, sparkling gold tooth in front and he wore a flowing tie upon which, hand-painted, there was a lovely waterfall and a naked woman.

"Well, Yaka!" the nephew said, thrusting out his gold tooth and running his thumb wisely underneath the tie and down the length of it. "And Pinka!" he said, staring at his uncle's wife. "You are much younger than I expected you to be. . . ." He winked at her, then looked up severely at the man, and in the next second began to laugh and had thrown his arms about both of them.

Yaka, of course, was too overcome at first to speak at all. He was a simple man, used to simple things, and the glittering tooth and the gorgeous neckpiece made him slightly dizzy. He wanted to say something, and had, in fact, prepared a little speech in his mind for the occasion, but everything was swept away at the sight of the nephew's dress and expansive manner.

There was no longer any doubt in Yaka's mind that his day of triumph had come. For weeks now he had been telling the men at the Polska tavern about the impending visit of his nephew who lived in the city, and although he remembered this nephew as a thin, poorly colored and often sickly youth, he gave *them* no such description of him. He told them his nephew was handsome; he said that he was wealthy; and as for wisdom—why, did he not live in the city where there were all sorts of advantages for the mind to seize? This nephew, Yaka promised, would be an event they would always remember.

He can scarcely be blamed for having outgrown the truth so swiftly. He was held in low esteem by the other villagers and was a frequent butt of their jokes, partly because of his inordinately great size and because, partly, of his slow-working mind which handled their clever ideas awkwardly. For Yaka was a simple peasant, simple in taste and manner, who had known nothing but hard work all his life. It was a strange matter how he had gotten a wife as young as Pinka; it was stranger still what she saw in his great bulk except the fact that he was an expert woodcutter.

It was rumored that his uncles had arranged the marriage, hoping that the presence of a young woman would rouse him from his complacency and help him "get on," but Yaka remained unchanged. The marriage had made him more easygoing still, since Pinka lavished all her care upon him and protected him as best she could from his would-be tormentors.

But, to the village aristocrats, he remained a symbol of worthlessness, of absolute, unforgivable nihility. They had no respect for a man who could not begin to compete with them in matters of wit and elegance of manners. A man who would do anything asked of him, and who seemed not to have sense enough to be angry when abused or scorned.

And yet he had a nephew and this nephew lived in the city. Well, not everyone has a relative who lives in a city, that much is true. . . .

"Yaka," they seemed to say, "we will give you this one chance. We will see. But God help you, Yaka, if everything is not as you make it appear!"

And now the glorious necktie, and the tooth—why, the tooth alone was enough!—and the perfume and pomade and flashing eyes. Above all, the easy confidence and the effortless laughter.

In the cottage at last, Yaka was able to say, "Welcome, Nephew. You are welcome here."

The nephew examined the house critically. He looked at the ceiling and at the floors and he even peered in the cupboards.

"It is clean," he said. "It is nice and clean." He smiled at Pinka and, going up to her, rubbed her under the chin with his forefinger. "I like clean houses," he said in a meaty voice.

Then he took from his pocket a cigar of large dimensions and bit the end off neatly with one sharp bite.

"I like cigars," he said to Yaka. "Do you?"

"Cigars?" Yaka said. "I . . ."

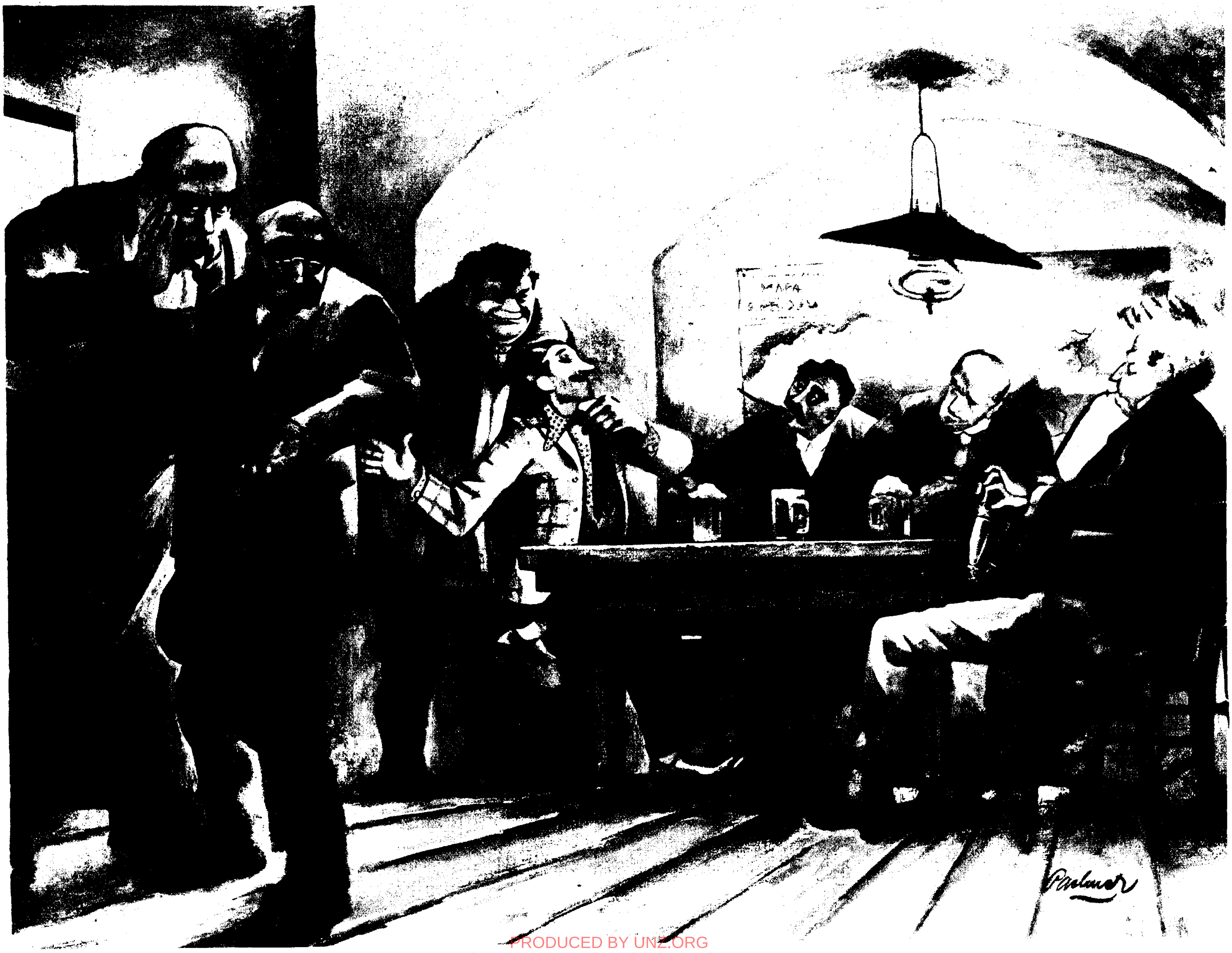
"He does not smoke," Pinka said. "And as for chewing, he chews only straw. Do they chew straw in the city?" Her voice was innocent but she looked at the nephew out of the corners of her eyes and moved her shoulders in a way he would notice.

The nephew gave a snort of laughter and sat down. "Uncle," he said, blowing smoke in that direction. "You have a nice wife. *And*

(Continued on page 34*)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

The nephew acted his part with great delicacy and judgment—just the right amount of condescension in his manner and contemptuous in the exact degree required of him



Why are hypodermic needles made of STEEL?

Because you can't beat STEEL for safety!

When it comes to safety, strength, long life, all-round usefulness . . . you can't beat steel. This is truer today than ever. War research has produced improved steels, many of them developed in United States Steel laboratories. These better steels will serve you well in peacetime products. In cooking utensils, vacuum cleaners, stoves, automobiles, refrigerators. When you buy such things, be sure to look for the U·S·S Label. It's the sign of good steel.

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AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY · AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY
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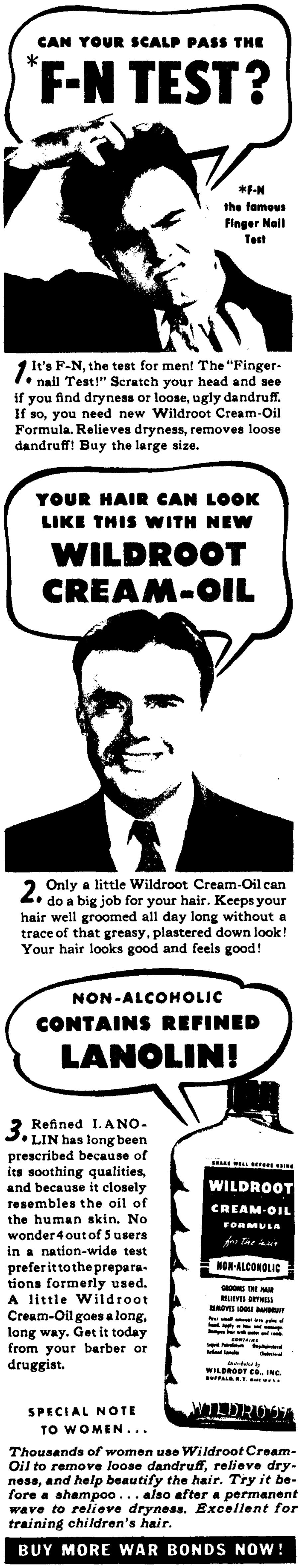

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE *F-N TEST?

*F-N the famous Finger Nail Test

1. It's F-N, the test for men! The "Fingernail Test!" Scratch your head and see if you find dryness or loose, ugly dandruff. If so, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy the large size.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2. Only a little Wildroot Cream-Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long without a trace of that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS REFINED LANOLIN!

3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it closely resembles the oil of the human skin. No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test prefer it to the preparations formerly used. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long, long way. Get it today from your barber or druggist.

SPECIAL NOTE TO WOMEN...

Thousands of women use Wildroot Cream-Oil to remove loose dandruff, relieve dryness, and help beautify the hair. Try it before a shampoo... also after a permanent wave to relieve dryness. Excellent for training children's hair.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

Iwo Jima

Continued from page 17

easy. They'll tell you from three to twelve men on the ground can keep a plane in the air, depending on the size of the ship. They'll dismiss the whole story just like that, bid you sit down and reduce your fever with a bottle of beer and listen to the latest and ruggedest verses of the No. 1 song hit in the Marianas, Three Cheers for the Jones Junior High.

So we drink our beer and listen to the latest social activities of the best Junior High in Toledo, which sound very enjoyable indeed. But being a prosaic sort of guy, we keep thinking what a shame it is that they have given no credit at all to a wispish young Pfc. at an uninspiring pine table far down the requisition line in the Air Force depot where nearly nine hundred men who have never fired a shot at a Jap and who probably never will struggle daily with forms and rubber stamps and pens and computing machines to send a hero, potential or actual, into the air and on to Tokyo. The kid is called "Sharpie." It wasn't so long ago that he was in some city junior high, and we'll identify him no closer because he's only one of thousands of such.

Of course, Sharpie is pretty far outside the aura of our hero, but it is the objective of those who run the Army Air Forces to keep as many planes in the air as possible at all times. They will tell you that a plane—say a B-29—should do ten missions a month, one every three days. Let Sharpie and his buddies at their poor pine tables make a requisitional error, and some plane may not make its ten sorties or even five. Maybe none.

Okay, we'll have another beer. But how about those two thousand seagoing Joes—soldiers, not sailors—who man Colonel Matthew Thompson's Air Force maintenance unit with their 500-ton FSs (freight smalls), which plod from island to island—Guam, Saipan and Tinian? With their FSs and their 1,200-ton barges, their LCMs and their LCVPs, they fetch air supplies to the repair and maintenance base from Liberty ships and other freighters just arrived in Saipan's harbor or anchored outside the Guam reef. They are the lads who, when our hero's shattered plane just managed to make the airfield on Tinian—just that and no more—picked it up, lashed the wounded thing to the deck of a barge and brought it down to the repair base, where in five days it was back in our hero's hands as good as ever.

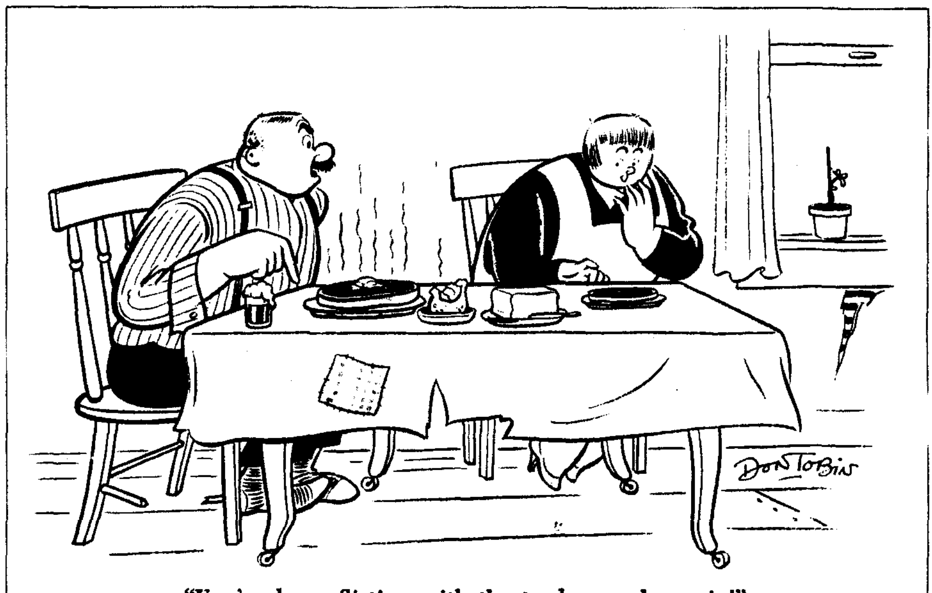
A Mighty Supply Line

After you've pursued this particular aspect of the apparently limitless story of supply in the Pacific, you inevitably come to a few conclusions, some of which are reasonably accurate and worth talking about. For example, it becomes more than a theory that if Guam in 1941 had been the massive military base it is now, there would have been no Pearl Harbor attack.

At this moment the supply and maintenance depots on this geographical accident can do about everything about a warplane but manufacture one; and it may not be long before they can do that. Assembly is simple here. Here, too, are men who can dismantle, repair and rebuild anything from a Norden bomb sight to a telephone. Here are warehouses containing more than 200,000 separate and distinct items to refit a plane.

The further you dig into the subject, the more you begin to realize that the old formula that it takes nine men in the rear to maintain one combat soldier or Marine on the line is doomed to the camphor chest along with a lot more of the ideas with which we started this war. As our supply lines lengthen from 5,000 to 7,000 to 10,000 miles, so do our transport and maintenance problems become more complicated, calling for innovations, conversions, new mechanized contrivances.

Thus (and this is quite unofficial) for every one man assigned to kill Japs, on the ground, on the sea, in the air, there will soon be fifteen men armed with pens, hammers, typewriters, rivet punches, slide rules and mulligan pots to see that he has at least his chance to become a hero. There's only one other of the several conclusions we have reached that we will annoy you with here. It is that we'd like to know just what the scattered Jap soldiers hiding out in the hilltops yonder think when they see these hills of supplies and this expanding industrial establishment. Not that we didn't try to find out.


COLLIER'S "You've been flirting with the tradespeople again!" DON TOBIN

Down from the hills one day came a Jap who must have a yearning similar to ours: to know what we Yanks were thinking about. Nobody had to ask him any question; he just started talking. Up there, he said, the chief topic was American might, American wealth, American mechanical power. He is a graduate of Columbia University and speaks English so well that it was hard to believe he'd learned it in New York.

We asked him who, in view of all repeated praise of American might, wealth and power, was going to win the war.

He smiled gently and said, "Very few of my countrymen have had the advantage that I have enjoyed of having lived in New York, Chicago and Pittsburgh."

We repeated our simple question, thinking, of course, that he hadn't understood. He repeated his answer. And that was that.

We tried also to get a bit of information from a refugee Jap civilian, using the tongue and ears of a Nisei, a young American soldier from Oakland, California, whose parents are Japanese. But this time we got nowhere at all until we told Abe (the Nisei) to ask the fellow what he thought of democracy as a form of government.

Abe and the civilian spent the next five minutes screaming at each other, and presently Abe said, "He says it won't work, and that anybody, even the crazy Americans, would be fools to try it."

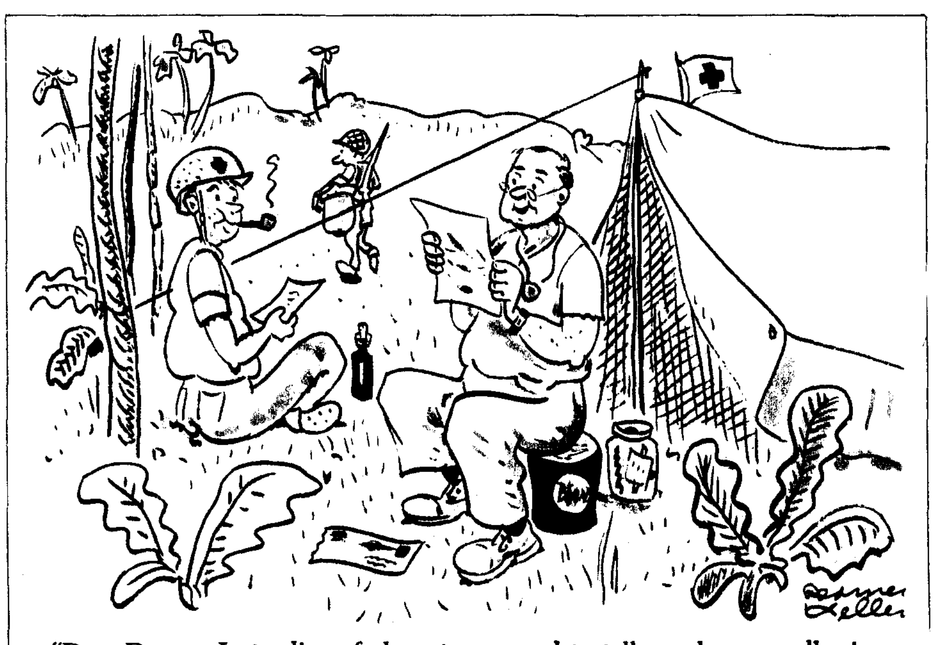
This is not getting so far off the track as you'd think. It still would be nice to know what the abandoned Japs down yonder and what the doomed Japs in the marked islands to the north are thinking of as they behold the distance between our hero's winged guns and Hirohito's palace diminish day by day.

While we're watching our hero listening to the citation, surrounded by his flying crew, his ground crew, the maintenance crews and the men from the supply base, that distance has suddenly been shortened by 750 miles, to the island of Iwo, which in turn is only 750 miles from Tokyo. While they're pinning on the cross, let's fly to Iwo Jima.

A Ring Around an Island

The battle wagons are hulking off the island when we arrive, so close that their huge guns are scarcely elevated—a mile or two away, perhaps. Within the ring they've drawn around the island, which looks like an enormous otter headed southward, the cruisers and the destroyers, their guns braying baritone, blast the middle and north of the island into clouds of flying rubble and steel, until the bombers above and the diving torpedo planes beg them profanely to ease up for a moment and give them a chance.

Inside this double ring of warships are the troopships, the supply ships—huge carriers with ten thousand tons aboard, smaller and smaller craft bearing a great array of alphabetical designations taking men and things off the big boys and scooting for the shore in crazy courses. They wriggle in like the heads of serpents. They do it in ever-widen-


"Dear Doctor: Just a line of cheer to you and to tell you how we all miss you. Met Mrs. Cathie Wiggins yesterday and she's having trouble with her back again which you said was her kidneys. I stopped taking my nerve tonic while I had a cold and that thumping has started in my head again..."

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

Copr. 1945, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisc.

WRITE ON A TYPEWRITER WITH ONE KEY?

Might as well try to make truly great beer from just one brewing! That's why Pabst Blue Ribbon is *full-flavor blended* from at least 33 fine brews . . . to insure depth of *flavor,* even *goodness,* superb *quality.* Order it with confidence, serve it with pride – for no matter where you go, there is no finer beer than Pabst Blue Ribbon.

Pabst Blue Ribbon

33 Fine Brews

BLENDED

into One Great Beer

DANNY KAYE ON THE AIR EVERY SATURDAY 8 P.M. EWT CBS
WITH HARRY JAMES AND HIS MUSIC MAKERS

ing circles. They do it at wild angles, all but crashing into one another. From the air it looks like Sunday traffic of the old prewar days when everybody had a tankful.

Beyond the beaches, men are fighting one another with gun and fire. On the beaches in ever-lengthening rows, food and ammunition are being piled up. Already a platoon of hungry bulldozers are chewing great hunks out of the wilderness, places for more and more supplies. The Japs are much too busy holding back the armed Yanks to give these supplies, these emergency dumps, the attention they merit. The Jap is fighting for his life, but our life is pouring onto his island in endless streams, and the Jap can do nothing about it. It doesn't matter what the Jap's philosophy is, or what his religion may exact of him, he can't look down from Suribachi, he can't look up from that limestone and coral quarry to the north and see this torrent of men and material land, and still be the same Jap.

There is no Jap navy here to stop us; no Jap air force, either. We're looking down on what is known as D-plus-one—one day after the attack was launched. Art Primm, the radio news broadcaster, is with us, and we scream at him that it all looks so easy there on the beaches, this supply thing, that it looks like New York Bay. We're only 900 feet above the island, 400 feet above the hollow crest of Suribachi. We don't hear what Primm replies, because the Japs yonder have decided that we've been there long enough, and they open up with their ack-ack.

We streak for the open sea, which means plenty of streaking. For five miles, there is no open sea, just American warships, supply ships, ring after ring of them. A hundred thousand tons of rations, shoes, medicines, blood plasma, pants, rations, rations, rations; a hundred thousand tons of shells, cartridges, dynamite—and weapons to throw them from—all being ferried inshore by small craft that look like waterbugs from the Liberator we're in, and more are arriving.

All the Jap has to do is to look at the beach and see (as we see) that scarcely any Yankee supply carriers have failed to make the shore. Two big cargo bruisers, both hit by the Jap artillery from the volcano, are lying wearily on their sides, a sharp list, nothing more. But their bows are deep in the sand. Their decks are empty save for a few crushed crates. The trucks have cleaned them out. Let them lie. If what's happened in the Marianas happens in however small a way on Iwo, there'll be ships on that beach in a few weeks—ships and piers and hundreds of men to man them. Those two clumsy luggers will be back at sea again before May.

We swooped low over the island. The Japs are being blasted by the torpedo bombers. One of the bombs hits the line of foxholes they occupy over on the west shore, and instantly those foxholes become a long, straggling, loosely earthed grave. A couple of hundred feet inside the east shore of Iwo lie the wrecks of half a dozen Alligators—our amphibians. But what the hell! They've delivered their cargoes. That's all we care about: Get it ashore! Get it ashore! Get it to those guys on the line!

It's hard to believe what you see. It must be harder for the Jap. But there's one crazy bulldozer chewing out the beginning of a road. Habit, probably. Every time one of those bulldozers hits the ground, it begins to rip a road through the nearest available jungle. Orders? The hell with orders! Let's make a road! Up here over Iwo, we can't find out what this bulldozer is gouging out a road for. But the forward gunner, the guy at the machine guns in the nose turret, a guy named Gibbons, from Chicago, bawls out that it's for the ambulances, the Medical Corps. Maybe.

Anyway, the hospital ship is lying out there surrounded by destroyers, and the only craft carrying anything away from the shore are streaking for the hospital ship. We peer through our field glasses and—sure, that's it. They're carrying wounded men out through a trail right next to where this kid in the bulldozer is hacking out a roadway.

We're Moving in on You, Jap!

So you see, Jap? On our way up here to Iwo we flew over more supply ships, more cargo carriers. They're bringing food and clothing and medical things, too. But their decks are crazy with machinery—more bulldozers, trucks, traveling cranes, machine ships on wheels, a whole industrial town moving in on poisonous little Iwo. Those decks carry concrete mixers, Diesel-powered road crushers and rollers. There aren't many cliffs on Iwo to hide out in, Jap! You can't live for weeks in the crevices and the tunnels and caves of Suribachi. You can't grow gardens on that rock. So while you can still see, look down at what we're seeing: An American city, a harsh, womanless city is moving in on you.

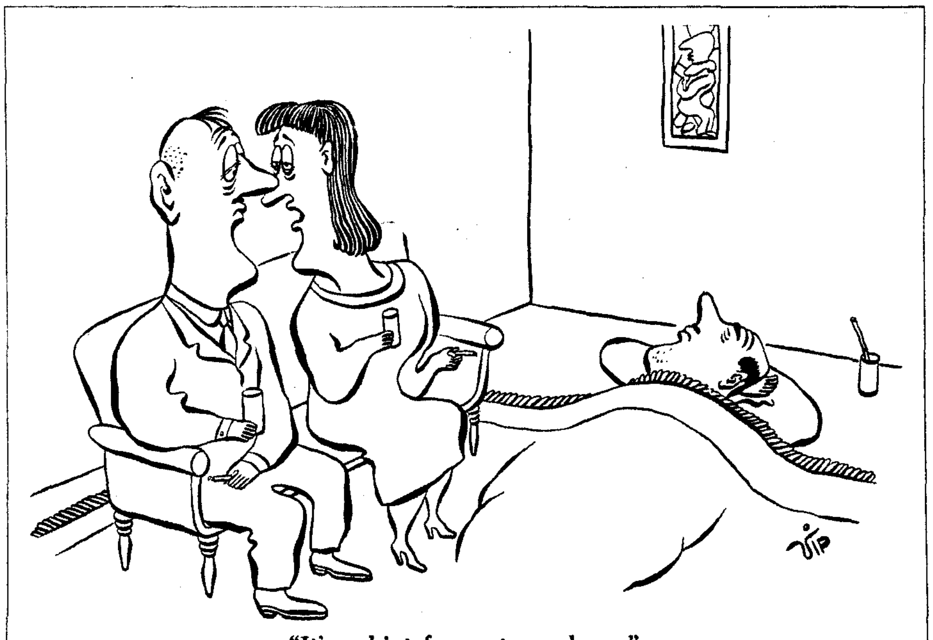
Back on Guam, this ceremony of making a hero is over and forgotten. He asks the chief of his own ground crew how long it will be before his ship will be ready for another mission. His ground-crew boss, a guy named McCrorey, of Conshohocken, Pennsylvania, asks Master Sergeant Pete Munch, the man mountain, how long his ship will be in the shops.

"*My* ship!" roars Munch. "Maybe five days. Maybe eight. She's all shot to hell. *Your* ship!"

A hundred men—all very young—yonder in the supply warehouses are requisitioning a hundred items which will go to heal the wounds of *their* ship. The same gallant bomber with a hundred and fifty guys each calling her his ship. The hero? Oh, that's all over. There'll be a dozen more heroes standing on the concrete in the next few days, all looking gaspingly tired, slightly cynical, somewhat bored.

But nobody talks about them. Nobody here says, "My hero." They leave that for you people at home. Let's have a beer.

THE END



COLLIER'S "It's a hint for us to go home" VIRGIL PARTCH

7 A. M. . . . You're dim and hazy

HOW SAD A FACE! That's how you look when that logy feeling starts your day all wrong. Maybe it's a laxative you need. Then's when a sparkling glass of Sal Hepatica can do the trick! Right away—before breakfast!

9 A. M. . . . Fresh as a daisy

YOU'RE IN THE RACE! Going along like sixty! Say—Sal Hepatica sure does make a difference! Taken first thing in the morning, it usually acts within an hour . . . brings speedy, easy relief. Helps counteract excess gastric acidity, too—and helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

Next time *you* need a laxative, try this sparkling, refreshing saline. Remember—3 out of 5 doctors, interviewed in a survey, advised Sal Hepatica.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy*

SAL HEPATICA

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica from your druggist today, remembering this. Caution: use only as directed. Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Ask your doctor about the efficacy of this prescription. Sal Hepatica is a product of Bristol-Myers.

TUNE IN "EDDIE CANTOR"—Wednesdays, NBC, 9:00 p. m., E.W.T.—
"THE ALAN YOUNG SHOW"—Tuesdays, Blue Network, 8:30 p. m., E.W.T.

Frigidaire repeats its wartime suggestions on

HOW TO KEEP MEAT

In these days of smaller civilian supplies, *save* all of meat's goodness, and *use* all of it, too!

Here are helpful hints based on Frigidaire's 25 years' experience in the food-keeping field. All of these meat-keeping facts have been checked and verified by other eminent authorities. Keep them handy!

54 Suggestions for Leftovers

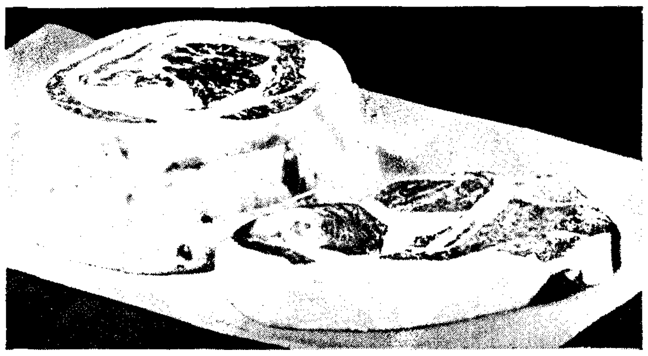
USE IN	BEEF	LAMB	HAM	VEAL	PORK	POULTRY	FISH
Hash							
Meat Pie							
Sliced							
Soup							
Stuffed Pepper							
Stew							
Chili							
Croquettes							
Creamed							
Meat Loaf							
Scalloped							
Sandwich Filling							
Salads							

General Rules of Meat-Keeping

After purchase, remove meat from market paper. Don't wash or wipe with a damp cloth. Don't cut or chop it until just before using. If your refrigerator has a covered meat compartment, the meat can be stored without wrapping. Otherwise, wrap lightly in waxed paper, leave ends open for free air circulation, and store in defrosting tray or as near freezing unit as possible.

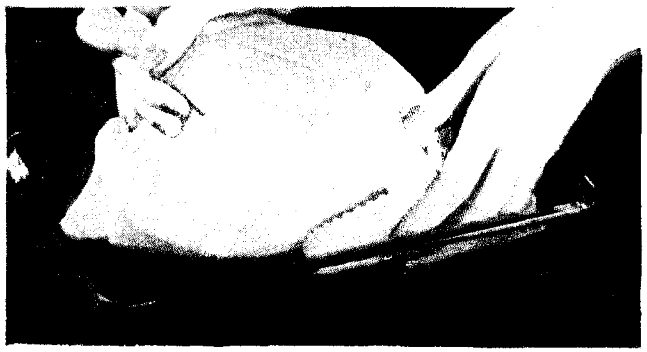
How to Freeze Meats

Wrap well in waxed paper and place in ice tray. (Separate individual portions with waxed paper to prevent freezing together.) To freeze quickly, place tray on bottom shelf of freezer and turn control to fastest freezing point. For continued storage after freezing, reset control to a colder than normal position. Never refreeze meat after thawing. Frozen meat may be thawed before cooking, or cooked directly from the frozen state, but when this is done, more time must be allowed for cooking.

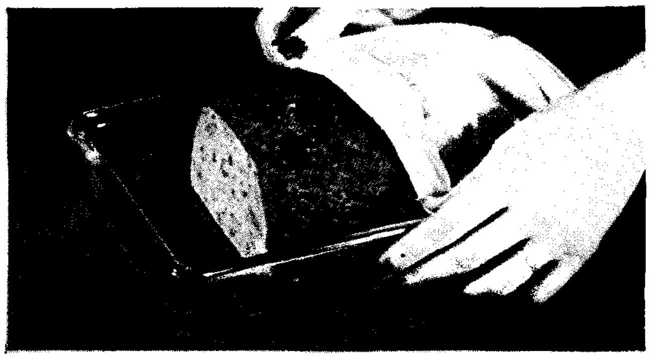


STEAKS, CHOPS AND ROASTS may be kept up to three days in meat tray or loosely wrapped just below freezer. If you buy for later use, wrap and freeze. See how on this page.

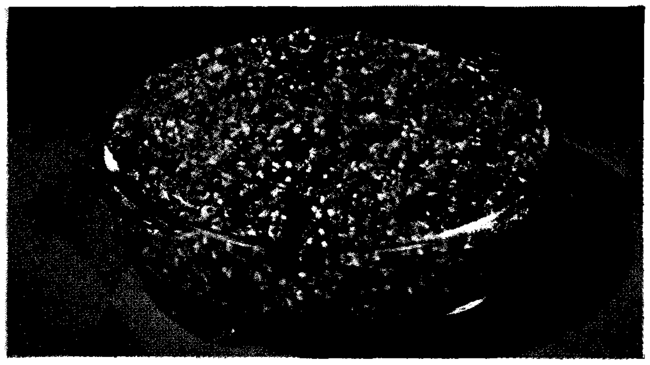
FROZEN MEATS will keep for long periods in the freezing unit. After thawing, frozen meat should be cooked as soon as possible. Caution: Never refreeze meat after it has thawed.



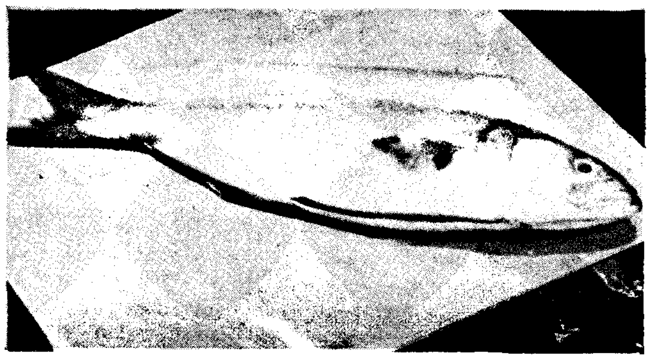
POULTRY, unlike meat, should be cleaned and washed *before* refrigeration. Whole birds keep better than disjointed birds. Cut up birds just before using. Freeze chicken like meats.



LEFTOVER COOKED MEATS should be stored in a covered dish to prevent drying. Generally leftover meat should not be cut or ground until just before using.

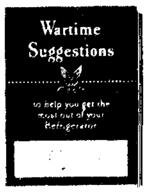


GROUND MEAT should be cooked within 24 hours after purchase or frozen when you get home. For convenience, separate ground meats into individual portions before freezing.



FISH should be cooked within 24 hours after purchase. If it is to be kept longer, freeze it immediately. To freeze fish and meats at home, follow directions given in the first column at left.

Free! Get WARTIME SUGGESTIONS from your Frigidaire Dealer



36 pages of helpful, practical ideas like those on this page. Look for your dealer's Frigidaire store sign, or find name in your classified directory under REFRIGERATORS. Or write Frigidaire, 351 Taylor Street, Dayton 1, Ohio.

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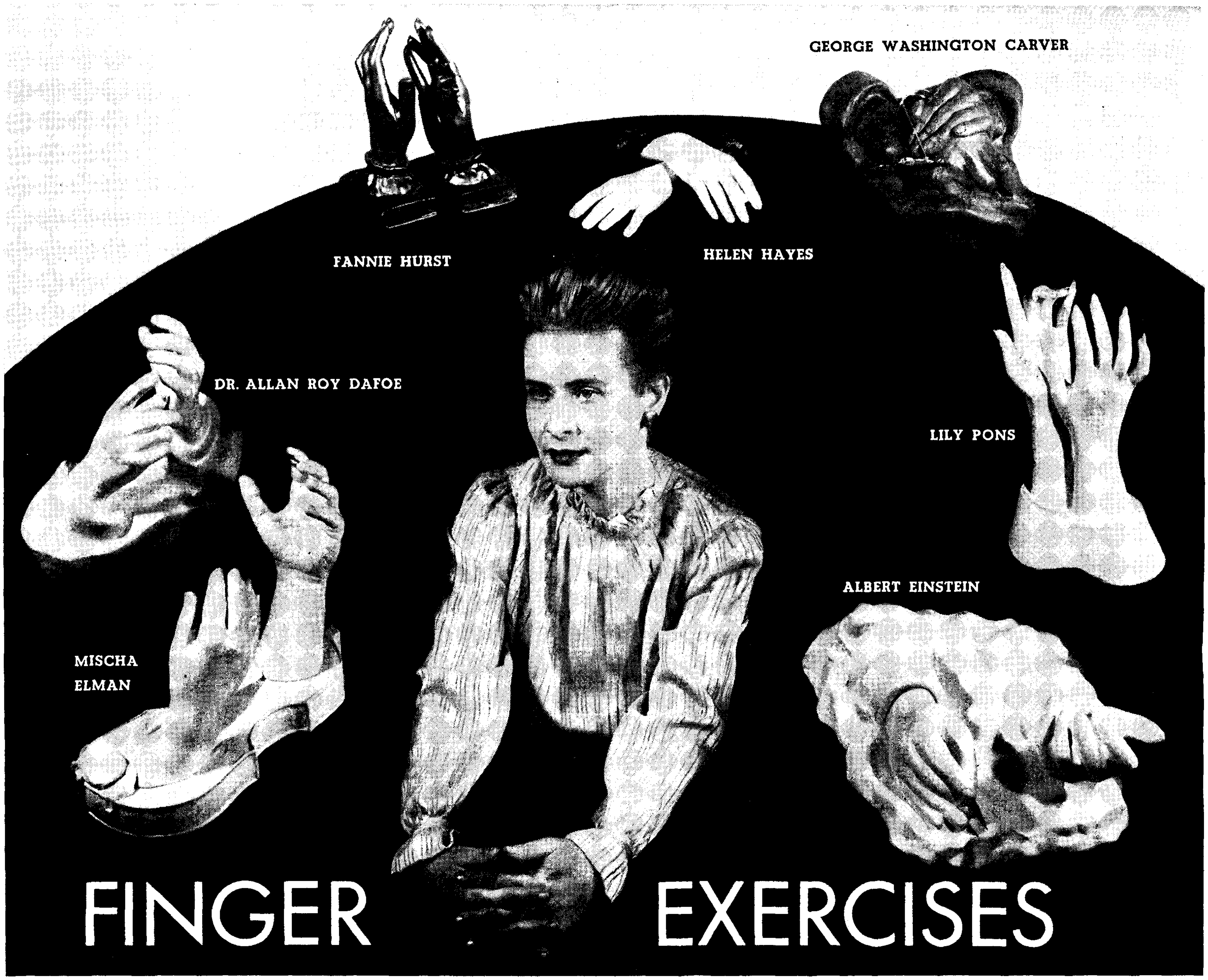


FINGER EXERCISES

BY NANCY DAVIDS

A long time ago, Ray Shaw was a little girl who sat on her hands because she thought they were ugly. It seems poetic justice that she is now a sculptor of beautiful hands

PERHAPS somewhere there is a psychiatrist who can explain Ray Shaw's obsession with hands. If there is, Miss Shaw will not be interested. Because her maniphilia is paying off—in folding money—and the reasons leading up to it are of secondary importance. Ray is now the leader in her field—sculpturing hands.

How she got there is an incredible story. She was born in Lithuania; came to America when she was ten. At which point some bright adult impressed upon her that all newcomers to this country managed to be letter-perfect in the English language at the end of one week—seven days. At the end of her first week, she was agonized to find that she still spoke and thought in Lithuanian. But there was a certain Miss Maloney who made life bearable. She was the redheaded teacher of Ray's class. Miss Maloney, of course, spoke no Lithuanian, but managed to convey sympathy by affectionate pats.

"The class was torment for me," Miss Shaw recalls. "The sympathetic touch of Miss Maloney's hands was the only communication I had with a strange country."

The first word Ray ever learned was "empty." She learned it the hard way. It was during her second week at school. One of her classmates had been sent to the supply closet for chalk. Ray followed his movements with her eyes in the desperate hope that she might tie action and word together. The wondering little girl watched while he pulled down a carton, shook it and turned it upside down. He looked at the teacher and bellowed "Empty!" Ray repeated it and she knew what it meant!

In addition to Miss Maloney's, someone else's hands were important to Ray—hands she never knew. She heard people say things about the "touch of a mother's hands." Her own mother had died when Ray was born, and this phrase took on a special meaning. She thought for many years that a mother's hands must have special magic.

The most significant thing about hands and Miss Shaw is her feelings about her own. When she was a child she sat on them. She envied the hands of others—particularly slender, long-fingered hands. She thought her own were square, ugly and awkward. She still doesn't like them. Ray talks pensively about the stories of Russian aristocrats who tried to disguise themselves during the revolution. They passed for peasants as far as ragged clothing was concerned, but they were always recognized by their dainty white hands.

After Ray learned English, she graduated from Girls' High in Brooklyn and then from a business school. She got a medal for excellence in typing but almost cracked up on the rocks of bookkeeping. Medal or no medal, jobs were hard to get. It was 1933. She thought Chicago might be better. At least there was a Fair in Chicago. She landed a job as a typist and visited the Fair frequently.

But 1933 is memorable to Miss Shaw for another reason. It was the year she fell and severely injured her spine. She was immobilized in a plaster cast for months and she had plenty of time to analyze her life.

Time on Her Hands

Bookkeeping was definitely out. Typing was beginning to pall. Hands, as usual, fascinated her. Now she was getting acquainted—like it or not—with the hands of several assorted doctors and nurses.

One day, light dawned, and she said grimly, "If I ever get out of this damned plaster and adhesive, I'll make hands."

Three months later she was out of the hospital, although it was another two years before she had completely recovered. Her savings were perilously close to zero. To the determined Miss Shaw, such things were at the moment unimportant. She chased around from sculptor to sculptor and from art school to art school—first in Chicago and then in New York. There was what seemed to be universal laughter. The story was always "But, my dear girl," or variations such as "You've never had any art training. . . . Hands are the most difficult thing in the world to do. . . . Michelangelo spent years—" and so on.

"Well," Ray said, "the hell with all of them!"

She dug into the study of hands and the modeling of hands in precisely the same determined way she had forced herself to learn English. Because of her injury she was still unable to sit on a soft chair or to lie flat on a bed. She decided to make good use of her inability. Since she couldn't sleep well, she would work partly by day and partly by night. For over a year she spent from sixteen to eighteen hours a day working with Plasticine and clay, gradually acquiring tremendous knowledge and great facility. She claims an eighteen-hour work day is a neat way to forget intense pain.

In those days she lived in a small hotel on the upper West Side of New York. The manager gave her space in the basement for a workroom. She used to bring some of the things she had modeled up to her room at night to dry. There were quite a few complaints about fingers and hands sticking out of her window. One woman threatened to move out. She told the manager it was too gruesome to live next to "that girl."

But Miss Shaw ignored all complaints. Having little money, she often "ignored" meals. Sometimes she read palms for a living.

The first hands she sculptured were those of a bootblack named Tony. Tony had two thumbs on his left hand, and at one time had

(Continued on page 76)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

The Nephew

Continued from page 26

a nice house. I like it in the country but of course you understand how limited a life it is for people like me. The country is no place for an ambitious man. Except to visit, of course, Yaka," he said, clamping his cigar tightly in his teeth, "I am glad to be here."

"And I am glad to have you here," Yaka said, smiling so hard his eyes disappeared. Then, not able to help himself, he shyly reached forth one hand and touched the silken waterfall that rested placidly on his nephew's chest.

"Is it . . ." he asked.

"Painted by an artist," the nephew said, turning so that Pinka would have a better view. "From life," he added, grinning at her energetically.

"From life," Yaka repeated with a solemn nod. Then he stepped closer and squinted at the gold tooth, his head almost touching the other's nose.

"Gold," said the nephew, rolling his cigar to one corner of his mouth with his tongue and lifting his lip slightly to give his uncle a better view.

"*Gold,*" whispered Yaka delighted with the yellow sheen. "Do you hear, Pinka? *Gold.*" Then he bent his head lower and admired the buttons on the coat.

"Silver," said the nephew, rolling his cigar to the other corner of his mouth.

"*Silver,*" Yaka whispered.

He remained bent over for a moment longer, then suddenly straightened up and struck his big hands together.

"Nephew!" he said loudly, "I want you to meet some friends of mine tonight. This very night!"

"Certainly, Yaka," replied the nephew without hesitation. "That is one of the reasons I came—to meet your friends."

"They are important people," said Yaka, blowing out his cheeks and throwing his stomach as far forward as it would go, as he had seen the men do in the village when they were stating an indisputable fact.

"Naturally," said the nephew. "There is the storekeeper, for example . . ."

"Yes," said Yaka. "And the man who owns the slaughterhouse."

"Not to mention the *brother* of the man who owns the slaughterhouse."

"Not to mention the brother of the man who owns the slaughterhouse, yes, yes," said Yaka. "Oh!" he exclaimed. "How you will shine among them!"

"Thank you, Uncle," the nephew said, inclining his head politely.

YAKA stepped back a pace and gazed at his nephew adoringly but a moment later a worried expression crossed his face and he came close again to ask, "Do you . . . do you play cards? H-mm?"

"Cards? Naturally. Everyone in the city plays cards."

Yaka looked more assured. "You play well?"

"Well, after all . . ." said the nephew in a faintly injured tone. He turned his head away almost imperceptibly and drew deeply on the cigar.

"Please forgive me, Nephew," Yaka said quickly. "It's only that I so admire men who can play cards well." Then he leaned forward again and said warningly, "*They play for money.*"

"Fine!" said the nephew. "I like to play for money. Do you?"

"Oh, no," said Yaka, jumping backward as if suddenly touched by something very hot. "I never play cards at all."

"He gets mixed up," his wife put in. "He thinks every card is the two of spades."

"It is true," Yaka admitted ruefully, blushing at the admission. "All the pictures and the funny marks—I do not understand them. I tried to learn, but the only thing that would stay in my mind was 'two of spades.' They used to hold up a card, any card, and say, 'What is it?' And I—because it was the only one I knew—would say, 'The two of spades.' It made them laugh."

"Really," said the nephew, raising his eyebrows high. "Well, we will have a look at them tonight and see what they say. How does that sound to you?". . .

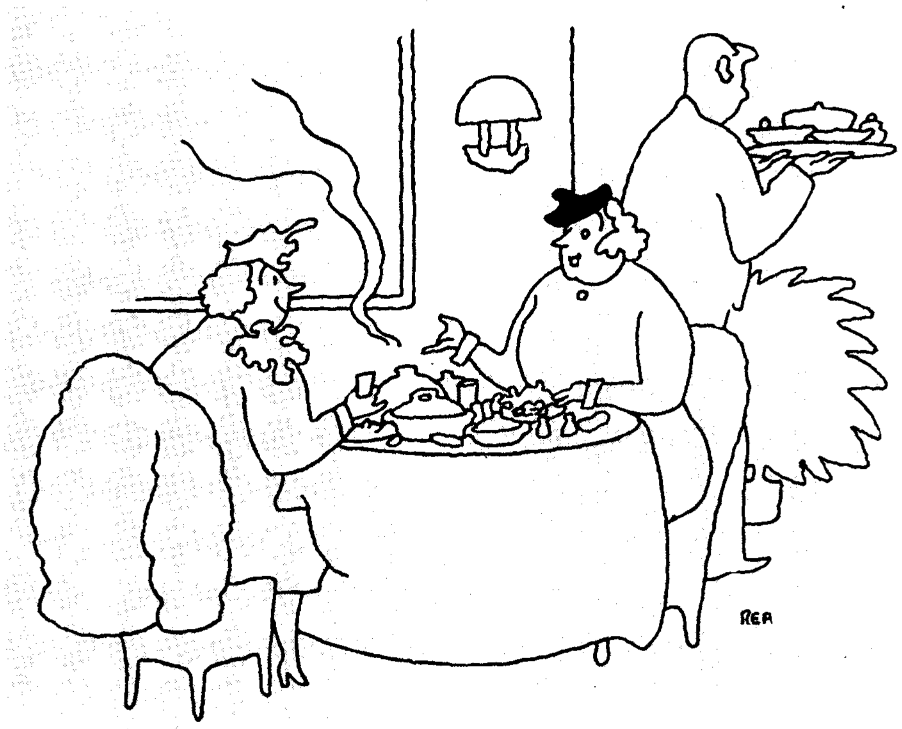
That night, then, they met the storekeeper and the man who owned the slaughterhouse and the brother of the man who owned the slaughterhouse. And they met the proprietor of the Polska tavern, Mr. Blavatsky and a friend of his.

Yaka introduced his nephew to each of them in turn, presenting him gravely and ceremoniously but without any attempt to conceal the exultation that filled his heart. He was so proud and excited his eyes glistened with tears.

AND it must be said that the nephew acted his part with great delicacy and judgment. There was just the right amount of condescension in his manner and he was contemptuous in the exact degree required of him.

"You have a nice place," he said to the company, waving his cigar in a careless semicircle. "Such as it is, it is nice. I am used to grander things, of course, but this is doubtless suitable for your small purposes."

The men lowered their heads humbly and were silent and Yaka nodded at his nephew and winked. Then he reached through his third coat and through his second coat and into the inside pocket of his first coat and produced two pieces of money. These he held up before him with thumb and forefinger.



"Besides, if we were too thin, it might give Europe a wrong impression of the OPA"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

"Ahem!" he said, causing the others now to look up. "Ahem, gentlemen. In honor of my nephew who has just arrived from the city, I wish to buy a drink."

After that, the man who owned the slaughterhouse bought a drink and then the nephew flabbergasted them all by buying two drinks at once.

Then they went to the card table.

Yaka stood at his nephew's side as the game began and remained there during the course of the play, leaning slightly forward and wrinkling his brow in an attempt to keep up with the rapid, colorful shuttling of the cards. And he echoed the soft expressions of dismay and pleasure that came from the players with similar sounds of his own. He could not have said why he made these sounds except that it was nice to do so and gave him a feeling of participating in this wonderfully complex and dramatic game.

Toward the end, however, he grew tired and wandered off to examine a calendar that was tacked on the wall, then to watch the candlelight flickering on the stack of glasses behind the bar. The game broke up before he lost interest in the glasses.

"Good night, gentlemen," he heard his nephew saying. "You have provided fair entertainment for me." He shook hands all around, then came to Yaka and took him by the arm. "Good night, again," he said, and Yaka casually touched his cap and nodded briefly at the man who owned the slaughterhouse and his brother and the two friends, ignoring, for some unfathomable reason, the proprietor, Mr. Blavatsky.

Once outside, and on the road home, he said, "Well, Nephew, how much did you win from them?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the nephew, who had, in fact, lost a considerable sum. "I play for the fun of it, principally. Quite a lot, I suppose; I never keep track."

"Ummmm," said Yaka dreamily, "wasn't it a successful evening, though?"

"Well, yes, you might call it that," said the nephew. "I found it rather dull myself, but it was probably successful—as things go in the country."

"Oh, it was. Believe me, it was," Yaka said. "Another evening such as this and I will probably be asked to attend the Annual Council of Leading Citizens. You had it all over them right from the beginning. Did you see how their faces turned red and how they looked at the floor? And then to win from them! It was a successful evening, never fear." And Yaka began humming to himself, lost in a warm, roseate cloud of contentment and peace.

The second evening, too, was successful; the nephew lost twice as much as he had on the first evening. And the third evening . . . but perhaps it is better not to speak of the third evening. . . .

Meanwhile he had borrowed all of Yaka's savings to "invest" for him, as he said, and more than that, indeed, had happened to Yaka as he was later to discover. But not until the fourth night was there any uneasiness in the uncle's breast; not until then was there any suspicion that all was not going according to plan.

HE SENSED, that night, and almost at once, a difference in the attitude of the company. The low servility was gone, and gone, too, were the cringing gestures and the teeth-skinning that had made the other nights so joyous. They greeted the nephew almost as an equal and to Yaka they paid not the slightest bit of attention.

Wondering about it and tired of watching the game, he took himself to a corner and sat down to study the toe of his shoe. But the toe of his shoe revealed almost nothing and he fell to wriggling his toes inside his shoes simply for the pleasure of it. In a moment he had forgotten what had been worrying him.

A few minutes later his nephew swore irritably, threw down his cards and quickly left the tavern. As the door closed, Yaka stared at it in surprise but when he rose to follow he found Blavatsky blocking his way.

"Where are you going?" said Blavatsky.

"Why . . ." Yaka faltered, "I . . ."

"It's early," said Blavatsky. "It's hardly time to leave. It wouldn't be polite to leave now." He pushed Yaka down in the chair again.

"It's not late at all," Blavatsky went on, smiling a malicious smile. Then he turned to the card table and said, "Will one of you gentlemen please ask me what time it is?"

"Certainly, Blavatsky," said the man who owned the slaughterhouse, standing up, throwing out his stomach and smoothing the front of his coat. "Now, Blavatsky," he said, "will you tell us what time it is, please?"

"Certainly, sir," said Blavatsky with an elaborate bow. He turned to Yaka again and began caressing the heavy gold chain stretched across his belly. Slowly and deliberately his hand worked down the length of the chain until it came to the watch. This he took out with immense care and held in his thick palm for a long while before pressing the stem to open the case. All this time he kept looking straight at Yaka and smiling like a dead pig.

"Well, then," he said at last, "it is ten o'clock."

"It is ten o'clock, Yaka," he said. "A nice time, told by a nice watch.

"Here," he said, unhooking the chain. "Take it in your hand. See for yourself if it is not that particular time."

He placed the watch in the other's cupped hands and stood looking at him. "Well?" he said.

Yaka slowly raised his head from his trembling hands and spoke with great difficulty. "I . . . I cannot tell time," he said.

THE truth was he could scarcely make out the hands, everything had become so blurred. A numbness had set in behind his ears and his heart was pounding heavily. Something wicked and strange was happening and he didn't know what it was. Not only his hands, but his whole body was trembling with a terrible anxiety that had suddenly seized him.

First of all there was the peculiar expression on Blavatsky's face and the fact that Blavatsky had made him sit down when he had risen to go. After that there was the mockery they had gone through about the time. And then the gold chain, which was unquestionably a chain he had seen somewhere before. Finally, horribly, the watch itself, a watch of the same weight and color as a watch that he, Yaka, owned and kept carefully hidden at home. And with a stag's head engraved on it in the same way it was engraved on his watch.

Blavatsky had never owned a watch but now he did. Not one of them owned a watch, least of all a gold watch. The man who operated the slaughterhouse had a signet ring but that was the only valuable thing any of them had, and he was forever flaunting it before the others. But now Blavatsky had a watch and it was exactly like the watch that had been given to Yaka by his grandfather and which he treasured so greatly that he took it from its deep and secret hiding place only once in a year, on St. Chrysostom's day. . . .

Yaka somehow got to his feet feeling unutterably helpless and foolish—a condition he had not experienced since his nephew had been with them. Blavatsky took the watch from his hands as he stood there, swaying back and forth.

"Ha!" Blavatsky said. "The city!"

"What time is it now?" someone asked.

Blavatsky bowed deeply to the speaker and said, "It is now four minutes after ten." And to Yaka he said, "Do you think that is late? Or are you worried, perhaps, about your wife? That is another thing to consider, Yaka. She is young and attractive and your nephew is also young and attractive. These are two things to be considered at the same time. Are they not, Yaka?"

He got no reply. Yaka stumbled past him blindly and out the door. He tried to run at first but he found that he couldn't and when, eventually, he reached his house he went straight to the fireplace and removed the loose stone and the tin box. From the box he took a woolen sock and when he held it by the toe and shook it a little, something

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* * *

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PAA

dropped into his hand. It was a round, flat stone the shape of a watch.

He held it close to the fire, turning it in his fingers and examining it closely and after several minutes of this, some odd fancy made him shake it and hold it to his ear. Then he shrugged and put everything back as it was and went to bed. Pinka was awake but he felt too sick to tell her what had occurred.

He was even more sick when morning came. His nephew was as cheerful as ever and Pinka responded good-humoredly to his light-hearted cynicisms, but Yaka could not bear to look at either of them. A limitless desolation had descended upon him and he felt himself recoiling from any sort of human contact. In that direction lay only pain, as the events of the night before had shown so brutally.

He found it impossible to bring up the matter of the watch. It was too disheartening even to think about, let alone put into words, and when his nephew said, "Well, what can be the matter with our uncle this morning?" and Pinka laughed at the cleverness of the expression "our uncle," he shuddered and felt his entrails knot convulsively.

Immediately after breakfast, he took his ax and went deep into the woods where he began to cut poles, working methodically and with a kind of futile absorption in the task.

At noon he sat on a fallen tree and carefully ate his bread and sausage, after which he belched modestly, and began reflecting on the disaster that had fallen upon him.

But think as hard as he might, there was no answer to be found. The only thing he could fix in his mind was to keep by himself as much as possible and pray for the day when his nephew would go away and leave him to patch up his ruined existence as well as he was able. The thought of ever attending the Annual Council of Leading Citizens was now a thin and vanishing dream, fading with the other dreams he had nursed so carefully.

Then he thought of Pinka, of her shining eyes and thick black hair, and of what Blavatsky had said about her and his nephew. Thinking these things, Yaka grew so excited that he grasped his ax and set upon the trees furiously, pausing not once for breath the rest of the afternoon.

He did not return to the tavern that night. He went to bed early and in the morning he hid himself in the woods again.

That afternoon he was ill at ease and after several unsuccessful attempts to become interested in his work he gave an angry exclamation, shouldered his ax, and turned his face toward home.

HE FOUND the door locked on his arrival and he stood there for a moment with his brows drawn together, trying to understand what this new thing might mean. Then he began hammering it with his fists, shouting, "Pinka. Open the door, Pinka!"

"Who is it?" he heard her say. "Is it you?"

"It's me," he said. "Let me in."

"I thought it might be those others," she said, opening the door and then closing it behind him very quickly. "I thought they had come."

"What others?" said Yaka. "What are you talking about?"

"Blavatsky and the rest of them," she said. "They'll come here; I know it."

"Why?" said Yaka. "Why should they come here? Where's my nephew?"

"That's it," she said. "He's gone; he left in a hurry. Something happened up there and he ran back to get his things. He hardly said goodby he left so fast."

"But what . . . ?" Yaka held out his hands helplessly.

Just then they heard the sound of running feet and angry cries. A second later the door burst open and Blavatsky and the man who owned the slaughterhouse and all the others rushed in.

"Where is he?" shouted Blavatsky.

"Who?" asked Yaka.

"You know who! That thieving nephew of yours? Where is he?"

"He's not here," said Yaka.

"You lie!" Blavatsky yelled. "Where is he? Where are the things he stole?" He reached out, grabbed Yaka by the collar. "You better tell us where he is, you uncle of a thief!"

COLLIER'S "This is my fiancée" CARL ROSE

"He stole my ring," cried the man who owned the slaughterhouse.

"He stole everything we had," said Blavatsky, trying to shake Yaka but scarcely budging his stolid frame. "He swindled us, do you hear? He did it with three matches and an acorn. Before we had a chance to see what was happening, he swindled us with his acorn trick and ran away. Now tell me where he is or I'll . . ."

Blavatsky never finished saying what he intended to say. He had raised his hand as if to strike his victim when Pinka screamed, *"Dog!"* She seized a stick of firewood, and struck him on the side of the head. Blavatsky gave a cry of pain, loosed his hold on Yaka, and the woman struck him again, this time above the eye, making a long red gash. It staggered him and when he regained his balance he made for the door at once, howling at the top of his lungs.

"You cholera-ridden dogs!" Pinka screeched, throwing the stick of wood at the slaughterhouse owner. It clattered against his shin and he gave a yell and jumped through the door on one foot with the others hot behind him.

PINKA slammed the door and put a chair against it, after which she went to the window and shook her fist. When she turned back, Yaka was standing very stiffly in the middle of the room. The spectacle of the humiliated villagers and their retreat had left him with a strange look on his face.

"What's the matter with you?" Pinka asked.

"I . . . I don't know," he said.

"Are you sick?" she said angrily.

"I don't know," he said. "I was sick, but I feel different now."

"You've always been sick," she said scornfully. "You were born with it and you have never had an ounce of spirit."

Today
CHOCOLATE
PINEAPPLE
STRAWBERRY
PEACH
5¢
CONES
LEMON
10¢
LIME
COOLER
5¢
SUNDAES
MARSHMALLOW
SODAS
VANILLA
CHOCOLATE
PEACH
STRAWBERRY
XXX
OOO
Rodney deSarro

"Mind giving this to the young lady in the red dress?"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO

"Well, that is true," said Yaka. "I have been a worthless fellow. I cannot blame you for liking my nephew. I will not blame you for going to him."

"Your nephew!" said Pinka with a harsh laugh. "I hate him. He stinks of perfume and I hate the way he smiles." She stared at the figure before her and frowned. Then she spoke in a sharp voice. "Look at me!"

Yaka turned his head slowly and gazed at her inquiringly.

"I've shown you what it is to be a man," she said. "You saw what happened to Blavatsky. Now I'll show you something else." She turned toward the bedroom.

"I saw what you did to Blavatsky," he answered quickly. "I liked it but I have never thought of dealing so with people. It is the very thing I am going to do to my nephew if he ever returns. I like the way you did it."

She gave him a sharp look as she entered the bedroom and in a moment reappeared with a paper sack which she placed on the table. "What did you say?" she asked.

"Something different," he said. "What do you have in the sack, Pinka?"

Looking at him doubtfully, she emptied the contents on the table. "See there," she said.

Yaka stared. Then he rubbed his eyes and leaned closer. "Pinka . . ." he said admiringly. "How did you . . . ?"

"It was easy," she said. "I packed his things for him. He thought he had it with him when he left."

"My watch," Yaka said, picking it up tenderly.

"And all your money. Five times as much as you had before."

"Pinka . . ."

"And what is this?" she asked, with a smile, taking an object from the table.

"A ring," Yaka said in an awed voice. *"His* ring. The ring of the man who owns the slaughterhouse. Is it ours? Can we keep it?"

"Put it on," she said firmly.

"But . . ."

"Put it on," she said. "Since things have changed, put it on."

"Very well," said Yaka calmly. He slipped it on and held it up to the light. "Ha," he said tentatively, and then more loudly, *"Ha!"*

"That's better," said Pinka with a nod of approval.

"A nice ring," said Yaka, wiggling his fingers. "And I have a nice watch, too. Why shouldn't I wear that?" He placed the watch in his pocket and looped the chain.

"That's *much* better," Pinka said, the doubtfulness leaving her and her eyes widening a little at the air that had come upon her husband. "Now do you believe what I said about hating him?"

YAKA answered her tenderly but firmly. With a little smile he took her by the collar and shook her just enough to stop her breath momentarily, enough to make it quite clear that though he did believe her he was going to take up matters with Blavatsky and his nephew and all men where she had left off. She gave a little gasp as he released her but her eyes showed that she liked the things he had said in this way.

"Now look at this!" said Yaka, taking a coin from the table and holding it up. "It belongs to Blavatsky. See, it has a hole in it. He used to wear it on a string around his neck. I will let Blavatsky see his precious coin again. Like this. . . ." Yaka spun it in the air and threw it carelessly back with the others on the table. "Ha!" he said very loudly, throwing out his chest.

"And not only that," he added, "but I will wear the ring and the watch and pretend that they are trifles."

"When?" she asked. "When will all this happen?"

"When?" asked Yaka. "Why, at no other time than the Annual Council of Leading Citizens."

"You . . . you are going?" she said. "Alone?"

"Alone," said Yaka soberly.

And Pinka said, "Yes." She smoothed the collar of her dress reflectively and smiled at him. "Yes," she said. "You are ready now."

THE END

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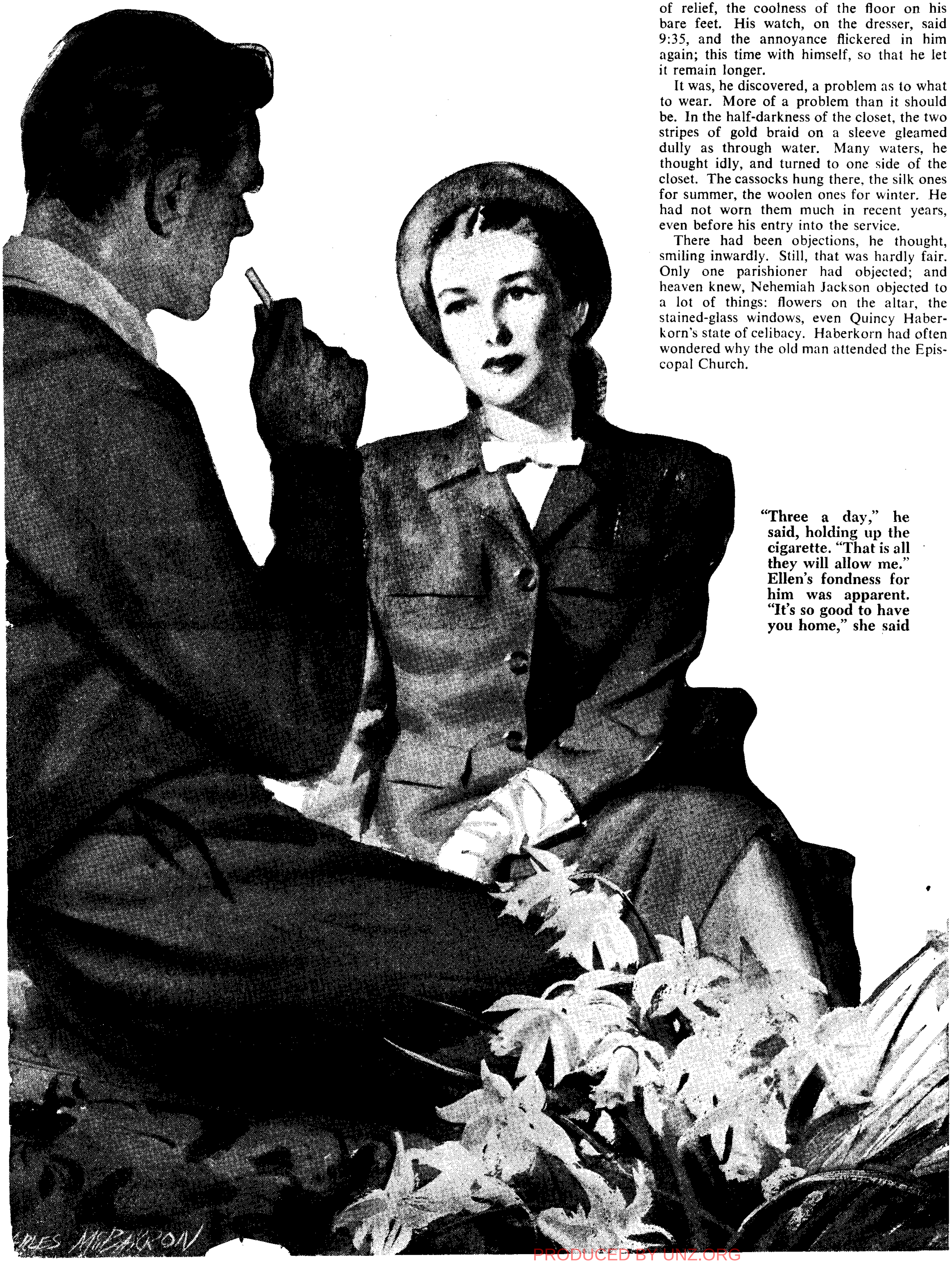
Home IS THE SAILOR

BY HARRY SYLVESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES McBARRON

His faith had been refined in the fire of battle, and now it was put to the test again by gentleness and love



"Three a day," he said, holding up the cigarette. "That is all they will allow me." Ellen's fondness for him was apparent. "It's so good to have you home," she said

AGAINST the oncoming roll of a ship's bunk, the Reverend Quincy Adams Haberkorn in sleep braced himself. Not feeling the roll, the heavy toss of troubled waters beneath him, he woke to an instant of bewilderment and even dismay. He was in his own room at the parsonage, and sunlight through branches was spattered brokenly on the walls, the hooked rugs, the narrow-legged Sheraton desk. The desk's brass glowed richly like a finer metal and was reminiscent of something foreign to the room and for the moment nameless. Haberkorn sank back onto the bed from which he discovered he had half started, and stared at the heavy inlaid wood of the dresser.

His feet, his entire legs, were too warm. Glancing toward the foot of the bed, he saw that someone, his mother, had during the night added a silk quilt to the bed's covers. Annoyance, quick in him these days, was quick also now. Automatically, he searched for a reason and not finding one, lost the annoyance. He stood up, feeling, in a kind of relief, the coolness of the floor on his bare feet. His watch, on the dresser, said 9:35, and the annoyance flickered in him again; this time with himself, so that he let it remain longer.

It was, he discovered, a problem as to what to wear. More of a problem than it should be. In the half-darkness of the closet, the two stripes of gold braid on a sleeve gleamed dully as through water. Many waters, he thought idly, and turned to one side of the closet. The cassocks hung there, the silk ones for summer, the woolen ones for winter. He had not worn them much in recent years, even before his entry into the service.

There had been objections, he thought, smiling inwardly. Still, that was hardly fair. Only one parishioner had objected; and heaven knew, Nehemiah Jackson objected to a lot of things: flowers on the altar, the stained-glass windows, even Quincy Haberkorn's state of celibacy. Haberkorn had often wondered why the old man attended the Episcopal Church.

But the cassocks, he thought; not yet the cassocks. There was the gray suit worn with the clerical collar; always a safe garb, especially for such things as teas or meetings. But not yet that, either, he decided. There would be people coming in all day, he knew, but they would have to take the gray slacks, the gray sweater, and bear with him.

Descending the white and mahogany staircase, he could see across the long living room to where his mother hovered over a breakfast table set on the enclosed porch. She reminded him, he thought again, of the Helen Hokinson ladies, but with more purpose to her kindness, the face never blank. There was, of course, the ample body, the preoccupation with meetings and clubs. Yet, as the woman of his own household, such must inevitably be her preoccupation. He searched memory to see if she had always been engaged in such enterprises, but memory was a pretty tricky thing these days and he let the effort lapse.

"Good morning, Quincy," she greeted him. "Did you sleep well?" To her kiss he presented a cheek, thinking in someone else's words that there was always one who kissed and one who turned the cheek.

"I slept very well," he said. "But you should have wakened me." He saw that her face, as she turned from him, was suddenly and inexplicably grave.

"Never mind," she said. "Sit down and have your breakfast. There'll be people coming in all day to see you, I'm afraid."

"I'm afraid so, too," he said. "I still think you should have wakened me. I slept a lot in the hospital. It's not as if I had just come in from sea duty."

"You're still underweight," she said. "Now go on and eat." She herself sat sidewise to the table, as if her sole function and duty was to see that he ate a good breakfast. He supposed, as he began to eat the sliced peaches, that in a sense, it had been her sole function and duty for a long time. He realized only now, and in a kind of amusement, how much she had run his life for him. And he knew, without satisfaction or feeling of any sort, that this was no longer possible.

Canaries sang, forever cheerful, in the brass cage hanging in a corner of the porch. Haberkorn was surprised to know only now that he had missed them. They reminded him of how much he had missed a lot of things associated with his comfortable life here. He was obscurely troubled; perhaps at a certain lack of asceticism.

IT WAS a strange word, he thought, one distasteful to the times, as was its cousin, penance. He would have liked to think that when he enlisted, he had done so in part for reasons those two words might help describe. But he could not say that he had. And yet what he had participated in could be described in part by the two words. He started to think that if a man didn't do certain things willingly, he perhaps did them against his will—but it was, like memory, a pretty tricky thing, and he let that pass, too.

"More peaches?" his mother said. He was shaking his head before he looked up to see her standing over him with two plates in her hands, one of hot, beaten biscuits, another of sausage and omelet.

"I certainly won't be underweight long," he said.

The doorbell rang and his mother started toward the living room.

"Here they come," he said. His voice dropped in the space of the three words, as if, starting first to address his mother, he finished by consciously addressing only himself. He helped himself to the hot food and, hearing his mother begin to talk animatedly to someone, he leaned sidewise in his chair to try to see through the living room toward the front door. The voices came closer, and he sat back and began to eat.

The woman who preceded his mother through the doorway could have been her twin: there was the same heavily rounded body, the gray hair (on her, under a floppy hat), the dress of silk print. She carried flowers, Chinese narcissi, and halfway across to the table paused and, bending slightly forward, clasped her hands in pleasure, so that Haberkorn saw her fixed that way for a moment, the yellow flowers held out to him

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This is straight talk about *your car* and your tires!

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Tire Conservation is more important than ever to you today.

If every car owner cuts his mileage in half—he doubles the life of his tires.

Make precious every tire mile.

Guard your tires to every last mile of their tire life.

HERE'S HOW YOU CAN KEEP YOUR CAR ROLLING!

1. Drive to your nearest tire dealer today and have him check over each of your tires including the spare for cuts, bruises or other signs of failure.

2. Ask him to give you an estimate on how much mileage you can reasonably expect from the present treads and whether it will be possible to recap when the tread wears smooth.

3. Do some actual pencil and paper figuring to see how long that mileage will last you. No one knows when the war will end, but if no new tires could be purchased, do you honestly think your present tires will pull you through at your present driving rate?

4. Cut down your driving to absolute essentials. Apply the same rule to anyone else who drives your car. When your car is in the garage you save rubber *and* gasoline. Our fighting men need both.

5. Keep speeds *down*—under 35 miles an hour and avoid curbs, holes and ruts.

6. Keep air pressure *up* to 32 pounds all around—including the spare. Check air pressure every week whether you use the car or not.

7. Recap in time—see your tire dealer as soon as your tires wear smooth—don't wait till the fabric shows through.

8. Always remember—your car is a war car now!

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in a gesture more filled with feeling than their holder intended. Or maybe not more, he thought, standing up; after all, it was hardly his part to put the less charitable interpretation on anyone's gesture or intention.

"Mrs. Hallowell," he said, going toward her. "So good to see you."

"To see me?" she repeated. "It's you are the one it is so good to see, Doctor!"

He winced at a number of things: as much at her hardly concealed wish to embrace him as at her use of the term, "Doctor." He was a doctor of divinity, but the title always embarrassed him. At thirty-nine he felt still a little young for it.

"So thin!" Mrs. Hallowell was saying in her rising voice. "You must have been very sick to lose so much weight."

He shook his head, more in an attempt to dismiss the subject than in any negation. "It was the jaundice after the rest," he said. "One always loses weight with it. And how are the boys?"

"Oh, the boys," Mrs. Hallowell said; she rolled her eyes slightly upward as she sat down. "John is in England. And married. We don't know anything about the girl at all. And poor Elwood was captured, you know. In Italy."

Haberkorn had not known. He shook his head. Surprised at his own speechlessness, he found himself looking at his plate. It could not be said, he thought, that he had lost his appetite. It was more surprising, he thought with conscious irony, that he had lost his speech.

"I'm truly very sorry," he said, thinking as he spoke of how Mrs. Hallowell seemed more disturbed over not knowing much about John's wife than over her younger son's capture. "Have you heard anything more from him or of him other than that he was captured?" Finally looking up, he saw that she had begun to weep quietly; just two tears, then it was over. She shook her head.

"I'm sure he's all right," Haberkorn said. "I could—"

"Oh, I shouldn't have mentioned it," she said. "It's so good to have you back. And unchanged. Not coarsened." Her hand went to her mouth in horror. In her emotion she had said a thing she hadn't intended to say.

HABERKORN laughed; a genuine laugh, he told himself, not a parsonage one. "So my parishioners have thought I might be coarsened. Well, maybe I am."

"Oh, I didn't mean—I shouldn't have said—" Mrs. Hallowell held out a hand as if to defend herself.

"Don't give it a second thought," he told her. "It's good to know these things. I'll be a better minister for knowing them."

"I do wish you would eat, Quincy," his mother said. "Shall I warm the things?"

"No, it's all right." He knew she hadn't liked what had been said, and he began to feel sorry afresh for Mrs. Hallowell.

"You—your duties were somewhat different from here, of course?" she said.

He nodded, his mouth full. She waited, expectantly, a more complete answer; now recovered, regretful, implying but not stating her apology.

Haberkorn said: "Games, singing. Supervision of recreation. I was assistant to an older man. A three-striper, a Catholic priest. He had been in a long time. Regular Navy. Fortunately, he was able to handle such things as the boxing and so on."

Mrs. Hallowell felt constrained to sniff, though not this time in grief, and Haberkorn said, for some reason: "He was killed that time in the islands. We—"

Mrs. Hallowell said, nodding once: "The singing. Hymns and so on, I suppose?"

He shook his head, his mouth full again. "No." He wondered if he should try to tell her, and then memory tricked him once more. Only once had he heard a hymn except occasionally at the services. But that once came back to him now, strongly, complete with the odor of gasoline, the listing carrier deck, the haze, the dead. There had come the order to abandon ship. A little bewildered, he had walked—or was "stumbled" the word?—over the flight deck, trying to find something useful to do. And there had been a second-class carpenter's mate, not a young man, clearing gasoline hoses.

Moving slowly, almost too slowly in the stink of the gasoline—the hoses not flooded with the carbon tetrachloride—and in a haze, a shimmer of rising fumes, the man singing in a rough voice, but slowly:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.
He is trampling out the vintage . . ."

Haberkorn had taken the man's arm, touched bitterly and deeply by something, perhaps only the man's almost automatic devotion to a duty that was now all but useless, and led him to where the rope ladders fell from the edge of the deck. . . .

MRS. HALLOWELL had risen to depart. Haberkorn realized he had been lost in memory too long, beyond politeness; food remained unswallowed in his mouth. He stood up hastily. "Oh, you mustn't go," he said. He saw she was upset by something, perhaps his own distraction.

No, she must go shopping, Mrs. Hallowell said. He started to accompany her to the door, but his mother preceded him. "I do wish you would finish your breakfast, Quincy."

He sat down, in what amounted to relief. He must watch that, he thought slowly. People might not understand too deep a preoccupation, whether with memory or anything else. He ate, hearing only remotely the sound of continuing voices at the front door. Their tone, the speech rhythms changed, but he was hardly aware of them. He ate again, vaguely ashamed that he should be so hungry, although knowing well why he was. He wondered—as he had at times in the hospital—if there would seem too little to do here in his home parish; if that little might seem unimportant.

CULINARY GEOGRAPHY

The bill of fare printed below may not be the last word in menu composition but it will determine how good you are at culinary geography. All you have to do is identify the dishes and beverages listed, with the countries they originally came from. If you get stuck at some place or other don't let it spoil your appetite. A score of 15-16 is excellent; 13-14 good; 11-12 fair; 9-10 average. Answers on page 71.

Caviar
Bouillabaisse **Chicken Gumbo**
Ravioli
Goulash **Hasenpfeffer** **Tamale**
Curry **Beef Stroganoff**
Plum Pudding
Apple Strudel
Sherbet
Sherry **Grayère Cheese** **Pilsener**
Mocha

—Gerard Mosler

HIS mother stood in the doorway again, accompanied by someone Haberkorn at first failed to recognize. The figure was stooped over a heavy, gold-headed cane, the face thin and shrunken. Standing up, Haberkorn recognized Nehemiah Jackson. The old man had aged greatly in his two-year absence.

"Why, Mr. Jackson," Haberkorn began, "so good to see you."

"Thank you, thank you," the old man said. He sat laboriously down, fixed his hands on the head of the cane, and looked at Haberkorn. His eyes had not changed, Haberkorn saw; if anything, they were brighter, sharper than he remembered them. "Well," the old man said, "you haven't changed much. A trifle thinner."

Haberkorn spread his hands, slightly, deprecatingly. "I hope that what change there is, is for the better."

The old man nodded and, like Haberkorn a little while ago, grew distracted and silent, the eyes losing focus or perhaps focusing too closely on one thing. "Just was going by," he said. "Thought to see how you were. Were there many Jews out there?"

"What?" Haberkorn said, more to get time than because he had misunderstood.

"I hear there aren't as many Jews out there on the firing line as there should be?"

"Oh, I doubt that, Mr. Jackson," Haberkorn said. He felt a kind of sorrow, nameless, almost objectless. And he thought of Lieutenant Goldblatt, the other assistant on the carrier. He had, Haberkorn knew, himself lied to Mrs. Hallowell about Commander Burke: Burke was in the hospital at Pearl Harbor: Haberkorn didn't know for sure whether he was dead. But of Lieutenant Goldblatt, there was no doubt. Haberkorn had himself conducted the burial service.

There was a little silence, somewhat uncomfortable. Haberkorn felt he should say something else, but found a kind of ennui in himself. Only now did he realize how weary he had grown arguing with twenty-year-olds about the existence of God. And now to argue with Mr. Jackson about a delicate kind of hate! He couldn't do it; he couldn't do it now; later on, he would, he knew he would have to. He said, "Your grandsons—what do you hear of them?"

The old man looked at him again. "Carlton was killed. The Marine. Maybe you knew?"

Haberkorn shook his head. There was a sense of oppression like weight made intangible. The phone rang, and he started for it, but his mother was on the way. He and the old man were silent. Indeed, Haberkorn was quite conscious that he himself was taking advantage of the phone conversation to maintain the silence. He heard his mother say, "I could ask him." Across the room he saw her teeth work nervously over her lower lip.

The old man said: "Hope you're going to get married now. Miss Mowbray is a fine girl."

HABERKORN nodded distractedly, as though trying to preserve the blessed, the precious silence; then realized that perhaps the old man would take the nod as an agreement that he was going to marry Ellen Mowbray. He turned to where his mother was holding her hand over the mouthpiece and trying to catch his attention.

"The Book Club," she said. "They want you to talk this Thursday, or next. Whatever's better for you. Any time."

He was shaking his head before she had finished speaking. "Tell them no." No, no book clubs; not now.

Turning back to the old man, Haberkorn saw that his mother, too, was disturbed by something, something about himself.

As he spoke an almost meaningless phrase to the old man, he heard her say: "Why, he says not right now. Perhaps later on. You know he's pretty tired and underweight. He—"

"It's terrible for anyone as young as Carlton to die," Haberkorn found himself saying. "But we should try not to let it embitter us. I mean, about people of another race or religion—or anyone," he added. He felt curiously futile and wondered why. Perhaps because the old man was staring at him so peculiarly. Haberkorn's own doubts must have shown in his face, for the old man rose.

"I didn't come here to get preached at, Reverend," he said. "I wanted to see how you were." He turned and, still bent, started for the doorway.

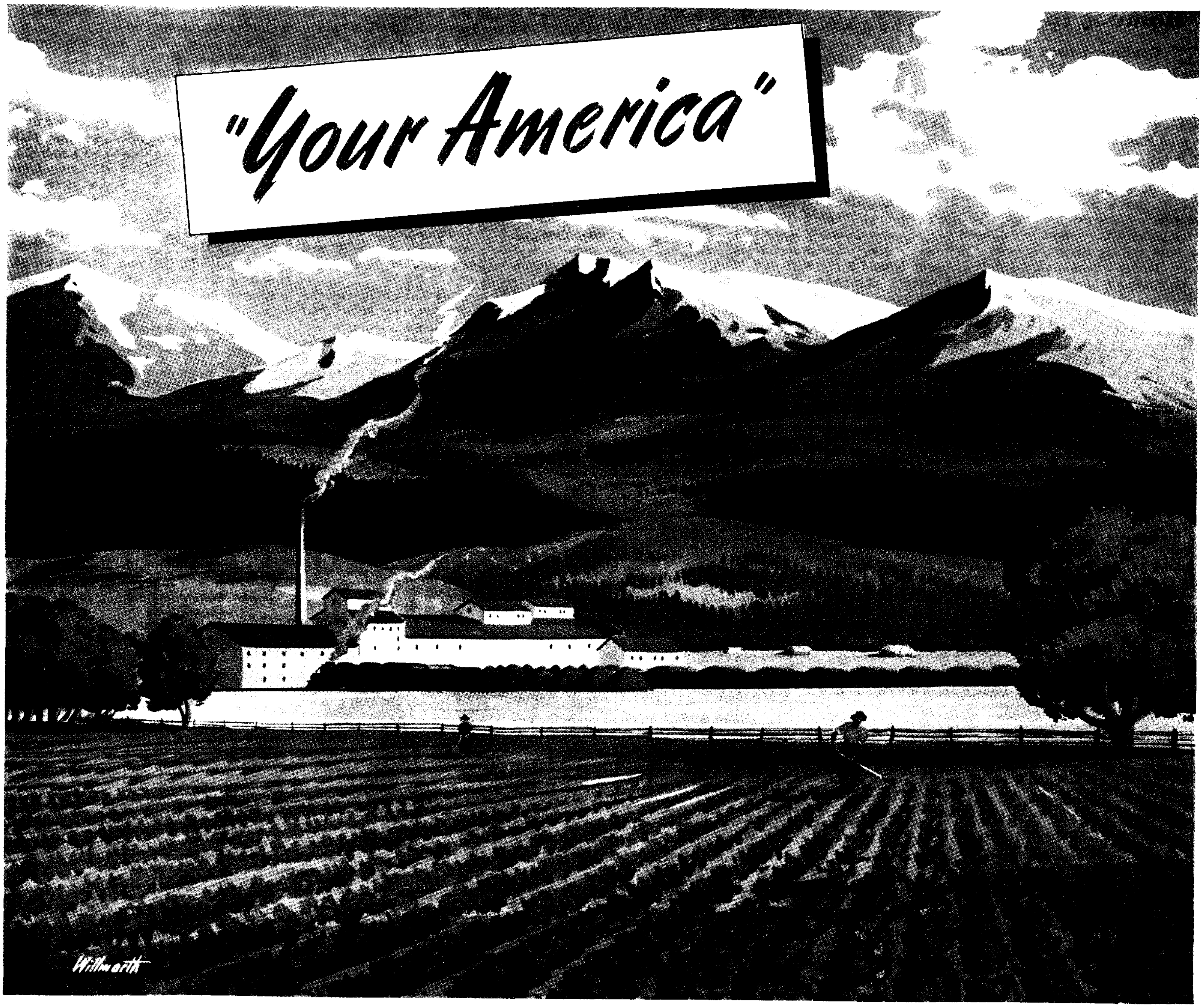
"Look—" Haberkorn said, but himself paused, half-risen. There was too much to say and in too short a time. He felt infinitely sorry for the old man. His own humiliation did not seem important. In a flash of insight, he saw that what had just happened might later make the old man repentant; that, repentant first for rudeness, he might be led by some subtle process to repentance for "the larger issue" involved.

"The larger issue," he thought with irony, ruefully. He wondered why he thought in such terms, although he had at least thought of it in quotes. The problem was to handle "the larger issue" in personal terms, something he had just conspicuously failed to do.

His mother had returned. "You certainly are starting your parochial duties quickly."

"Whether I like it or not." He almost but not quite smiled. The coffee he raised to his lips was cold.

(Continued on page 42)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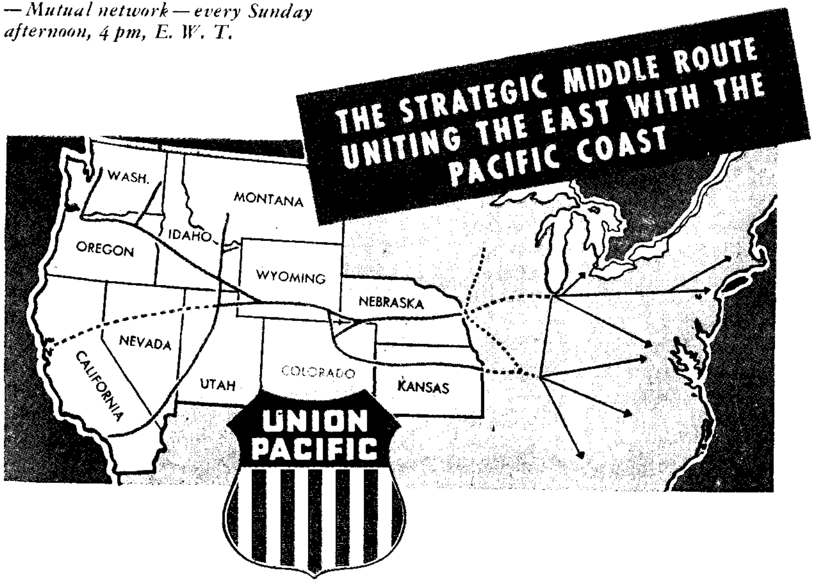
THE STRATEGIC MIDDLE ROUTE
UNITING THE EAST WITH THE
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WASH.
MONTANA
IDAHO
OREGON
WYOMING
NEBRASKA
NEVADA
CALIFORNIA
UTAH
COLORADO
KANSAS
UNION
PACIFIC

Home is the Sailor

Continued from page 40

"Let me get you some hot coffee," she said. He did not speak, although he had finally lost his interest in food. The grandfather's clock on the stair landing chimed eleven. He was not, the doctors had told him, to resume his parochial duties for two months; only if he agreed to this, would they release him from the hospital. He had promised; he would have promised anything to get out of the place. He knew now what the doctors had been talking about: A certain tension was involved, a tension fostered and increased by the giving of one's self. Yet such alone, he felt, was his justification as a person and as a minister. He asked himself what he was going to do: Just sit here for two months, fishing now and then, and barring his door to people?

So they had thought he might be coarsened. Perhaps he had been. God knows, he had done things no minister in a small town might ordinarily expect to have to do. And he had wondered, freely, when in the hospital, about what they called "adjustment." He had even wondered if the duties of the parish might seem less important now. . . .

Too often he had held the dying in his arms, feeling like a father with his children: too often listened to the blasphemy bred of despair. He himself had not despaired; instead, there had been opened to him a knowledge of the problems that were those of missionaries, of ministers in poor parishes.

The clock struck the quarter hour. He knew that Ellen Mowbray might stop in about now on her way to the library, which opened at twelve. He felt both pleasure and unease at the prospect of seeing her, wondering again why he had not married her. He had had perhaps some idea that marriage, a family, might interfere with free and complete devotion to his work.

THE phone rang and he glanced up. His mother did not answer it, was nowhere in sight. He went over to it. The voice asking for Doctor Haberkorn was familiar except for the quality of urgency in it; the quality of—Haberkorn disliked the word as much as the thing—hysteria. "This is he."

"This is Marvin Oldtree, Doctor." The voice made an effort to calm itself.

"Oh, how are you, Marvin? I'd been wondering about you." It was the wrong thing to say, Haberkorn knew immediately.

The voice said, "I've been wondering about myself." Haberkorn winced almost visibly. "I'm sorry, Marvin. What seems to be the trouble?"

Marvin's troubles were continual and always intangible. At twenty-six, he was a disappointed playwright living with wealthy parents. "I'd like to see you as soon as I could, Doctor. Sometimes I think I'm losing my mind. Sometimes I think I'll commit—"

"That's enough of that," Haberkorn said sharply. This was a new one with Marvin. "What's the trouble now?"

"I was turned down in the draft and—"

"So were a lot of others," Haberkorn said. "It's no reason to go on like that. Especially on the phone. You know how people listen in in a small town. I could—"

"I've got to see you," Marvin said. "I—"

"Come in this afternoon some time."

Along the walk, between jonquils, between the grape hyacinth, he saw her coming, and his heart lifted. His joy, if quiet, was so great that he refrained from cutting Marvin's babbling off short. A kind of discipline. Patiently, he let Marvin run out of words, while slowly Ellen Mowbray came up the walk. His mother answered Ellen's ring and Haberkorn moved a hand in greeting as she came in.

"All right, Marvin," he finally said. "I'll see you later." He hung up and walked toward Ellen. Their greetings were touched and colored by his mother standing near.

"So thin," Ellen was saying.

"Come out on the porch," he said. "I'm glad you look so well."

"I've not much time," she said. "I thought I'd just stop off on the way to the library."

"I should have called you," he said. "I came in late and unexpectedly yesterday."

Vaguely they talked, moving toward the sun porch. Near by his mother hovered, vaguely, oh, very vaguely, disapproving.

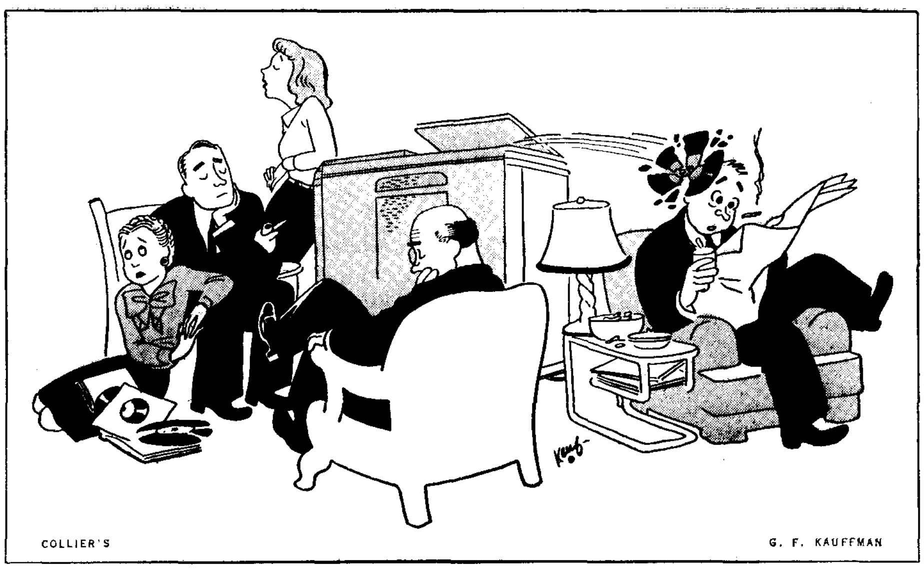
Seated, he saw Ellen clearly now, the patient, the pretty but relatively pale face. He wondered uneasily if her lack of make-up was because there had existed between them for so long this unstated feeling, hardly to be called an engagement, a thing of shadows and never once stated declarations—a lack of make-up as a concession to the more puritanical of the town's inhabitants. Surely, he thought, surely Ellen could have married someone else.

His eyes dropped and elaborately he lighted a cigarette.

"Three a day," he said, holding it up as if it were a trophy. "That's all they will allow me. I allot them, one after each meal."

She shook her head in some indeterminate gesture, in which, of many things, only her fondness for him was apparent. "It's so good to have you home."

"It's good to be back." He wished his mother would leave them, although he did not know what he would say if she left that he was not saying now. But she sat there, knitting, a kind of guardian.



COLLIER'S

G. F. KAUFFMAN

They talked about the library, about books. Ellen thought he might write one now; about what he had been through. He shook his head. "Not if I can help it." Still, he thought, a book might be a kind of catharsis.

The quarter hour chimed again, and Ellen rose. "I've got to go. So good you're back, Quincy. There'll be swimming soon."

"I know," he said. No point in saying he couldn't swim for a while, either. He walked with her to the door. Mercifully, his mother did not accompany them. He took one of Ellen's hands. "I'll call you this evening."

"Do," she said.

Back on the sun porch, his mother said, "This can't go on like this."

"What's that?" he said hopefully.

"This rush of people while you're still an invalid."

"Oh, I don't know. I feel all right."

His mother mistook the disappointment in his voice for something else. "You'll kill yourself through overwork."

He shrugged, a gesture not common to him. "The best men I ever knew died practicing their profession. What do you want me to do, retire?" There was more edge to his voice than he had intended, and he saw the tears start in her eyes. "I'm sorry."

"I'm only trying to help you," she told him. "Now will you please take a rest?"

"Yes," he said. "Yes; after lunch." He picked up a New York newspaper. It was good to read it again—and the same day it was printed. The face of the dead fighter pilot on the front page of the second section, was familiar to him. He had known the boy on his first carrier. He put the paper down.

HIS mother awakened him about 4:30 in the afternoon. She looked at once apologetic and worried. "Doctor Lynch is on the phone. He says it's important. Otherwise, I wouldn't have wakened you."

Putting on a bathrobe, Haberkorn was annoyed with his own dullness, although it was something he had got used to, arising from sleep these days. He wondered what Lynch, an Irishman and a Catholic wanted.

The doctor asked how he was and told Haberkorn that he was at the Oldtrees'. He wondered if Quincy could come over as soon as possible. He understood young Oldtree had been talking to him that morning. When Haberkorn asked the doctor what was the matter, the doctor said he'd rather not talk about it on the phone. Haberkorn said he'd be right over.

He kept wondering, as he dressed, if he could have helped by seeing the boy earlier; if anyone could have helped someone enamored of all frustration, who had come to take a certain satisfaction in it.

TERESA, the cook who had been with the Oldtrees for as long as Haberkorn could remember, let him in. She was not a young woman, and he had always thought of her as stolid, but now the marks of dried tears were on her face, her gray hair straggling in wisps about her ears. To his greeting, she only shook her head. In the dim hallway, Mr. and Mrs. Oldtree waited, dry-eyed and ashamed. Mrs. Oldtree came over to Haberkorn and, taking hold of the lapels of his coat, put her forehead on his shoulder and dryly wept.

There was not much for them to tell him; but then there was hardly a necessity for telling him anything; he knew. Teresa, they told him, had wrestled with Marvin over the shotgun until Mr. Oldtree had run in. . . .

Haberkorn discovered that a curious rigidity had come over him. Going alone up the wide stairs, he opened the door of a kind of bedroom-sitting room which he had been in before. There were two people in it, the doctor and Marvin. They were seated in chairs, facing each other at a bias and near the window. Marvin's head was bowed, his face partly obscured by a hand hung dramatically across his brow. Even now, Haberkorn thought angrily.

Lynch was a heavy-set man in his late fifties. The upper lip of his full mouth gave him, falsely, a perpetually scornful expression. The two men shook hands perfunctorily and again, Haberkorn realized, there was nothing to say.

"I'll be downstairs," the doctor said. "I figured you could do more for him than I could."

As the door closed behind the doctor, Marvin removed the hand from his brow and looked at Haberkorn. There were a lot of things in the face, the minister realized, but humility was not one of them. The anger stirred in him again, quickening unpleasantly. He wondered why and by what right he was angry.

"I suppose," Marvin said, one corner of his mouth turning, "they have told all?"

"They haven't told me very much," Haberkorn said. "I was able to guess."

The younger man flushed. "Quite a character analyst, aren't you?"

"Not through choice," Haberkorn said. "It's one of the hazards of the work. And if I wanted to be as unpleasant as you seem determined to be, I could say that one needed no particular gifts to guess what you might attempt sooner or later." It wasn't quite true, he knew, even as he said it.

"Maybe you should have come running over this morning."

"Maybe I should have," Haberkorn said. "Are you going to blame me for not keeping you from this?"

When Marvin made no answer but to look out of the leaded casement window, Haberkorn went on, "I can think of a hundred kids dead in the Pacific who would have damned you for what you tried today, if they were alive. Not because they might have known they were going to die, but because they knew by common sense what a stinking thing this is that you've tried."

Marvin's hand had gone back to his head, this time concealing only the mouth. From behind the hand he said, "I didn't ask not to be with them."

"You could have done something else."

"Not so many things with a bad heart."

"You could have done some sort of penance," Haberkorn said. "Have you ever thought that what people are going through now is a kind of penance they do unwillingly because in happier times they refused to do it willingly? Offer the fact of your own precarious existence, your living with a bad heart, as a penance. Fast—from food, from drink."

Marvin's hand had moved to cover the eyes again, and Haberkorn could not see the face—only the lips, moving uneasily. He stopped talking. Having prescribed what might be a cure, he found that he had hesitated to name the disease. . . .

If Marvin had become fascinated by frustration, what of himself? He wondered, uneasily, if this precarious balance of his own affection between his mother and Ellen had not unconsciously given him a kind of pleasure. The anger returned, now with himself.

Marvin wept quietly, and Haberkorn, uneasy over his own self-righteousness, rose and left the room. In a way, he thought, going slowly down the stairs, the parents would be harder to talk to.

IT WAS dark when he came out of the Oldtree house with the doctor. "Let me run you home," the doctor said.

"Thanks. I think the walk will do me good."

"I wouldn't have called you," the doctor apologized, "but I thought someone like you ought to be here."

"I'm glad you did. What else was there to do?"

"I know. But I don't like to rush you; just out of the hospital. And you're going to have him on your hands."

"That's my work. As much as it's yours, I suppose. I had some sort of fool idea there mightn't be enough to do back here."

The doctor smiled. "It's too bad you haven't something like the confessional in your church," he said. "It would do that kid a lot of good; just on purely nonreligious grounds."

"We have," Haberkorn said. "Of course, it's less formal than your own."

They lingered uneasily, in silence, their mutual respect not enough to break down something that, if only for the moment, stood between them.

The doctor said, "If you need me—I mean for yourself—call me. No matter when. I'm sorry to have had to bother you."

"I'd have been sore if you didn't," Haberkorn said.

The doctor nodded in a kind of satisfaction. "Sure I can't run you home?"

"Thanks. I need the walk."

The doctor drove off, and Haberkorn lingered a moment more in the coolness of the spring night. A man was a fool to refuse the providence of God, he thought, in whatever form it might come. He grew angry with himself for having kept someone as good as Ellen waiting so long. He began to walk toward where she lived at her parents' home. He supposed there would be gossip about their being married so quickly, with no formal engagement. But better the town should take mild scandal than that a man should tempt the providence of God any longer than he could help. He had waited too long. He grew angry as he walked, and the anger made him walk faster.

THE END

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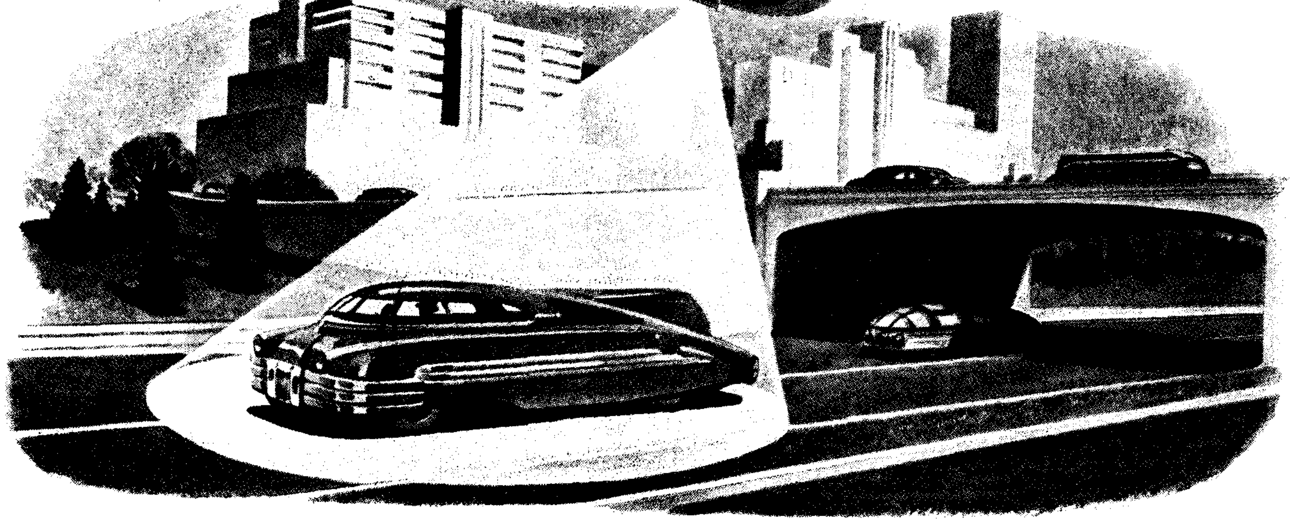

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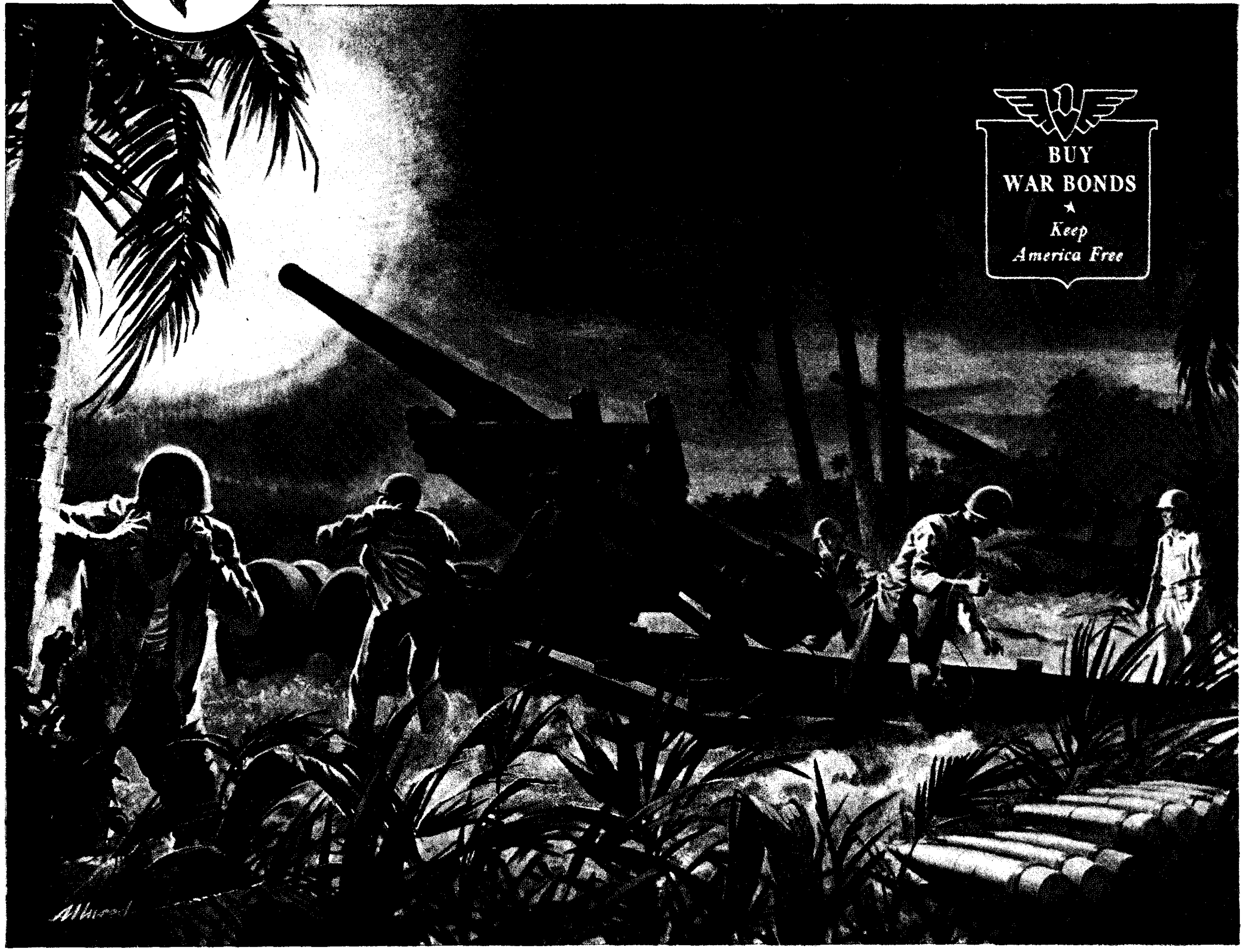

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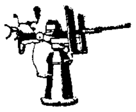
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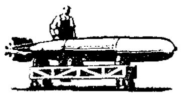
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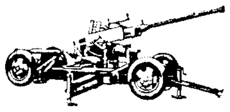
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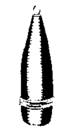

155-mm. Shells
for the Army

Love Has No Alibi

Continued from page 19

"That still doesn't explain why or when he was here, does it, Kirk?"

"You had a theory once," I said slowly, "that Ricardo might actually be in love with Dana, and have been jealous: that he might have suspected she was coming here the night Ethel Brower was murdered in this apartment, and come here himself. If that were true, he could have made a mistake, killed this Brower woman believing it was Dana . . . then gotten out as fast as possible."

Arthur looked steadily at me. He said, "I know I did, Kirk. But that was pure theory. We're coming up against facts now and that's not so easy."

"Okay. But there's bound to be an answer. These things have happened. We didn't imagine them. Not any more than you imagined you were shot at a week ago Saturday night. Where does that belong in this crazy pattern. And what do I do next?"

Arthur said, "If I were you I'd take it to the police."

I hesitated. "I may have to eventually. But not until I'm forced."

"Why?"

"Dana. You understand the situation between Dana and me. Maybe a few others understand it. But what would the public think?"

"Yeh . . . I know . . ."

"And suppose Ricardo isn't mixed up in all this stuff. I give this coin to the cops and what do they do? They start shoving him around. The newspapers get it. It'd make nice, juicy copy."

"Suppose he *is* the bad boy?"

"The minute I'm convinced of that, I'll tell the police. Up to now, they're as stalled as I am. They know about the killing of Ethel Brower. They knew that somebody deposited a hundred thousand dollars to my credit at the bank. They know someone tried to kill you for no discernible reason except that you are a friend of mine—"

"That's ridiculous!"

"Don't kid yourself. That's the only possible motive, even though it doesn't make a nickel's worth of sense. I'm in the middle of something I don't understand. I haven't the slightest sympathy for whoever is behind it. But I can't see myself throwing Ricardo—and, incidentally, Dana—to the wolves without more proof than this."

"Isn't it a bit dangerous, playing detective, Kirk?"

"I'm not playing detective. And I'm not withholding evidence. I'm only waiting until I can convince myself that it is evidence."

"I get it . . ." Arthur strolled into the kitchenette and poured himself a glass of water. He came back and put it on the coffee table. "What do you do now?" he asked.

"First I'll think things over. Then I'm going to find out for sure whether this actually is Ricardo's luck piece or whether I've run into a coincidence to end all coincidences."

"How will you find out?"

"Through Dana. She can manage somehow to look in the little gold box. If the coin is there, okay. If it isn't, I won't need any further confirmation."

"Of what?" he asked dryly.

"Of the fact that this one belongs to Ricardo."

"And then . . . ?"

"QUIT shoving me. I don't know what then? I don't know anything. I'm only sure of one thing: Whatever I do will probably turn out to be wrong."

He said, "Take it easy, Kirk. And grab yourself a big night's sleep, starting now."

"I'm going to the Caliente."

"Not tonight, you're not. You're bleary-eyed. You'd probably mess things up. Give yourself a day to get adjusted."

I nodded. "You win," I said. "I'll lie down like a good boy and think lovely thoughts. I'll surround myself with sweetness and light. I'll sleep like a baby. Like hell I will."

"Try it anyway," he said. "Maybe you'll be surprised."

I did try it. I crawled into bed and turned out the lights.

Arthur made a good guess. I slept soundly until the alarm clock went off at 7:30. . . .

The next day started off fine. I was bent over my drawing board when a secretary appeared at my elbow and said Mr. Jensen wanted to see me. I slicked my hair down, loosened my tie so I'd look as though I'd been working twice as hard, and followed the girl.

Mr. Jensen was at his desk. My office building sketches were scattered all around. He motioned me to a seat, picked up one sketch in each hand and smiled.

"Nice," he said. "You've got ideas, Douglas."

I flushed all over. Tell me I'm pretty and I'll call you a liar. Remark on my manly physique and I'll let it ride. But say something nice about my professional ability and I'll blush like a schoolgirl.

HE PUT the sketches back down on the desk and shuffled them around with the tip of his finger. He said, "Maybe Ferguson will like them—maybe he won't. I thought it only fair to let you know that Yarborough and I think you've got something. We can always find a client who would be interested in this sort of work."

He smiled again, put my sketches in a neat little pile, and started attending to something else. I took the hint. I said, "Thanks, Mr. Jensen," and floated out of the room.

Jensen's praise was like a shot in the arm. I labored like a fiend. My aching backbone reminded me that the working day had ended. I washed up, telephoned Dana, and dropped in at her apartment. One look at her and I forgot what I had come for. I started doing affectionate things, and she acted as though she liked them. I bubbled over like a kid, telling her about Jensen. She seemed to be fascinated. She said, "You watch me dance, Kirk—and you get a certain light in your eyes. I hear about your work, and feel the same way about you. Maybe we're pretty proud of each other."

I sat on the couch and she mixed me a short one. I fished into my pocket and took out a shiny bit of metal that was almost—but not quite—round. I cupped it in the palm of my hand and showed it to her. I said, "Did you ever see that before?"

Her eyes got wide. "Of course. That's Ricardo's luck piece. Where did you get it?"

"I'll explain later. Meanwhile, are you sure?"

She took it and turned it over and over. Then she handed it back. "Sure I'm sure. There couldn't be two like it."

"Suppose I put the edge of a quarter on the streetcar track and waited until a car passed. Just to be cute. I'd have one that looked just like this, wouldn't I?"

"Yes . . . But it wouldn't make a lot of sense." She was frowning. I loved her frown. Her nose crinkled up when she did it. She said, "It *is* Ricardo's, isn't it?"

"That's what I want to find out." I took her hand. "Could you check on it for me?"

"Yes. He hasn't carried it when he was dancing since one night in Chicago when it fell out on the floor and he ruined the number by stopping to retrieve it. When he's on, it either stays in his street clothes, or he leaves it on his make-up table if he plans to shift into another suit."

I said, "There's no rush about this. I'd like you to look inside that box: some time when he doesn't know you're doing it. If it has disappeared, and if he doesn't know—I'd be just as happy if he didn't find out."

"Want me to put it back?"

"No-o. Not yet."

Dana said, "You're being very mysterious. Why the secrecy?"

"I don't want to make statements until I'm more sure than I am now."

"You win." She got up, letting her hand rest on my shoulder. I turned my head, picked up her hand and kissed it. She said, "What's the program for tonight?"

"Usual thing. I'm no longer the exhausted man. I think we should drink Mr. Jensen's health. We might also toast Ferguson for rescuing me from the architectural doldrums. We can do all that with dinner—between shows."

RICARDO was at the club when we got there. He already had changed from street clothes to white tie and tails. Dana gave me a significant look. She started back for the dressing-room corridor and I went to my pet table. Ricardo refrained from throwing a nasty remark at me, which was something. He walked across to the bandstand and talked to the leader. They both started making rhythmic motions with their right hands, so I fancied that they were discussing tempo. The next time I looked, Ricardo had disappeared.

The floor show went off as usual. Everything timed to the minute. A few seconds before Dana & Ricardo were due on, they appeared in the opening between the club and the corridor.

They were quarreling bitterly. Their faces were like thunderclouds. Ricardo had hold of Dana's arm, and his grip wasn't gentle. He was talking fast, and I was glad I wasn't a lip reader because I had a hunch I'd resent what he was saying.

Dana wasn't just taking it. Whatever it was about, she was giving as good as she got. It wasn't a pretty picture.

The emcee teed off on their introduction. Ricardo raced to the other side of the bandstand. Dana passed my table without even looking at me. Then came their music cue, and they were on the floor.

The transformation was magical. All traces of anger had vanished. They were smiling at each other. Ricardo swept her into his arms and they flowed into an exquisite tango. They went through their three numbers and did two encores. They looked like honey and rose petals. They took their bows hand in hand and finally they were through. When they passed me, their faces were again contorted with anger, and their words—whatever they were saying—were bitter.

I didn't like any part of it, but it was wonderful. All dance teams quarrel, especially just after they've come off the floor. It's a logical and natural reaction from nervous tension. But this was different. I waited.

I didn't wait long. Dana showed up, dressed for the street. She still looked as though Santa Claus had forgotten her. She paused long enough to say, "Let's go," and I trailed her between tables, toward the lobby. Somebody called to her, and she waved, but she couldn't quite get around to smiling. She was taut as a fiddle string.

We pushed through the revolving door and she said, "Let's walk." I fell into step and she headed toward the park. The night was cold, but not as cold as it had been for the past two weeks, and there wasn't any wind. She walked fast, and didn't talk. Neither did I.

We entered the park at 5th Avenue and 59th Street. We walked down a little hill and past the lake where swans float around in summer and people skate in winter. Nobody was skating now. A thaw was on.

THE patches of snow were ghostly. The trees were bare and disconsolate. The whole place looked forgotten. Just hard, brown-and-white earth and gaunt shrubbery in a frame of high, austere apartment houses and hotels. A car whizzed past occasionally as though in a hurry to get out. Dana continued to walk, and continued to say nothing.

We skirted the zoo and walked all the way to the Mall before she spoke. Then she said something, and her voice was sharp as a razor's edge. She said, "Ricardo's luck piece has disappeared."

I had thought it was something like that. It confirmed certain ideas, but it made me worry more about other things. I said, "He caught you looking?"

"Yes. I figured I had plenty of time. I went into his dressing room and opened the box. He came in and snatched it from me."

"Snatched?"

"Yes. His remarks from then on came straight out of the gutter."

I squeezed her arm. I had some foolish idea that it might help. I said, "Did he seem surprised to find the box empty?"

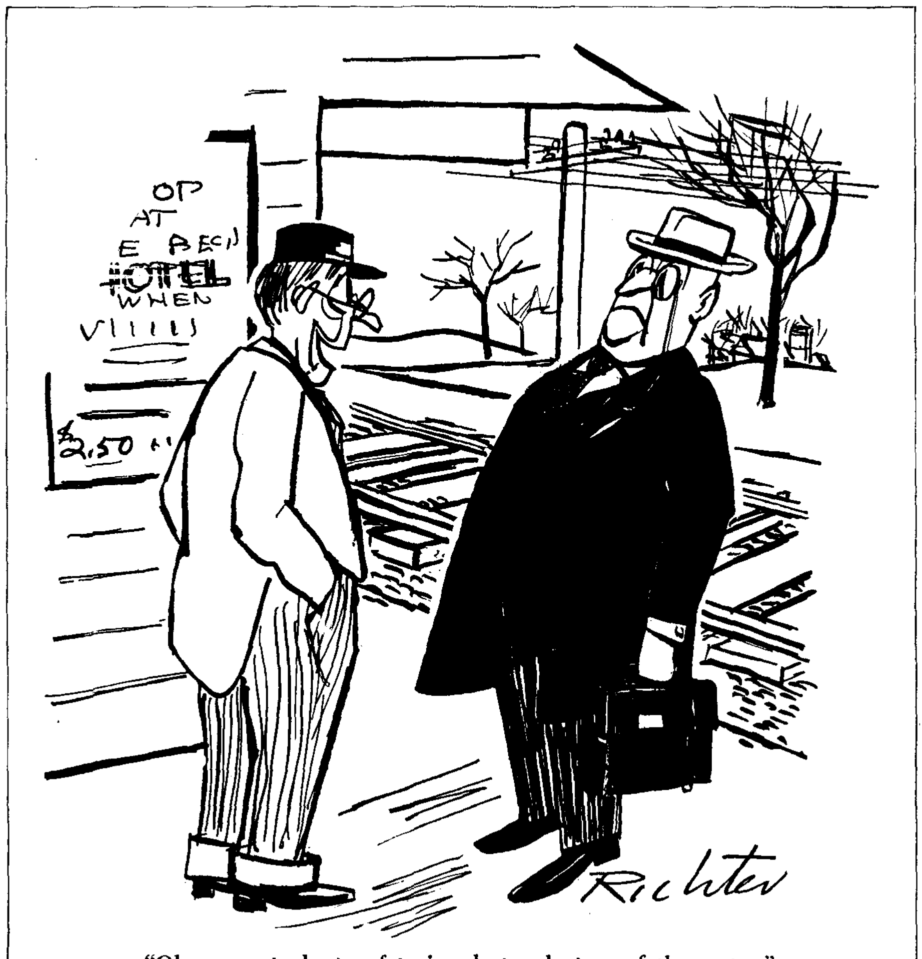
"I don't know . . ." She appeared to be puzzled. "I don't know whether he was surprised, or whether he was furious because I had discovered it."

That was an angle. I asked, "What did he actually say?"

"He accused me of stealing the coin. He demanded that I return it. He said I'd hidden it somewhere, and that he'd rip every stitch of clothes off me to find it."

"Was it an act, Dana—or was he serious?"

"It could have been either. Now will you tell me where you found it?"



"Oh, we get plenty of trains, but only two of them stop"

COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER

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SHAVING CREAM
Guaranteed *not*
to make shaving a pleasure?

Men with grown-up minds
as well as
adult whiskers like
our claims
and our cream

You may be surprised to learn that our courts of law countenance a certain amount of exaggeration in advertising.

They call it "permissible puffery"; but we're not having any, thank you: This is why:

Not a single one of our so-called shaving scientists has been able to prove that shaving is anything but a chore and a bore. And our peripatetic researchers have thus far discovered no man who will admit there is any pleasure in shaving, except that in having the job over and done with.

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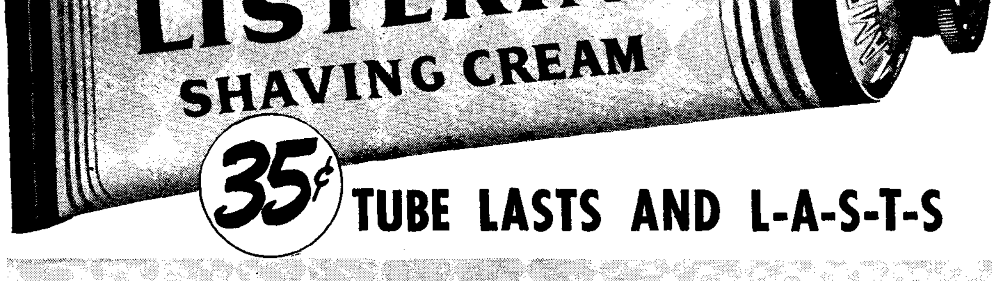


TUBE LASTS AND L-A-S-T-S

REMEMBER, THERE ARE 2 TYPES
OF LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM
Listerine Brushless is 25¢

LISTERINE
brushless
SHAVING CREAM

"I found it in my apartment. It was evidently caught between the carpet and the wall. My guess is that it had been there a long time."

She stopped walking. She let the implication sink in. Then she shook her head. "That isn't possible," she said. "He's never been in your apartment."

There was only one answer to that. She and I went deep into a discussion which was almost a word-for-word repetition of the talk I'd had with Dr. Arthur Maybank the previous night. Dana seemed badly shaken and utterly incredulous. She said, "Of course, Ricardo knew a lot of people before I met him. But he never mentioned anybody named Ethel Brower."

I didn't point out to her the possibility that Arthur had suggested in the beginning: That Ricardo might have killed Ethel Brower in the mistaken belief that he was strangling Dana.

We kept on walking. It was too cold to do anything else, and the sheer physical action seemed to have a quieting effect. We were near the reservoir before she spoke again. She said, "Things can't go on this way, Kirk."

I wrapped my fingers around her arm. I stopped walking and so did she. I pulled her around until she stood facing me. I said, "Get a grip on yourself, honey. You're upset. You're angry with Ricardo. You're worried."

She was standing close. The still, cold air was all around us, the park lights cast weird shadows on the snow. There were seven million people hemming us in, and we were alone.

Dana was trembling. I put my arms around her. For a moment she stayed that way, her body rigid. Then it melted. Her arms circled my neck and clung with amazing strength. Her voice wasn't hard any more; it was the shaken voice of a woman who had been asked to bear more than was possible.

She said, "Don't you see why we can't keep this up, Kirk? It's not what happened tonight. It's what happens every night. Tonight only made me see things more clearly. It gave me more courage."

I brushed my lips against her forehead. "Courage for what?" I asked.

"Courage to suggest what I've wanted to say for a long time." Her voice got tiny and frightened. "I'm not free, darling. If I wait for Ricardo, I'll never be free. Not ever." She drew back in my arms and looked up at me. "Don't make it too difficult for me, Kirk. Surely you understand what I'm trying to say."

I shook my head. For some inexplicable reason, I was badly shaken, too. I said, "What is it, Dana?"

Her eyes did not waver. She said, "It isn't fair for us to be separated, Kirk. It isn't fair to either of us."

I said, "Hush . . ." as though I were talking to a child. But she didn't hush.

"We mustn't let ourselves be cheated out of the thing that means most to both of us, darling. And there's only one answer. I want to come and live with you."

HER words hit me right where I lived. I let them sink in and wondered what to say. We stood there looking at each other. She was waiting for me to say something and I wasn't saying it. Since I was fresh out of language, I did the next best thing. I put my arms around her again.

Then I said things. They weren't very intellectual or very coherent. They were the things a kid might say to his first girl—and they were said that way. I wanted Dana to understand how much I loved her; how deeply I was touched by what she was offering. It was terribly important for her to understand that because I knew I was going to turn it down.

I released her, then took her arm and started walking.

Finally I said, "Let's keep one thing in mind, sweetheart. I love you."

That wasn't too good, but it wasn't too bad, either. I had said it before, but it still fitted. She didn't even look at me. Obviously, I hadn't covered quite enough territory. I tried again.

"The idea is startling. It's the thing I'd like second best in the world."

"And the first best?"

"Would be to marry you."

"We're back where we started," she said.

I asked, "Shall I diagram it?"

"That's what I've been waiting for."

"All right. The words are going to be all mixed up. They're going to sound cold and logical instead of the way I want them to sound. They're going to make me out a wooden Indian."

"In other words . . ." She took the play away from me, "You're refusing."

I tightened my fingers on her arm. It was the most precious arm in the world. The girl it belonged to was the most precious girl. I said, "Let's don't put it in simple words, Dana. It isn't a simple matter. It's merely that I'm looking farther ahead than you are."

"That's our trouble," she retorted with some bitterness. "We've always looked so far ahead that we've failed to understand what's happening right now. And don't tell me that I'm acting on impulse. Quarreling with Ricardo tonight only served to crystallize ideas I've had for a long time."

I said, "It wouldn't work out. You're not the sort of girl who could live with a man she wasn't married to, and get away with it."

"I'm not afraid of what people would say."

"It isn't people I'm afraid of. It's you. There would always be that between us. You'd always be wondering what I was thinking."

"Doesn't that seem rather unimportant, Kirk?"

"NO." I stopped walking and so did she. I swung her around so that we faced each other. "I'm going to quit sparring," I said. "I'll hand it to you straight, and you'll either understand it or you won't.

"You want this. You want it maybe a tenth as much as I do. You're the one who would be sacrificing something. It's a sacrifice I won't let you make."

"I've thought it over."

"Then you've thought the wrong way. You've probably tried to justify and rationalize a move which you instinctively know is wrong. Oh, damn it! Dana—you've *got* to help! You've *got* to see what I'm driving at! Get it into your pretty head that I'm not preaching morals to you. It all adds up to this: What we both want is permanence. We wouldn't get it that way."

"What does that make me?"

"The sweetest, bravest girl I've ever known. And if you start feeling sorry for what you've done, I'll pin your ears back."

Her eyes held mine. They were fine, steady eyes. They saw in my face a lot of things I hadn't been able to put into words.

Then, for the first time, a little smile played briefly about her lips. She said, "You're right, Kirk. I was afraid you would be."

"Afraid?"

"I wanted you to do the wrong thing. I wanted you to say Yes. I wanted you to be swept away by your desire for me . . ."

"That," I said, "would be easy."

"But it won't happen. I know. As a matter of fact, I agree with you." She laughed. The laugh had amusement in it, and a little hysteria, too. "My God!" she said, "the tricks that intelligence can play!"

We started walking again, this time toward Fifth Avenue. I said, "Is it necessary for me to start building up again to make you understand how much I do care, and how much this has meant to me?"

"You know better than that, darling. And I don't feel like a woman scorned. I don't feel that you have rejected me. I don't feel anything but grateful—and disappointed."

We looked at each other and smiled. "Okay now?" I asked.

"Okay."

And she meant it. That was Dana. No putting me on the spot. Instead of driving us farther apart, this had drawn us closer. She said, "If you ever change your mind, Mr. Douglas—" She said it lightly, with an obvious effort to relieve the tension. I said, "I'll come up and see you some time."

We left the park and walked as far as Lexington. We went into a hamburger stand and sat on red leather stools in front of a polished white counter. The warmth of the place felt good. We ordered hamburgers without onions, and lots of steaming coffee. Until we started to eat, we didn't realize how hungry we were, or that we'd forgotten dinner altogether.

The place was immaculate. We were the only customers. The counterman looked us over and walked to the front of his place where he stood staring moodily out into the street. Everything was back to normal again.

Dana smiled at me without turning her head. She smiled into the big polished mirror and I smiled back the same way. "Pure," she said, touching my cheek. "Pure as the driven snow."

"You could have gone on," I grinned. "You could have said, 'And twice as cold.' "

We were back in the groove by the time we finished our informal meal, and when we stopped at the cash register and paid the counterman, I left a tip that made his eyes bug out, just because I felt so good.

THE Caliente was jammed when we got back. Chris, the doorman, greeted us cheerily. The hat-check girl refused to give me a little round tag for my coat and hat. She said, "Gosh! I know them things by their first names." The headwaiter walked around the velvet rope and said, "Somebody been asking for you two."

"Who?"

"Candy Livingston. She's got a big party tonight." He gave a little thought to his next comment, and then took a chance. "She's kinda high," he said.

It was a gay party, all right: a long table at the ringside. Candy was there, looking as though she'd been poured into the black evening gown which set off her blond beauty to rare advantage. She was surrounded by a half dozen other people of assorted sexes, one or two of them I vaguely remembered. Across the table from Candy sat Agnes Sheridan. Arthur Maybank wasn't anywhere around, but that didn't surprise me because this was one of his duty nights at the hospital.

Candy saw us coming. As an interceptor, she was good. She said to Dana, "I've already got three extra places at the table. That hooks Kirk as of now, and you and Ricardo later."

They talked for a few seconds, and then Dana rushed off to dress for the supper show. Candy dragged me after her and introduced me all around. She sat me next to her, which put me right across from Agnes.

I was interested in Agnes. She seemed to have plenty on the ball, and I wondered what she saw in Arthur. Maybe, I reflected, it was that he was a doctor in the hospital where she was a lowly nurses' aide, so that she saw something other than the puny frame and shy manner of a little man who was considerably less than a shining personality socially. But looking her over now, she seemed to me to belong more definitely with Candy Livingston than with Arthur. And Candy seemed to think so, too. I gathered from snatches of conversation that Miss Livingston and Miss Sheridan had been seeing quite a bit of each other.

Candy's party was in high gear when I sat down. The hostess was particularly gay. She gave me a warm, intimate look which made me slightly uncomfortable, and once she leaned over and whispered, "Changed your mind yet, Big Boy?"

I laughed and pretended not to take her seriously. She said, "Are you hard to get!" and the scene in the park flashed back to me. It all made me feel slightly ridiculous.

The show started and finished. A few minutes later Dana joined our table, and right behind her came Ricardo. They paid no attention to each other, and I didn't know whether the fight was continuing.

Ricardo was still working on Candy. But he was overdoing it. He was giving out with too much charm. Candy winked at me. I had an idea that Ricardo wasn't ever going to get to first base. But he kept right on trying.

I danced with Dana, and asked about Ricardo. She said, "He's still in an ugly mood. But I kept my mouth shut."

"Smart girl."

She glanced at the table. "Candy and Agnes seemed to be hitting it off, don't they?"

"I was thinking the same thing. But why not?"

"No reason. As a matter of fact, I like Agnes myself. She'd be good for Arthur."

I said, "How about Candy? Who would she be good for?"

Dana didn't answer immediately. Then she said, "I don't know. Maybe Ricardo. Maybe you."

"We don't play in the same league."

"It could be arranged."

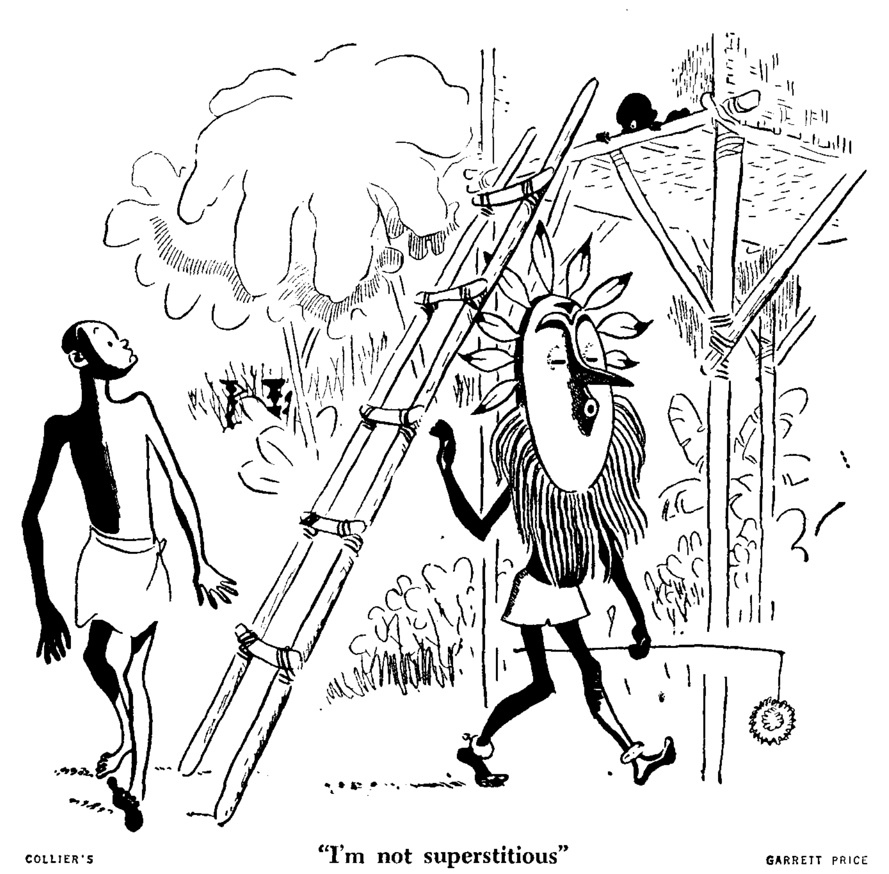
"You flatter me."

"I've flattered you twice tonight. You should be a bundle of conceit."

The party kept going until three o'clock. Candy wanted to continue celebrating until breakfast time. Dana and I talked our way out of it. Ricardo checked in with her suggestion. He was full of optimism.

I left Dana in front of her apartment house. I went home and prepared for bed. I set the alarm clock, and knew I wasn't going to like it when it exploded in my ear four hours later.

I got a glimpse of myself in the bathroom



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mirror. I didn't think I merited any applause, which was why the night seemed so fantastic.

I thought back beyond that. Within the past week, I had turned down a very gorgeous young lady who offered herself and twenty million dollars. Tonight I had said No to the girl I was in love with.

"If you heard that about someone else," I remarked to my reflection, "you'd say he was a double damn' fool."

I snapped out the light, opened the window and slipped into bed.

"And," I finished, "you'd be right."

DURING the next seventy-two hours I thought of a new invention. It was going to be some sort of a gadget with which you could stop thinking about things you didn't want to think about. With it, I'd be able to forget all the things that were worrying me. I'd forget—at least temporarily—the girl who had been murdered in my apartment, the hundred thousand dollars which had been deposited to my credit at the bank, the unknown person who had tried to kill Arthur Maybank, about how Ricardo's luck piece got into my room, and I'd quit wondering why I had suddenly become so irresistible.

It was the last item that seemed to stick with me. I checked Dana out. She was foolish enough to be in love with me, and that was swell. But the Candy Livingston set-up still had me buffaloed.

I'm a long way from a prize package. They wouldn't use me to scare little children with, but I don't shape up as a collar ad, either. I didn't scintillate socially, and at small talk I was a lost ball in the high weeds. I was fairly big and rather strong, but nothing to get excited about. I could do the average things in the average way, and when you had said that, you had said it all.

My life had been an open book which anyone was privileged to read—but wouldn't, because it wasn't interesting. Yet suddenly things had started happening all around me. They happened to friends and acquaintances who apparently had committed no sin except to be friends and acquaintances. I wanted somebody to tell me I was figuring wrong. But nobody did; not even Dana.

As a matter of fact, Dana wasn't having any easy time of it herself. She tried not to unload her troubles on me, but there were certain things I couldn't miss. Mostly Ricardo.

According to Dana, he continued to be in a vicious mood. I could understand that he might be upset by the loss of the luck piece, but this seemed to be more than that. I still had the battered quarter, and I was keeping it until I decided what to do—or until something else turned up which would justify handing it over to the police.

I saw as much of Dana as my work permitted. I made my visits to the club as brief as possible. One reason for that was that I didn't like the change in Ricardo's manner toward me.

He had always ridden me. He had enjoyed making me uncomfortable with his nasty digs about Dana. Now he wasn't doing that. He seldom spoke to me. But he looked at me a lot, and there was a light in his eyes I didn't relish. It gave me the jitters.

Thursday afternoon I got a call from Dana. She phoned to tell me that she wouldn't be home when I got off from work. Ricardo wanted her to rehearse a new routine. She suggested that I pick her up at the rehearsal hall about 5:30.

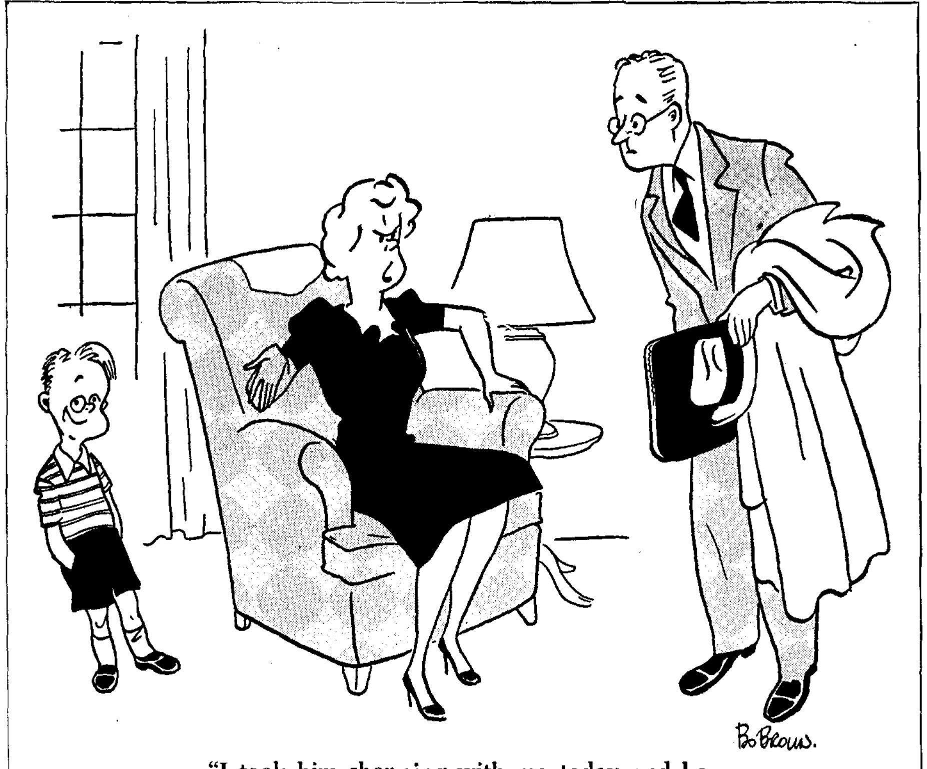
I was there at 5:20. The rehearsal hall was an old, barren building in the Fifties, a favorite with people in show business. It contained a great number of fairly large rooms which had hardwood floors. Each of the rooms also had a small electric phonograph. The din in the hallways was terrific: recorded music blaring, tap dancers tapping, singers singing, comedians sweating to be funny. I went up to the third floor and walked the length of the hallway toward the big front room where Ricardo & Dana always rehearsed. Through one open door, I caught a glimpse of two husky men and a wisp of a girl rehearsing an adagio act. The door of Ricardo's room was open, too. There was a rickety chair in the hall and I parked myself on it. I didn't go into the rehearsal room for two reasons. The first was that I was just as happy to avoid Ricardo. The second reason was that he and Dana were quarreling.

Ricardo was wearing dancing slippers, a pair of old slacks and a sports shirt open at the neck. His hair was disheveled and his face covered with perspiration.

Dana looked as cute as a white kitten. She had on dancing shoes, a soft blouse and tailored shorts which ended way above the knee. She had beautiful legs: smooth and well-shaped and with no sign of the excess muscle to which so many female dancers are addicted. There was a bit of ribbon tied around her soft brown hair, which was probably what made me think of the kitten.

Ricardo & Dana had a collection of special records. These were pressings made for them from their own orchestrations. One of the records—a very fancy waltz—was playing now. They were dancing, but they didn't look like they looked at the Caliente.

They floated past the doorway. Then Ricardo grabbed her and swung her over his head. He spun her around, then twirled her body and let it fall. He caught her just before she hit the floor and started spinning with her again. Dana said "Oh!" as though something hurt. She jerked away from him. Her body was rigid, her eyes too bright. She said, "That's no good."



"I took him shopping with me today and he kept getting lost in the lingerie department!"

COLLIER'S BO BROWN

He growled something which I didn't understand, and she went on: "It just won't work."

He walked to the phonograph and set the needle back. He said, "We'll try it again."

"No. You hurt me."

"So what?"

"I'm not having any more. The whole routine is absurd. It isn't even pretty."

"You're telling me what's good, huh?"

"I'm only saying that part of it is out."

"Oh, yeah . . ." The music had caught up with them. He put his right arm around her and started the lift. She squirmed and pulled away. He staggered back and would have fallen if he hadn't crashed into the wall. He called her a name that could not have offended a female canine, but which sounded harsh and ugly when applied to Dana. I felt my face flushing and my body getting tight. I relaxed with an effort. I said, "Hold on, Douglas—hold on. This is their business."

ONCE more Ricardo dropped the needle where he wanted it. He grabbed Dana again, and again she tore away from him.

Then he said something vile. His open hand whipped out. It caught her on the cheek. Hard.

I was in the room before I knew what was happening. This wasn't their business any more. It was mine.

Ricardo whirled to face me. He was on his toes, and his face was contorted with anger.

He knew why I was there. He knew it even better than I did. I closed in on him and my fist flashed out. It had everything I could give. It caught him on the side of the jaw.

He brought up against the table that held the little phonograph. The music kept right on playing. I knew I had started something, but that was the way I had wanted it for a long time.

He smiled. It was a thin, cruel smile. He said, "You've been asking for this, Fauntleroy. Now you're gonna get it."

HE SLID forward like a boxer. I was ready. Or at least I thought I was. I led with my left and then threw a hard right. He stepped inside of it neatly. His counter—a hard right cross—caught me on the cheek. It calmed me down and told me that I was up against a man who knew his stuff.

He snapped one at my stomach. I blocked that and let fly with my right. Too high. It rolled off his forehead.

He was a little larger than I, and perhaps a trifle stronger. I was the better boxer, but this wasn't a boxing match. It wasn't something that could be staged in Madison Square Garden.

It was ugly. We punched and clinched and wrestled and fell down and punched some more. Rules were forgotten. Down the hall a woman screamed. Doors opened and the other rehearsal halls disgorged people in odd attires. But I wasn't interested. I had plenty on my hands. More, perhaps, than I could cope with.

Dana was standing against the wall. She hadn't moved. She hadn't said anything.

RICARDO butted me. He brought his right knee up hard against my groin. I returned the compliment. If that was the way he wanted to play, it was okay with me.

There was a commotion in the hall. A husky voice said, "Break it up!" and I saw a blue uniform. There was a silver shield on the blue coat.

The patrolman hauled us to our feet. Ricardo slugged me. It was a Sunday punch and I reeled back from the impact. I started toward him, but I didn't get there. The cop knew his stuff, too. He crowded Ricardo against the wall, holding him with his body. He said, "Quit playin' rough, sonny. Or you're gonna get it how you won't like it."

Ricardo tried to shove past him. The two well-muscled young men who had been rehearsing the adagio act appointed themselves deputies. Each one grabbed an arm. They held Ricardo tight.

Somebody said something to the patrolman. He looked at Ricardo. "You oughta be ashamed," he said. "You're big enough to know better."

Ricardo called him a dirty name. The cop's eyes clouded. "That'll be enough," he snapped. "Now you listen to me. By rights I oughta run you in. But if you act nice, I'll lay off. Take it or leave it."

He stepped back. The adagio boys dropped Ricardo's arms. Ricardo looked like a mess. I had a hunch that I looked twice as bad. He said to me in a flat, toneless voice, "This isn't finished, Douglas."

He walked over to the corner where there was a little washstand with running water. He bathed his face and dried it in a towel. He brushed his hair with his hands. He put on his coat and then his overcoat. He clapped his hat on his head and walked out through the buzzing spectators.

I used the basin, too. I washed off some blood. The cold water stung, but it felt good, too.

Dana said, "I'll be back." She went out of the room. The cop looked me over. "Just a private scrap, huh?"

I nodded.

"I wisht I didn't have to break it up," he said. "You was goin' good: the both of you."

Dana came back. She had on a dress, a coat and a hat. She had on street shoes and carried a little bag. She said to the policeman, "May we go?"

"Go ahead." A broad grin split his countenance. "I ain't seen a thing."

Dana and I walked downstairs. We hailed a cab and got in. I gave the address of her apartment. After a long while, she spoke. She said, "It wasn't your fault, Kirk. But I'm sorry."

"So am I."

She put an icy hand in mine.

"I'm afraid," she said.

I didn't say anything. There was no point to telling her that I was afraid, too.

WHEN I shaved the next morning I had lots of no fun. My lower lip was cut inside and puffed outside. There was a bruise on my jaw. I had a bit of a mouse under my left eye, but that didn't interfere with the shaving.

At the office, the lads in the drafting room gave me a double take. One of them said, "You shouldn't run into doors, Kirk."

I said, "I didn't run into a door. I had a fight, and I didn't do very well."

That puzzled them. If I'd said I had run into a door, they'd think I'd been in a fight. Now that I said I'd been in a fight, the door theory was something for them to chew on. I took off my coat, put on an eyeshade, arranged things on my drawing board and started to work.

Friday and Saturday I stayed away from the Caliente. I saw Dana once and talked to her on the phone several times. I suggested that inasmuch as I looked battered and Ricardo probably wasn't entirely without scars, it would be better for people not to see us together . . . conclusions would be too simple. I wasn't keen about advertising the fact that Ricardo and I had tangled.

Sunday morning I looked myself over. My appearance was practically normal. I decided to go to the club and have dinner there with Dana. Staying away too long wasn't good, either. I was curious to see Ricardo, also. Not what he looked like, but what his attitude would be.

I waited until early afternoon and telephoned Arthur Maybank at the hospital. His voice sounded sleepy. I invited him to have dinner with me at the Caliente. He said he'd love to, but couldn't. He said he had a date with Agnes Sheridan.

"So bring her with you."

He said, "That sounds fine, but... well, let's be honest. I can't afford places like that."

"Be yourself, Arthur. I'm inviting you and Agnes to be my guests. You and she can check out after dinner if you decide you want to be alone."

His voice brightened. He said he'd be at the club with Agnes between 7:15 and 7:30. "It'll be fun," he said. "I'm off duty tonight, with nothing to worry about."

I left home early. The temperature had

(Continued on page 51)

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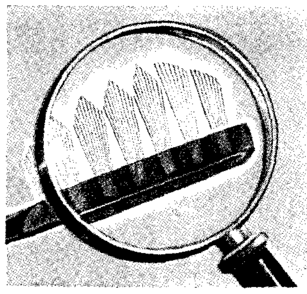

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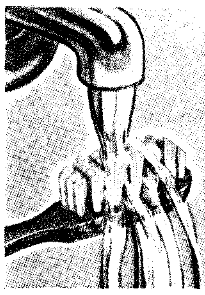

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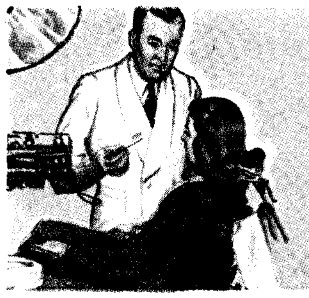

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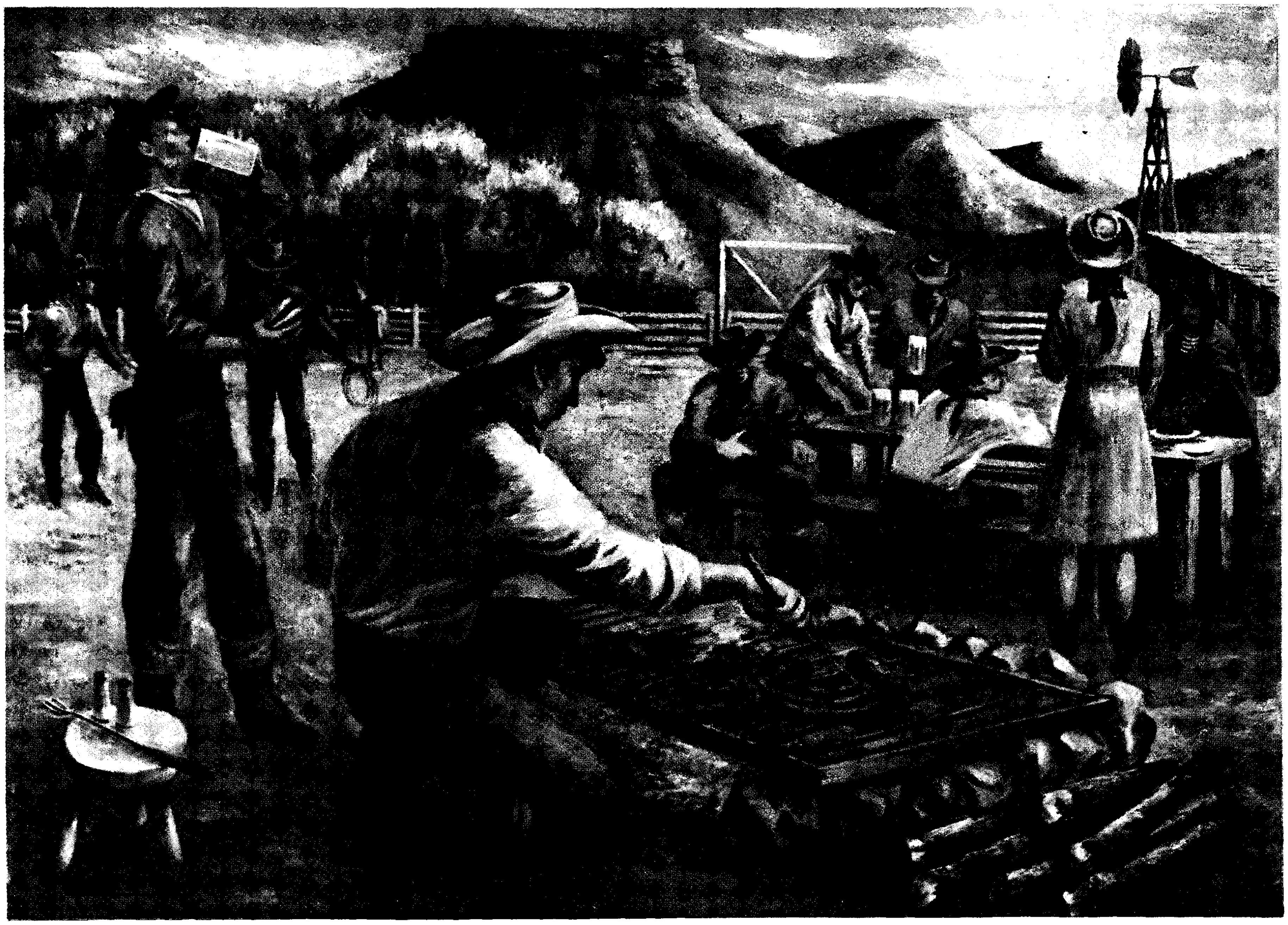
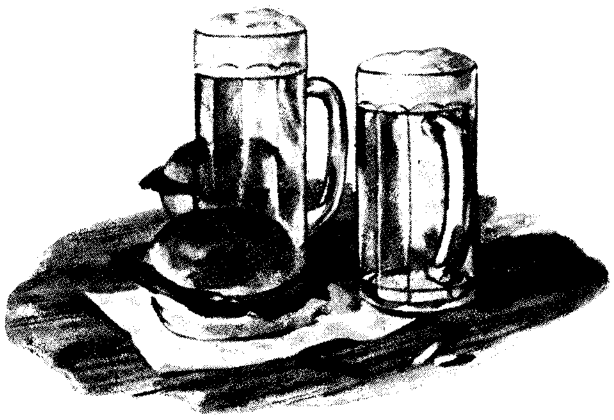


Reprints of this oil painting, suitable for framing without advertising, will be sent upon request. Write United States Brewers Foundation, 21 East 40th Street, New York City.

Western Barbecue by FLETCHER MARTIN

One of a series of typical American scenes and customs painted by America's foremost artists



A barbecue on one of our great western ranches, clambakes on New England's beaches, ball games on a sand lot or in a big-league stadium . . . all these are America, the land we love, the land that today we fight for.

In this America of tolerance and good humor, of neighborliness and pleasant living, perhaps no beverage more fittingly belongs than wholesome, friendly beer. And the right to enjoy this beverage of moderation . . . this, too, is part of our own American heritage of personal freedom.

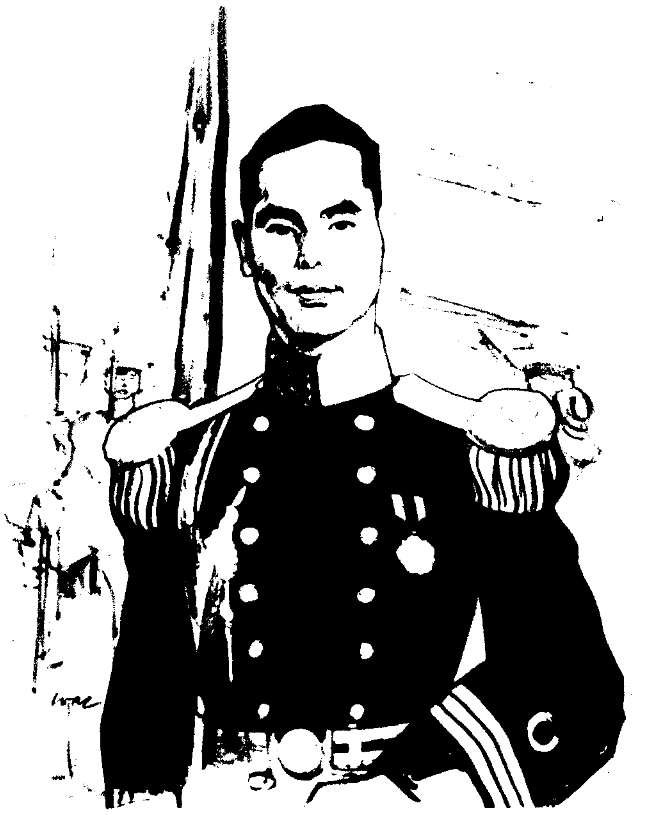
AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

Beer belongs . . . enjoy it

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION

"MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS"
V-MAIL
MAIL THAT LETTER TODAY

PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY



THE Heroes

COMMANDER SIAN-KWAN LIN

XXIII

AS WELL as anything else, the story of Sian-Kwan Lin explains why the people of China continue to wage barehanded battle against the overwhelming might of Japan. It is a story that starts in 1927 when Chiang Kai-shek marched north against the war lords, fighting to make Sun Yat Sen's dream of a great Chinese republic come true.

Not the least of the many "hotbeds of revolution" was the Naval Academy at Chefoo, where Lin and his fellow cadets, on fire with patriotism, plotted the seizure of gunboats as their part in the democratic struggle. All were imprisoned before they could act, and only the Generalissimo's swift approach saved them from death. Enlisting as foot soldiers, the young Chinese middies shared in the first victorious campaigns that gave promise of a unified country.

Setting up his capital in Nanking, Chiang Kai-shek sent the pick of his youth out over the world to bring back the "know-how" that would put the infant republic on firm foundations. Sian-Kwan Lin, selected for service in the British navy, sailed with the Mediterranean fleet for a year, and then was graduated with high honor from the Royal Naval College in Greenwich. Back home with the rank of commander, Lin helped the Generalissimo to build a navy. Others headed projects in connection with industry, agriculture, education, highways, railroads, flood control and reclamation.

And then in 1937, Japan, alarmed at China's progress, attacked. The disappearance of a single Jap soldier was the pretext for invasion and total war. It was a well-timed blow, for the Chinese army was still without arms or artillery, and six light cruisers and fifty gunboats constituted the Chinese navy. Seeing that his one hope was to "trade space for time," the Generalissimo began the series of masterly retreats that drew the Japanese deep into the interior, far from their bases.

Nanking fell, and then Hankow, but Chiang Kai-shek, taking refuge in Chungking, dug shelters in the mountainsides. All the while, under cover of delaying actions, the industries of China were carried on bent backs from the coastal areas to the woods and hills of the hinterland. To grasp the tremendous scope of the movement, think of it in terms of the United States. What if an enemy, invading the Atlantic seaboard, captured all our territory out to the Mississippi? And the people of the ravaged regions had to load machinery, tools and goods on their shoulders, trek on foot to the Rockies, and there quarry caves for their factories and homes?

Throughout these crucial months, China's gallant little navy held the rivers but, one by one, the cruisers and gunboats went down under Japanese fire. Now the Generalissimo made a deal with Germany for five submarines, and Commander Lin was sent to Kiel, both for a course of instruction and to receive delivery. High hopes, but soon blasted, for in tragic succession came the German pact with Japan and the invasion of Poland.

In China again, Sian-Kwan Lin found himself a submarine expert without a sub, and a sailor without a ship. But Chiang Kai-shek gave him no time for gloom.

"Lay mines in the Yangtze," he ordered. "Deny Japan the use of the river."

Lin might well have asked how and what with, for by that time, China's cupboard was scraped bare. Black powder, however, could still be made, and in Chungsha, he melted up the temple bells and even used gas tanks for casings.

Difficult enough, but simple compared to the task of transportation, for the river port of Kiukiang was 350 miles away, and there were no horses or trucks. One thousand volunteers, however, offered to act as pack mules, and off went Commander Sian-Kwan Lin, leading his small army over the roughest country in all China. Not only were the 300-pound mines a burden, but mountain trails had to be widened and chasms bridged, and in the valleys were broad streams to be forded—unceasing drudgery, endured by staggering men whose daily ration was a handful of rice.

Once out of the mountains the caravan marched only at night, hiding by day. Every villager knew that death was the penalty for aiding guerrillas, but shelter was offered gladly and never once was there a traitor. Women and children kept watch on the hills, and when darkness fell, men and boys scouted the highways.

Now came the real job. First, small boats had to slip out into the river at midnight, and haul up the Japanese nets, and after that, came the mine laying. A chancy business, for enemy destroyers made constant play with their searchlights, but Lin developed a technique that won success for eight out of every ten sorties. In one month, ten Jap ships were sunk, among them three transports. More than that, Lin and his men dived in the dark after each explosion, salvaging precious materials.

A high moment, but soon the Japanese poured in more ships and troops, butchering and burning until they controlled the Yangtze and its banks up to Kchang. "Fall back and mine Tung Ting Lake," came an order from the Generalissimo. This was not a job that could be done secretly, for enemy bombers flew over Tung Ting the clock around, dropping flares at night.

A suicide mission, in fact, yet Lin had to choose from hundreds who begged for the service. Day in and day out, he loaded small craft with mines and planted them as placidly as a farmer planting corn. Death rained from the sky, and the waters of the lake ran red, but the heroic band kept on until Japanese bombs left them without a single boat to load. Only then did the survivors fall back, carrying their wounded commander, blown up at the last and escaping death by a miracle. GEORGE CREEL

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LEAD THE EASTER PARADE in good looking Westminsters. Their good fit and good taste are right for Spring! Their good looks and patterns are *RIGHT 'ROUND THE ANKLES!*

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Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

Love Has No Alibi

Continued from page 48

dropped again. It was about 18. People weren't doing any more walking than they had to. I had time to kill so I dropped into a newsreel theater. I did more thinking than watching.

I had used the last three nights to catch up on lost sleep. I was glad to fall into the groove again at the Caliente. In one way I didn't like the place because every time I saw Dana on the floor it made me feel like excess baggage. But in another way it had become a habit, and habits are hard to break. I hoped Candy wouldn't be there.

I was having a Martini at the bar when Arthur walked in with Agnes. She looked full of pep and he seemed half frozen. They joined me in a drink, and we were spearing olives when Dana arrived. We went back to my pet table and sat down.

Arthur was still cold. He complained that Agnes had walked him through Central Park and that she had made him stand on the shore of the lake and watch people skate.

Dana looked up with interest. "Do you skate, Agnes?"

The dark head nodded. "I love it. But I don't get much chance. I haven't skated once this year."

"You did an awful lot of watching this afternoon," grumbled Arthur.

"That made me hungry for it." She beamed across at Dana. "Why don't we go skating some night?"

"All right, you tell me. Why don't we?"

I HAD never seen Agnes so eager. She said, "We could go out to a rink right after the dinner show, get a full hour and a half and be back in time for you to dress again."

Dana said, "I'd like that."

"Tomorrow night?"

"Monday . . . ?" Dana nodded. "Perfect! Bring your skates with you when you come to dinner. We'll put them in my dressing room. After the dinner show we'll go back there while I change, and then we'll slip out through the other exit."

Agnes turned to Arthur. "How about you?"

Arthur's expression was ludicrous. "Me skate? Lady, you don't know whereof you speak. I got on ice skates once in my life. I stayed on them for approximately two seconds. Then I swapped ends. I swore off for life."

She said, "I'll teach you."

"You can teach me a lot of things, Agnes . . . but skating isn't one of them. And it's out on another count. I'm on duty tomorrow night."

"Couldn't you arrange . . . ?"

"Not a chance, even if I wanted to. And I don't."

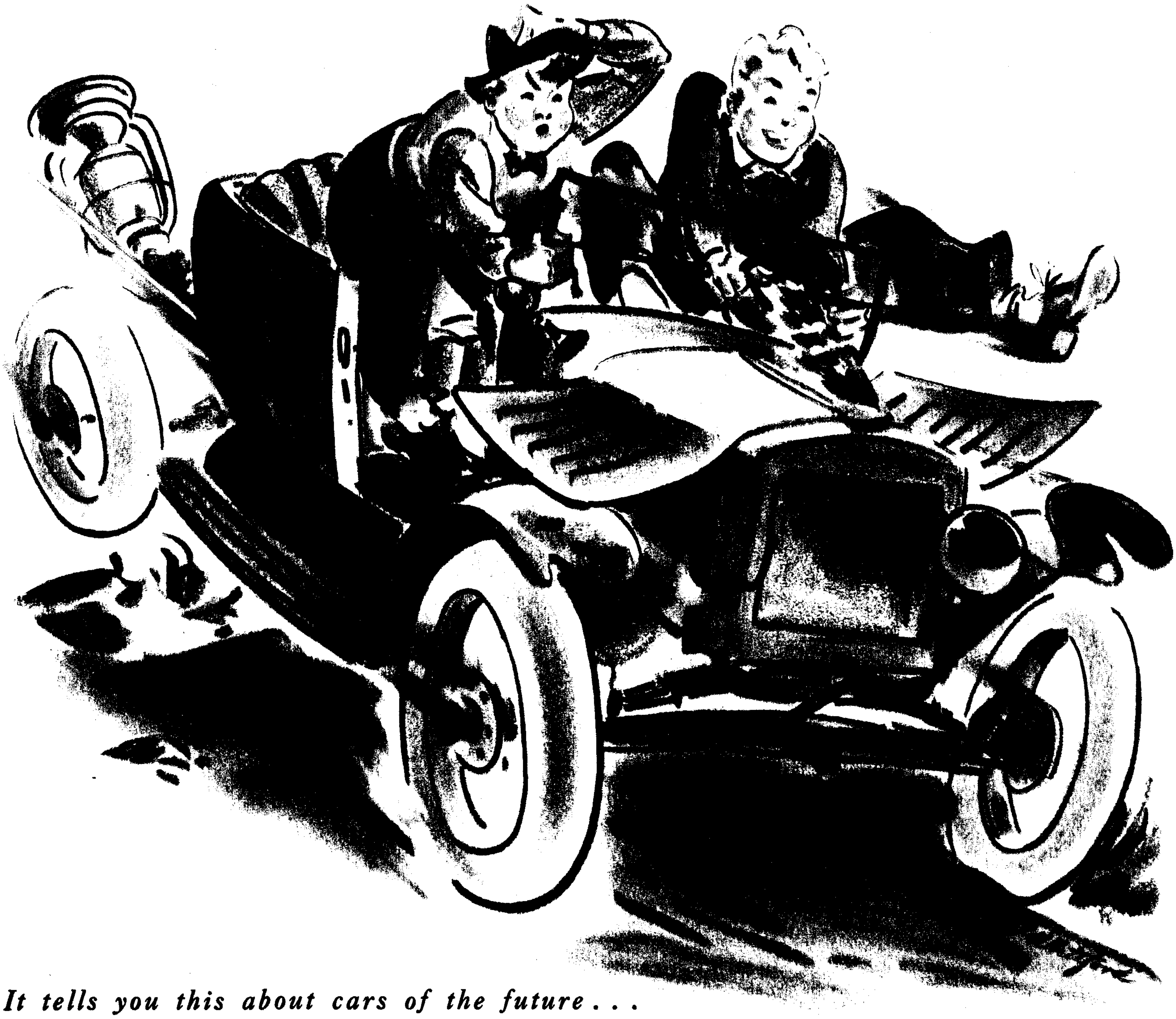
Agnes invited me. I grinned and said Yes. "I'll spend half the time on my ear," I said, "but I've got the soul of a clown."

We kidded about it. The idea sounded like fun. We agreed that it'd just be us: Dana, Agnes and myself.

Then Dana looked at her watch, said, "Oh, dear!" and was off like a shot. I didn't see her again until she and Ricardo swept onto the dance floor.

I took a good look at Ricardo. Even al-

Did you ever ride in Joe's Jalopy?



It tells you this about cars of the future . . .

Your car doesn't have to be heavy to "hold the road".

But Joe's jalopy, stripped to bare essentials, rides like a bucking bronco. That's because it has lost the balance between body weight and chassis weight originally built into it. Now, it is actually being kicked off the road by the bounce of too-heavy underpinnings.

Look at those aluminum buses you've been seeing on the highways for years. Builders used aluminum to reduce body weight, and thus cut operating costs. But they retained riding comfort by also reducing weight below the springs.

So don't judge riding comfort by Joe's jalopy. Cars can and will be lighter in weight and have easy riding, too.

Automobile manufacturers are thinking of these things now because they're working with aluminum on war production. And there'll be enormous quantities of aluminum available for their use after the war.

Aluminum Company of America, 1858 Gulf Building, Pittsburgh 19, Pennsylvania.

ALCOA **FIRST IN ALUMINUM**

lowing for the camouflage which make-up could provide, he didn't show a bruise. I was a little disappointed. I had hit him plenty, and preferred to believe that when I hit 'em, they stayed hit.

Dana rejoined us after the show. As soon as we finished, I shooed Arthur and Agnes out. I knew that was what they both wanted. Dana watched them until they reached the checkroom. She said, "They've got it bad, haven't they?"

There was the usual buzz of dinner checks being paid before the ten-thirty cover charge went on. During all of it, Dana sat quietly. I knew she had something on her mind, and that she'd tell it when she got ready. I didn't have long to wait.

SHE leaned across the table and touched my hand. Just a touch. She said, "I've got news for you, Kirk."

"Good news?"

"I hope you think so." She reached for one of my cigarettes and I held the match for her. She said, "I'm quitting the act."

It didn't register right away. Then I frowned. "You're *what?*"

"I'm quitting. I told Ricardo yesterday that I'd give him a reasonable time, but no more, to find himself another partner."

"Divorce?" I asked eagerly.

"No. As a matter of fact, Ricardo says if I throw him down like this, he'll never give me one."

"Then why . . . ?"

"I've been spineless, Kirk. I've been reaching for the thing I wanted most without being willing to let go of the thing I had. Ricardo has been stalling. I don't mean anything to him as a woman, but I'm egoist enough to believe that I rate pretty high as a dance partner. He wasn't even looking for anybody else. He thought I'd let things rock along."

I said, "There are two sides to that, Dana. Dancing means a lot to you, don't forget."

"There's something else that means more."

"I wish we were alone," I said. "I'd like to kiss you."

She smiled. "I know Ricardo. He's hopping mad. He thinks I'm an ingrate and a fool. Even yet he doesn't quite believe me. He won't believe me until I actually leave. Then he'll lose interest in me. He'll find another partner. And he'd have no reason then for not giving me a divorce."

I said, "Has it ever occurred to you, sweetheart—that he may have another reason?"

"What sort of reason?"

"He could be in love with you."

"You suggested that once before. But he isn't. He's in love with himself and with his profession."

"That isn't the way he's acted. He's impressionable. Yet as far as we know, there's been no other woman in his life."

"How about Candy Livingston?"

"Twenty million dollars," I said. "There's your answer." I traced a pattern on the tablecloth with my fingernail. I said, "I'm not sure you've done the right thing."

"That's why I didn't discuss it with you in advance, Kirk. The way things were, I couldn't see anything but a future that offered nothing. This way, there is at least a chance."

"What will you do?"

"I'll get another partner, too. That won't be difficult. He won't be as good as Ricardo. Nobody is—quite. But I'll find one."

I looked at her steadily. "Does Ricardo associate your decision with our battle royal the other afternoon?"

"Probably."

"Has he made any further mention of his lost luck piece?"

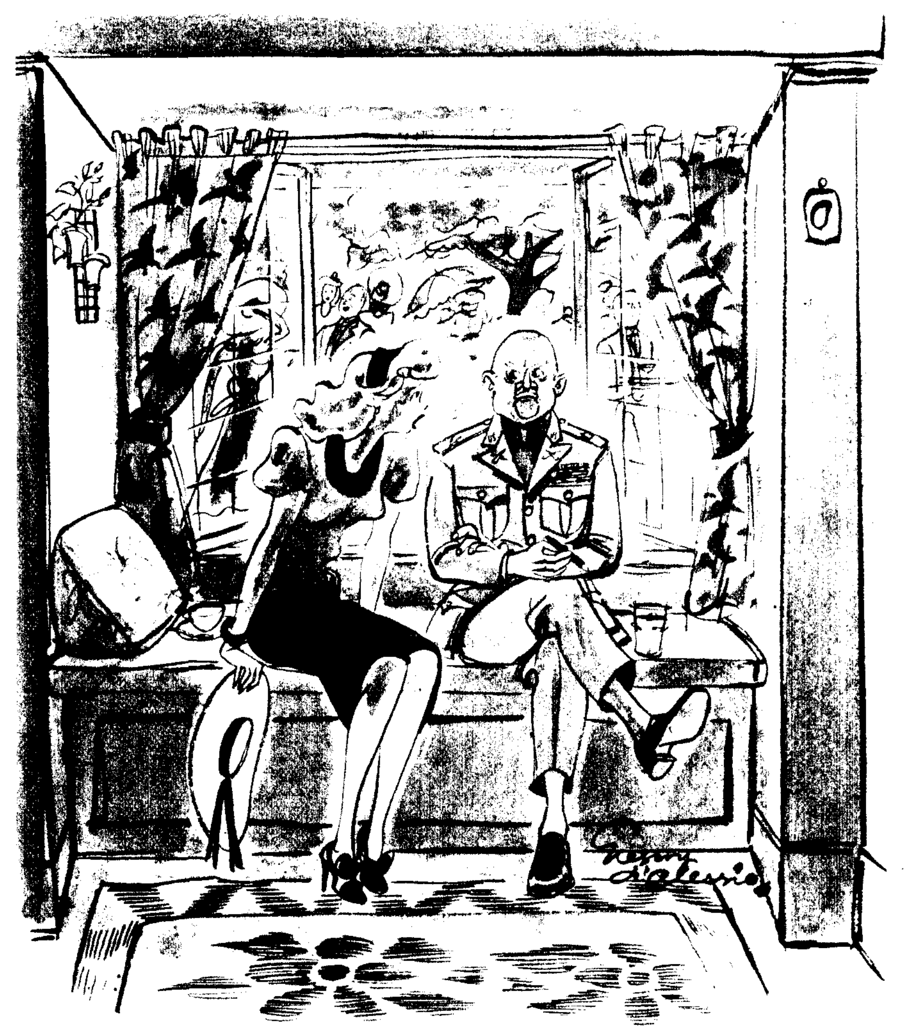
She frowned. "Yes. He's superstitious enough to believe that it ties in with my decision to quit."

"Does he know why you were looking for it?"

"No. He asked, of course. I merely told him that I saw the box on his make-up table and opened it. He doesn't believe me, but he can't prove different, either."

I said, "He has lost his luck piece and his dance partner. I wouldn't blame him for being upset."

WELCOME HOME! **by GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



"By the way, General, could you tell me if there are any pretty girls in the vicinity of APO 775, San Francisco?"

COLLIER'S

Dana said, "You haven't told me that you're glad."

"I don't know what to tell you, darling. I'm glad and I'm worried. I'm glad because I agree with you that, so long as you stayed with Ricardo, our problem wouldn't ever be solved. I'm worried . . ."

"You're worried about what?"

I didn't dare to tell her what I was worried about. What good would it do for her to get the idea that Ricardo might have killed Ethel Brower in the dark believing her to be Dana? It could be wrong.

"Skip it," I said. "The important point is that I feel closer to you already. And I love you more than ever."

She reached for my hand. Her eyes were soft and lovely. "That," she said, "is what I've been waiting to hear."

MONDAY afternoon Dana telephoned me at the office. She reminded me that the skating party was still on for that night, said that she still loved me and asked whether I'd drop by her apartment when I knocked off. I said I would. I said she was a very sweet girl and that I loved her, too. I said I hoped she wouldn't laugh when I started punching holes in the ice with my face.

I left the office on the dot and got to her apartment in nothing flat. She opened the door for me, let me kiss her, handed me a tall drink and told me to make myself comfortable, she had something to show me.

She looked beautiful and happy. Whatever she had on her mind was pleasant. She moved the bridge lamp to the doorway which connected the living room and bedroom, turned it on full and placed it carefully. She told me not to touch it. Then she went into the bedroom and closed the door, leaving me alone with a lot of nice ideas.

I looked at drawings of pretty ladies in a magazine, pastel perfections which somehow lacked Dana's personality. My interest in them was entirely clinical. I wondered what was going on in the other room. I didn't wonder very long, because suddenly the door opened and Dana was standing in the cone of light cast by the bridge lamp.

I had suspected from her manner that something extra special was brewing, but I wasn't prepared for this. She stood in the doorway, her face bright and eager and just a trifle apprehensive. If she had planned to knock me silly, she had succeeded. I knew that this was being staged for my benefit, and that what she wanted was a verdict, so I tore my eyes away from her face and tried to concentrate on her costume.

She was wearing a green chiffon dress sprinkled with golden stars, and she took my breath away. The top part was one of those off-the-shoulder arrangements which defy the law of gravity. Around her neck she wore a green velvet band from which hung an emerald pendant. It emphasized the smooth whiteness of her throat and shoulders. Below the snug waistline, the skirt flowed out like sea foam, spreading wider and wider as it approached the floor. I knew that it was designed to swirl away from her body while she was dancing. At the moment, it fell soft and full about her feet.

Long matching gloves covered her hands and arms, up to the line of the bodice. But the ultimate artistry was achieved by the dramatic touches. Peeping from under the hem of her skirt were slippers of gold satin, and caught in the sweep of curls was a veil of star-studded green gauze and at the side of her head was an emerald clip, flashing against the soft shadows of her hair.

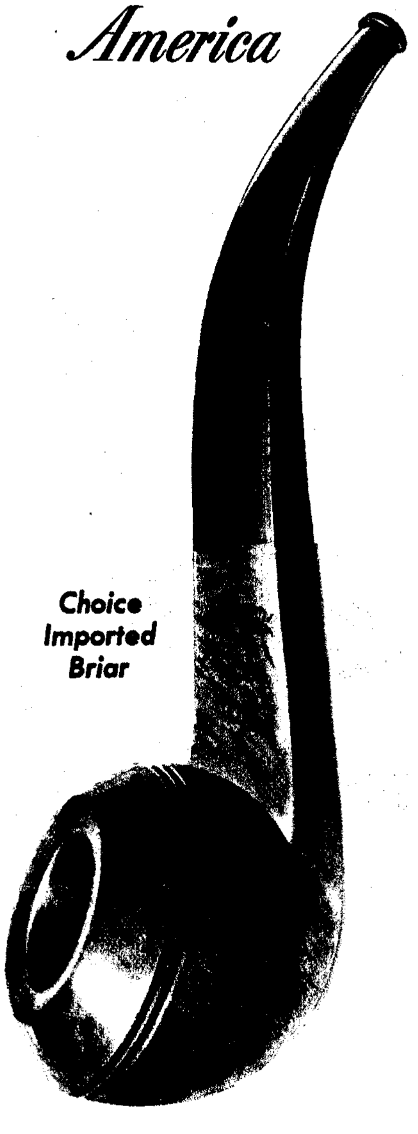
SHE smiled and turned. She turned slowly, like a model. She finished the maneuver and her eyes rested on mine. I said, "Good Lord! you're beautiful!"

Her eyes sparkled. She said, "Go on."

"There's nothing to go on with. Except that you've been holding out on me. I never dreamed you could look like that."

"Like what?"

"Like . . . like . . . how can I say it? Like something out of this world. Like an angel who has been living on a diet of nectar. And at the same time like a warm, exciting woman."



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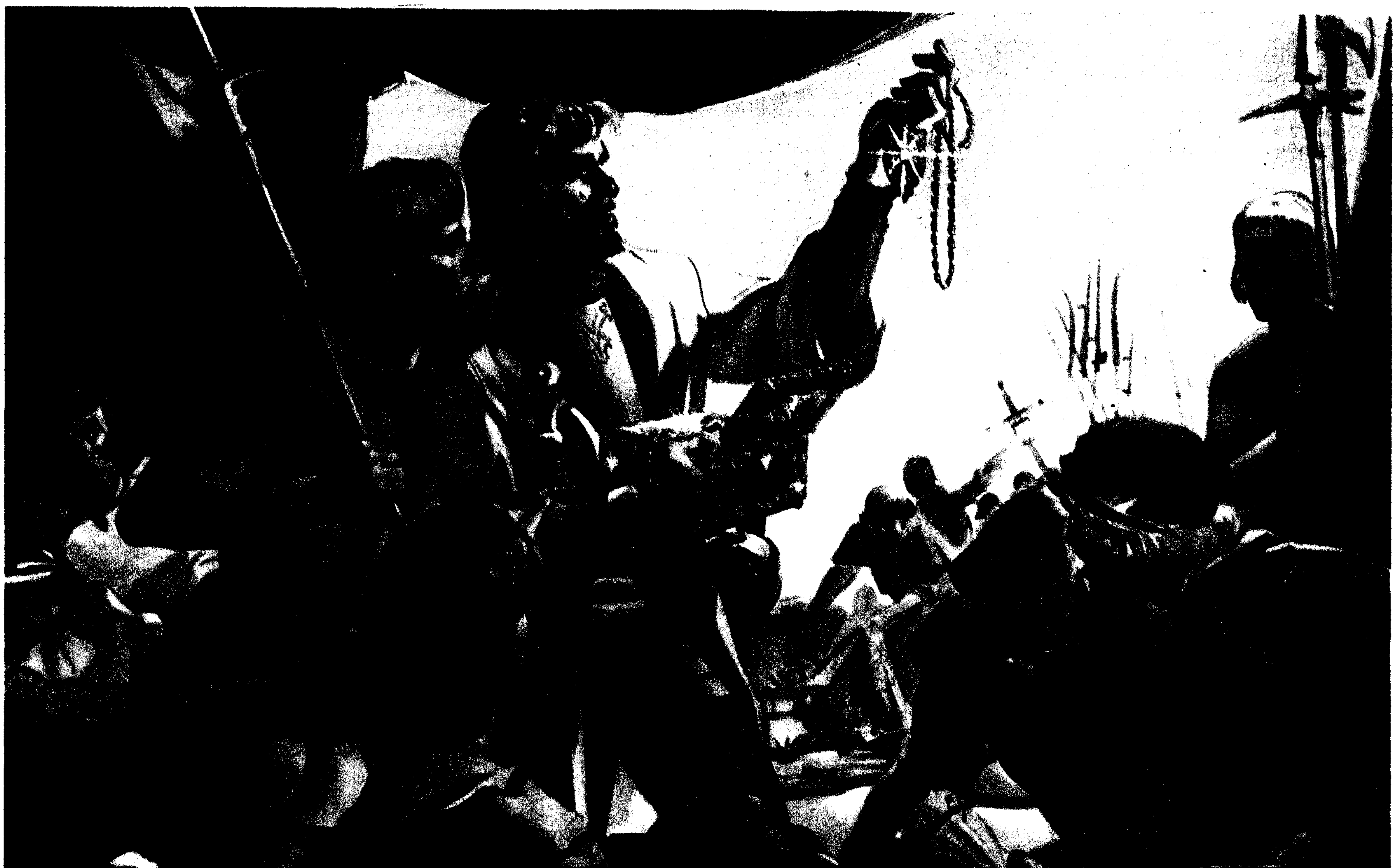

AMONG THE RICHEST rulers of the fifteenth century was Duke Charles the Bold of Burgundy whose sumptuous tent is illustrated above. ★ ★ ★ Today the average American enjoys luxuries that Duke Charles never even heard of. For instance—a glorious whiskey like William Penn—*the Gem of the Blends.*

Fabulous riches—sold for a song . . .

"LOOK, FRANZ, the duke plays with shiny stones like a child—no wonder we beat him in battle." ★ ★ ★ Actually the *shiny stone* was a huge diamond—but the Swiss mountaineers who defeated Duke Charles the Bold and looted his camp were so ignorant of luxury that they had no idea of the great gem's true worth. It was sold for a shilling—which makes it one of the outstanding bargains of history. ★ ★ ★ For many years, men who know their whiskeys have recognized William Penn as an outstanding value—*"the Gem of the Blends."* William Penn sells at a non-premium price, yet gives you every good quality you look for in a more costly premium whiskey. ★ ★ ★ That is why millions say "When" with William Penn.

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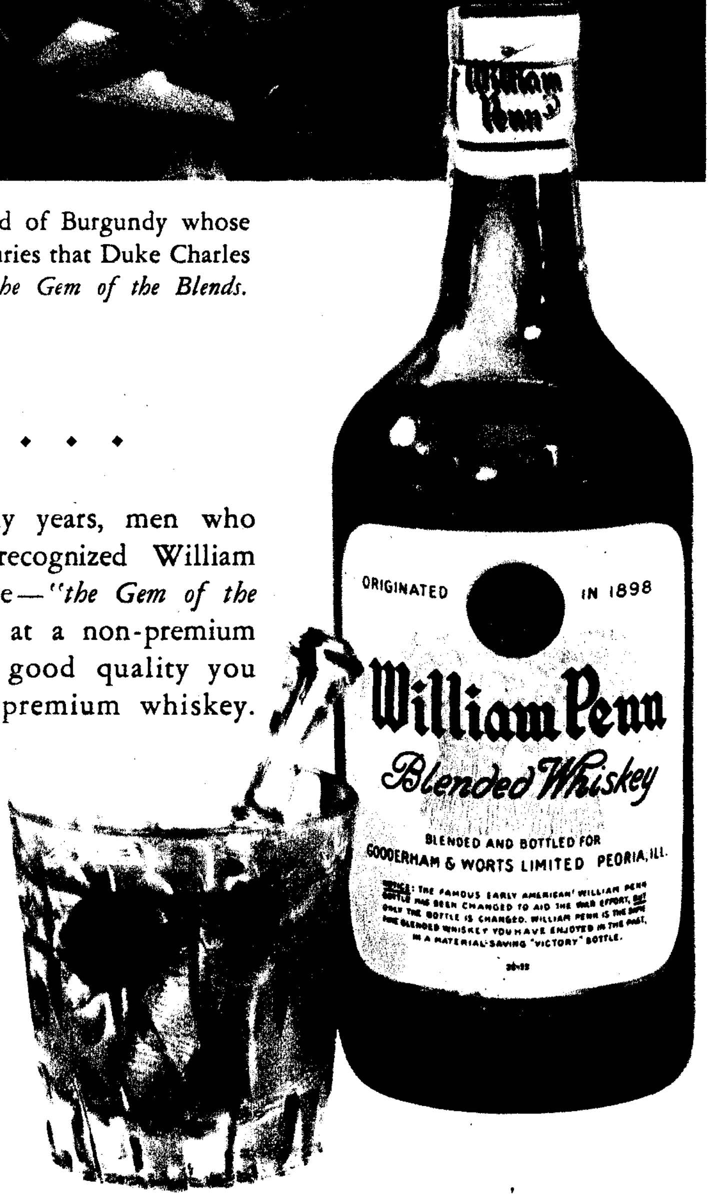

NOTICE: THE FAMOUS EARLY AMERICAN 'WILLIAM PENN' BOTTLE HAS BEEN CHANGED TO AID THE WAR EFFORT, BUT ONLY THE BOTTLE IS CHANGED. WILLIAM PENN IS THE SAME FINE BLENDED WHISKEY YOU HAVE ENJOYED IN THE PAST, IN A MATERIAL-SAVING "VICTORY" BOTTLE.

William Penn

GEM OF THE BLENDS

D WHISKEY — 86 PROOF — 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

"The gown, Kirk. What about the gown?"

"I—I don't know. It isn't the gown and it isn't you. It's the combination. It's the ultimate carried to infinity."

She moved toward me fast. She threw herself into my arms, as thrilled as a little girl at her first party. She said anxiously, "You really mean that, darling?"

"Of course I mean it. What's it all about?"

She stood up again and backed into the light. "I've been worried. I couldn't make up my mind. It's the first green dress I've ever owned. All my life I've been sold on the idea that green simply wasn't for me. My dress designer has been arguing for months. She insisted I was wrong. She insisted on making this for me with the understanding that if it weren't becoming—the color I mean—I wouldn't owe her a cent. That's why I asked you to come over. The dress was delivered less than two hours ago. I want to wear it at the dinner show tonight . . . but only if I'm sure it looks right."

I tried to convince her that the color was right for her and that she'd create a sensation. It took me a long time, but she finally got the idea. She was walking on air when she went back into the bedroom to change into street clothes. When she returned, she had a long, wide pasteboard box under her arm. The new green dress, the shoes and the ornaments were in it. We taxied to the club.

THERE weren't too many people inside. We walked toward the rear, and somebody called me. It was John Ferguson. He was dining with another man at a wall table. They stood up and Ferguson introduced the other man to Dana. She chatted briefly with them, then excused herself and started for her dressing room.

Ferguson invited me to join them for dinner. I said No, and explained about the skating party. Just to make it good, Agnes Sheridan chose that moment to come in, carrying her skates which were attached to white skating shoes.

Maybe I was in an unusually appreciative mood tonight, but Agnes looked prettier than I'd thought was possible. She had on some sort of brown tweed suit with a white sweater underneath. Her beaver coat was swung over her shoulders with the sleeves dangling empty at her sides. A tiny little white hat—a beanie—was perched jauntily on her head and, instead of gloves, she was wearing white, woolly mittens.

There were more introductions. Agnes and Ferguson and the strange man made the conventional meaningless remarks and gestures. Ferguson smiled and made a flattering comment about the work I was doing for him. I liked that. I liked Ferguson. I liked his friend. I liked almost everybody. Then she and I got away and made for my corner table near the corridor.

Dana showed up in the archway and grabbed Agnes. She said, "Better bring your skates back to my dressing room. We'll pick them up after the show. And besides . . ."

"Besides," I said, "she wants your opinion about a gown."

The two girls disappeared. The show had started by the time Agnes came back. She had seen the green dress and was slightly hysterical about it.

Just to make it one big, happy family, Candy Livingston swept in at the head of a party of six. Her arrival was perfectly timed. Once again she grabbed the attention which rightly belonged to the show girls. She and her friends got settled. She saw us and came over. She insisted that we join her. I went into my routine. No could do. Skating party. I didn't ask her to go with us. There was too much danger that she'd accept.

As the time for the Ricardo & Dana act approached, I found myself getting excited. Suppose I'd been wrong about the dress? Suppose Agnes and the modiste had been wrong? I was commencing to understand how such a thing could be important.

The emcee gave them the usual ritzy build-up. I deliberately had refrained from looking at Dana while she was waiting for her cue. My first glimpse of her was on the floor, in Ricardo's arms, the big spot beating down on the green gown.

There was a hush over the place, then a spontaneous burst of applause. It wasn't the dancing: they hadn't gone far enough into the number. It must be the gown. I felt absurdly relieved.

They went through three routines and finished to an ovation. While they were waiting to let the applause die down, Candy Livingston swept past our table and into the corridor. Headed for the powder room, I gathered, but I was slightly resentful that she was walking out before the end of the act.

There was more applause after the encore number. The team took a half dozen bows and then I saw Ricardo go toward his dressing room. Dana stopped at our table. She was flushed and delighted. We all talked about the gown, and then Dana beckoned to Agnes. "Come on back with me while I change. You, Kirk, can join us in ten minutes." The girls went into the dim, drafty corridor and turned left. I enjoyed a moment of utter relaxation.

THEN something happened. Something loud, but not too loud. There was no mistaking that sound.

It was a shot.

There was a split second of silence, then a choked scream. I was on my feet and moving. I knew who had screamed. It was Dana.

People were pouring into the corridor when I got there. Waiters from the kitchen, men and women from the rest rooms. We all seemed to arrive together. We all moved toward the same place.

The first person I saw was Dana. She was standing motionless, one gloved hand pressed against her lips, her eyes wide with terror.

Agnes Sheridan was on the floor.

She was wearing a white sweater under her tweed costume. But the sweater wasn't all white. There was an ugly, reddish-brown spot under the left breast. Her body was motionless. One leg was bent grotesquely under her. The left arm was stretched out, the fingers slightly curled.

I didn't have to look twice to know that she was dead.

(To be concluded next week)

"I think my form's improving since you got rid of your '5 o'clock Shadow'!"

BE SMOOTH!

Start off your day right. Shave with a genuine Gem Blade. Then you know you're neat and smooth—free from "5 o'clock Shadow." Gem is thicker, sturdier, keener. Its deep wedge-edge gets whiskers at the base.

AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH

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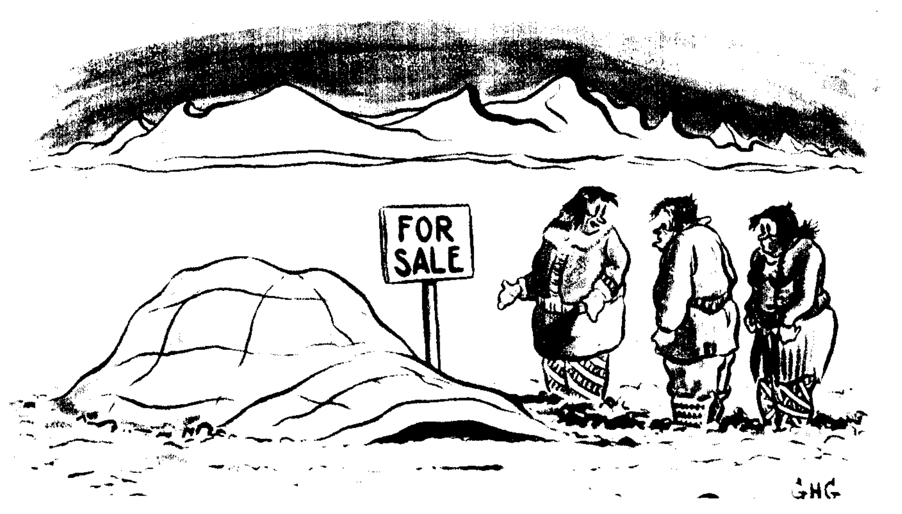
KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE INFANTRY—
The Doughboys are on the job!



"A few buckets of water on a cold night will put it in perfect shape"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

Sportsman's CHOICE

BY HENRY L. JACKSON

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PAGANO, INC.

Gabardine topcoats, in similar model, are made for women as well as for men. The fabric wears exceptionally well and is appropriate with business and sports clothes. An excellent choice for travel wear, it is almost waterproof

THE gabardine was the forerunner of today's coverall. Back in the Middle Ages, it was a cloak extending from neck to foot, and cinched at the waist by a cord or rope. Just how gabardine changed from a type of apparel to a kind of cloth is lost in history, although we know that, as cloth, it was first adapted to modern usage in weather-processed rainwear. It's still your best bet for stormy weather. The Navy chose it for the regulation officer's raincoat; in the Army, though, it's a great favorite among officers in the trench-coat model, and for summer uniforms.

There are gabardines and gabardines, but they have one common characteristic: fine but distinct and closely placed ribs on the face side. Sportsmen swear by it: golfers wearing short, gabardine jackets; fishermen in gabardine vests; professional and amateur skiers for ski pants; horsemen for riding clothes. The reason is that gabardine, with its tight, sturdy and long-wearing surface, sheds water and snow, refuses a foothold to thorns, burrs and briars, and is practically snagproof.

Among the different types are the 100 per cent wool variety (pretty scarce these days), various cotton and wool mixtures, and 100 per cent cotton gabardine. Mixed with fine Egyptian cotton, gabardine takes on a lustrous silky sheen mistakenly called "silk" gabardine.

Synthetic gabardine also is taking its place in the sun. You'll see it in swim trunks and robes; in slacks, shirts and shorts. It makes fine stitched sports hats and good summer neckwear. It packs well for summer week ends.

Although gabardine first won popularity in the so-called natural tan shade, today it is produced in as many colors as there are dyes. Next to tan, the preferred shades are blue, brown, green and yellow. The girls have taken gabardine up seriously, too, and wear something they call gabardine shirtmaker dresses. And they copy masculine rainwear—topcoat suits, shorts, shirts.

British colonials in India wore white gabardine suits extensively, and natives serving in the British Indian forces were uniformed in white gabardine. Unfortunately, dazzling under a tropic sun, it offered a perfect target for the enemy so it was dyed khaki.

The British put a new twist on gabardine for wear in the tropics by making the underside a bright orange or green, the idea being that it deflects the sun's rays. These "Solaro" gabardines, highly popular in India before the war, may be taken up in this country.

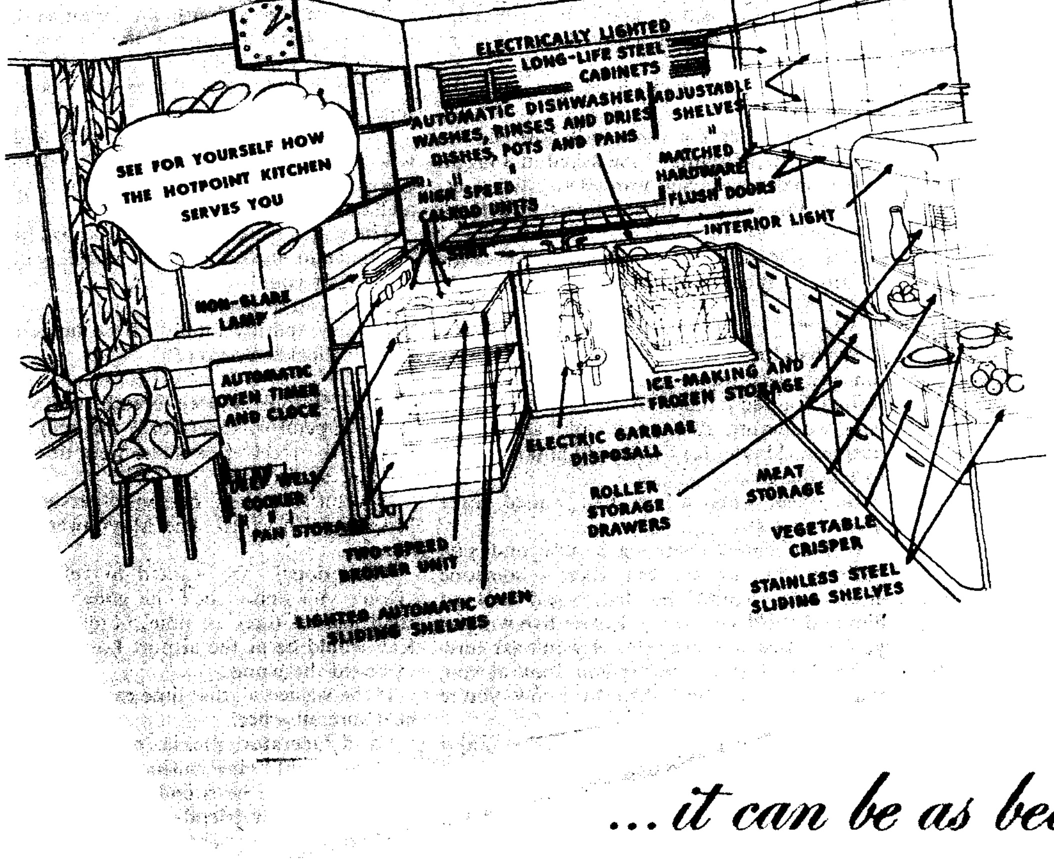
Gabardine is extremely versatile: In light weights, its crisp, cool look makes it ideal for summer. In heavier weights, used for coats and sports clothes, it tailors trimly, retains its shape and press, wears well. It's good goods. ★★★

Off-duty gabardine shirt (above) may be worn for gardening, golfing, lounging, looks well with tie and jacket. Gabardine rainwear (below) is a favorite; many use raincoat for topcoat. Processed jackets are also popular

Young men like trim-fitting gabardine shorts to swim in. The Bermuda shorts of white cotton gabardine are used for all active sports: golf, tennis, sailing, as well as for general lounge wear. Yellow shorts are favored this year

Gabardine tailors well in slacks of wool or rayon blends. Slacks hold crease, combine nicely with colorful tweed sports jackets. They are perfect to wear on vacations, at resorts, over week ends

PLAN *for your next kitchen!*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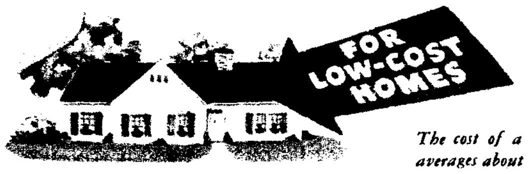
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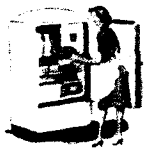

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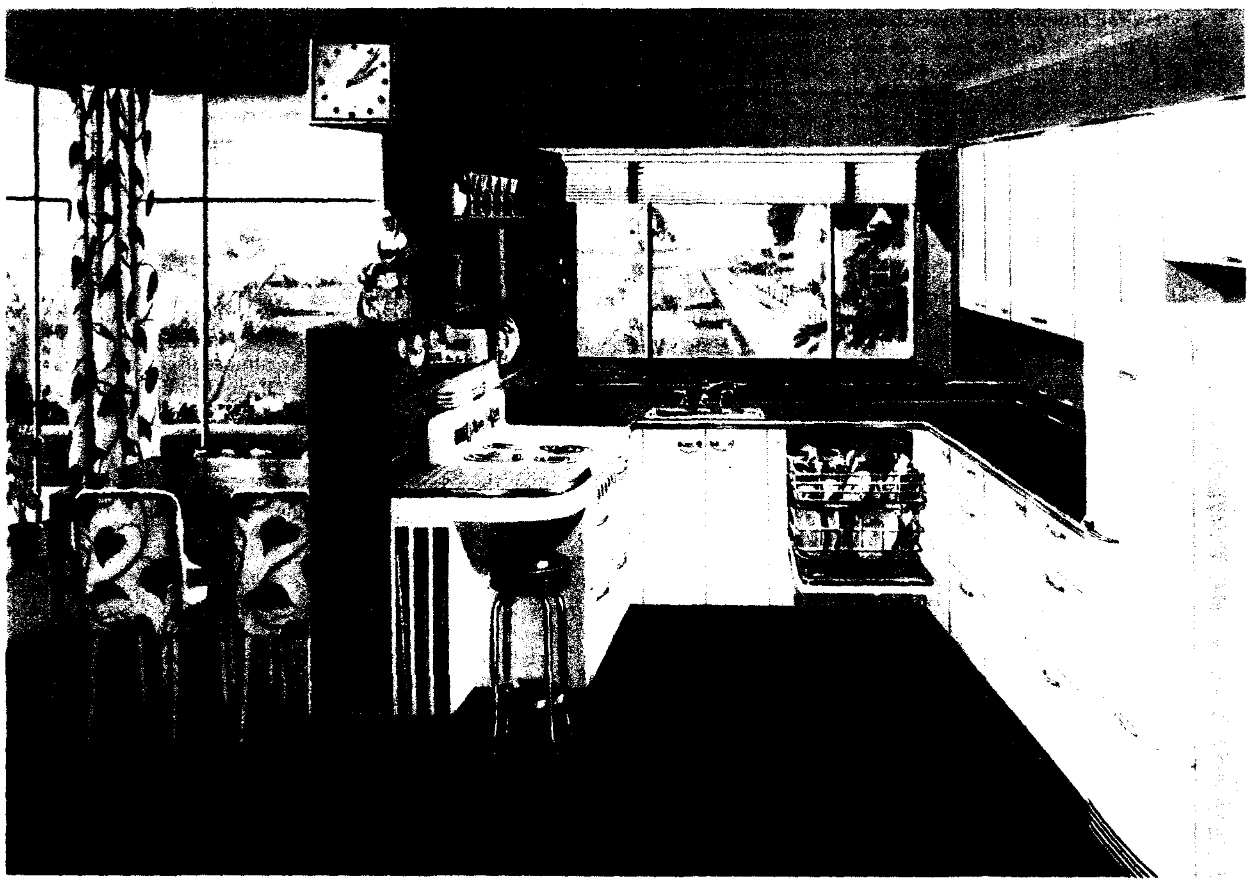

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PERSON *to* PERSON

Continued from page 24

—blond probably—sort of quiet and dignified but as if she knew how to laugh. She wasn't laughing now, though, hearing the major say:

"Kay—how are you? When did you get in?"

Mitzi knew she should switch off then and quit listening; but the way the girl's voice changed stopped her. It had been so sweet and easy on that first hello, but now it sounded stiff and dry.

"This afternoon—with a planeload of convalescents. Why did you call, Phil?"

Something was wrong here, 'way wrong. Mitzi had been an operator, her ears trained to voice and expression too long not to know that.

It was an easy guess that they were in love—and what a shame to spoil it when they had a chance at each other, the kind of chance she and Joey could never have again!

"I had to call, Kay—I had to. I couldn't go down there without talking to you one last time—to try and make you see—"

MITZI glanced around quickly. Nobody was watching and it didn't matter much—did it?—if she got a little closer to these two people—in love, in trouble, too—but both of them alive. Mitzi shoved back her curls and listened and was less lonely.

"We've been through this so many times, Phil—and it doesn't hurt any less. I see, all right. I see that back here I constitute enemy action on the home front. . . . Over there I was the girl who held your head till you got to the hospital and held your hand while *they sewed you up.*"

The major said quietly, "And the girl I fell in love with and would go from here to hell with if I weren't engaged to somebody else—somebody who's waited for me for three years, Kay. Somebody that I couldn't let down any more than I could let you down if you were she."

Kay said, her voice growing deep with emotion and anger, "If it *were* me, I'd want you to let me down rather than marry me, loving someone else. A noble deed's a fine thing but it can't be much fun to live with for a lifetime, or much comfort when the going gets tough. There are ways and ways of being right and wrong."

The major said with unhappy conviction, "I don't know what's right or wrong any more, Kay. . . . So the only thing I can do is stick with the principles we were built on, and brought up with—one of them being that you don't jilt a nice girl or fail a friend. Marion and I grew up together. I don't love her the way I love you, Kay—but I won't hurt her."

"It was nice of you to call at midnight," Kay said bitterly, "to tell me that. I'd like to say goodby now, Phil. My plane leaves out of here at one A.M. I'm not on duty; I'm going out to the Coast to see my people and I'll go back to work there. I know you thought it was a good idea to call, and it's all right . . . even if we didn't get anywhere." Her voice softened then. "If it'll help any, Phil—I'm not proud . . . I do love you. I *always will. Bless you.*"

And then she hung up.

It was a long moment before the major's receiver clicked. Mitzi could just see him, sitting on the edge of the bed, staring at the receiver and looking as a man looks when, if it was a woman, he'd just bust out and cry.

Mitzi felt like crying, too, and it made her mad. Wasn't it hard enough not to cry for her and Joey, without starting to cry for every other poor sucker that had to take a licking?

She clamped down hard on her gum but forgot to chew it. She wished she didn't know how bad people could feel; she might just as well be that girl down there in Washington crying—and it was a cinch she was crying. Mitzi wished she didn't think: Suppose it was Joey sitting up there on the edge of that bed hurting the way the major was hurting. . . .

Mitzi began to chew hard and rang the major back.

"Shall I place the other call now, sir—to Harpersville, Virginia?" she asked in a bright impersonal voice. She wanted to say, "Gee, Major, I'm sorry," but she knew he'd think she was crazy.

"Yes, please, Operator." He spoke dully.

"Just a moment, please. Will you hold on?"

"Yes."

She had to get through by way of Washington and there was a short delay. While she waited for the circuits to clear, she couldn't help wondering about that right-and-wrong business. Maybe Kay was right and he ought to tell the girl.

But, gee, when a girl had waited three years for a guy . . .

If Joey could come back now and say, "Mitzi, I'm willing, but there's someone else," what would she do? She'd look at him and she'd say, "Joey, I can't live without you. . . . Just stay near me—I won't ask anything else—just let me see you, look at you, touch you now and then to know you're real."

Mitzi couldn't be noble like the major and give up the person she loved. Maybe it was because the major knew how much a girl could love a man that he wouldn't tell the party in Harpersville. . . . And he was right. You didn't hurt people who felt like that—not unless you were a so-and-so who shot men like Joey.

Mitzi said sharply to the operator in Richmond, who had a voice that would grow corn in your ears, "Not Harknessville—Harpersville, Operator. H as in Harry, A as in Arthur—well, all right, then—wake up!"

Now Mitzi didn't often do that; but she had to get mad or bawl. And then, just as if Joey had raised an eyebrow at her and said "Easy does it, kid," a slow remembrance of something she'd once said to him in her head came back: I can't live without you. But she was, wasn't she? And doing all right in spite of a gap in her heart that made an ache she was almost used to. Maybe it was easier to do all right and get used to it when all hope of something more was gone. A clean cut was less painful and healed quicker.

But the major now—and that Kay, knowing all the time they were there for each other and then not being able to reach out and touch . . .

"ON YOUR call to Harpersville, Major—I'm ready."

"All right, Operator."

"Miss Marion Jamieson? . . . New York calling. . . Go ahead, please."

"Marion? Phil."

"Why, Phil!" And the voice was light and like a song. "Where on earth are you?"

"New York."

"New York!" That was a shock to her, you could tell. "You didn't let me know. . . . I haven't heard from you in ages."

"I got a scratch—nothing important—and I didn't want you and the family to worry. It was so little I managed to work it so you wouldn't be notified. How are you, honey?"

"Oh, fine—fine, Phil."

She spoke quickly and yet it didn't sound right somehow.

"What's the matter?" The major got it, too.

"Phil . . ." Marion's voice wavered, and then suddenly got little and hard and unhappy all at once. "Phil, I'm married. Carter Brill and I were married two weeks ago. You remember him."

The major answered like a man talking in his sleep, like a dummy, without making much sense. "Oh, yes—of course—a year behind me at the university. Had an orchestra. . . . Navy, isn't he?"

"Was. He was invalided home about three months ago." For a minute Marion didn't say a word. Then her voice got bright again, and she said, "He lost a leg, Phil; but he claims he'd much rather play the piano than walk."

Her laugh was soft and sure. "He swears that when he gets his new leg, he's going to have an accordion put in the joint."

"More power to him!" the major said, and his voice was very strong now.

"Phil—it's all right?"

"Sure, it's all right. Three years is a long time, Marion. I know that."

"It wasn't that, Phil," she said, and her voice had gone soft like a child's talking of Christmas. "It was just that I had a chance—a chance . . ."

The major spoke tenderly. "I know, honey. A chance to make the world whole again for *the two of you.*"

"Phil, you're sweet."

"Honey, tell my family I'll be home soon. I'll call them tomorrow."

MITZI took a deep breath and waited. "Operator, Operator," the major was jiggling the receiver as if she were deaf.

"Yes, sir."

"I want to make a person-to-person call—Miss Kay Crawford, The Mayflower, Washington."

"You dope!" she wanted to yell at him. "Don't you know she'll be gone by now?" He'd lost all track of time; he didn't realize Kay would be at the airport now and about to board the plane.

If she wasted all that time calling the hotel, he'd sure miss her.

"And Operator, please, please don't give me that 'slight delay' business. . . . For heaven's sake"—and he sounded as if Mitzi was his last and only friend—"get her now."

Mitzi knew he wasn't kidding. It all depended on her.

"I'll do the best I can, Major." And then she cut him off dead, knowing he was swearing at her, but gee, she couldn't get to first base, knowing he was hanging by his thumbs from the ceiling and it was up to her to cut him down.

Mitzi drew a deep breath and threw in the plug. She got a circuit to Washington but the airport line was busy . . . it would be! Somebody, not knowing what was going on, *calling to find out if a small red bag with* initials had been located. Mitzi glanced at her watch and saw that it was five minutes to one.

The planes were running on schedule, too; she'd had a call there earlier in the day. In just a few minutes the major's girl would be high in the skies if she didn't do something pretty quick. . . .

Lord, she prayed, and the Operators' Union, forgive me—but here goes.

She buzzed the Washington operator and said crisply, "Will you clear the circuit for a priority call, please? Major Armstead calling the airport from New York."

"Through, New York."

"Miss Kay Crawford, please, boarding the one-o'clock plane to Los Angeles—a priority call. Thank you. . . ."

And the way Mitzi said "Thank you" worked like a charm, for it seemed hardly more than two minutes before there was that soft, full voice again saying, "Hello," in a wondering sort of way.

Mitzi plugged in the major's number and got him on the line.

"On your call to Washington, sir—we are ready."

The major was ready, too; the way he said, "Kay, darling," made Mitzi's heart fill. It even reached the gap that Joey alone had held, and a bright new knowledge came to her: There wasn't only one kind of love in the world. There was this kind, too, warm and sweet, knowing she'd helped. . . .

"Phil . . . Now what?"

"Now everything, sweetheart. Now the world—and it by the tail. Marion's married. And I'm free."

"Oh, Phil . . ."

The way she said it made you tingle. . . . Just like in the movies—the kind when Joey would breathe deep afterward and squeeze Mitzi's hand and say, "Gee, that was swell."

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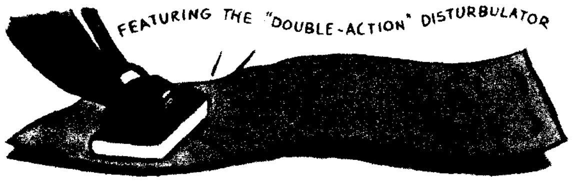

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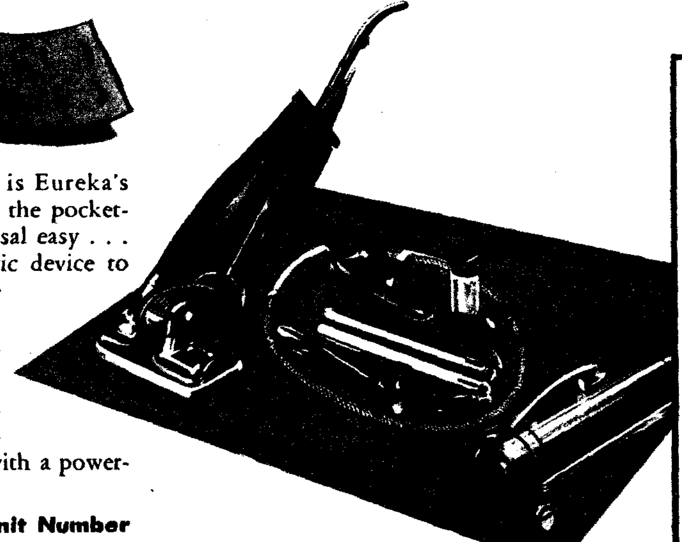

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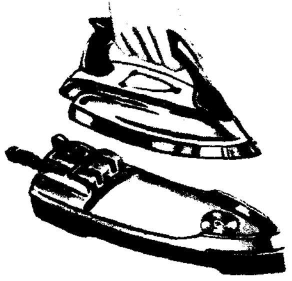

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The Small Sound of Applause

Continued from page 13

Kiplinger," she said, "but did you call me?"

"Get me Max Grannick on the Pax," he said, "and on the way out would you be good enough to close the door?" He had let her see enough of this particular picture. A scene or two was always sufficient. It was wonderful, out here, how you could always count on people without any imagination to do a lot of imagining. As soon as he left, she would call Harry Lyons' secretary, and Lyons' secretary would call that Diamond girl over at Metro, and on it would go until it became a feature-length film . . . perhaps, by the time it got back to him wrapped up neatly in applause, a double feature. That Kiplinger. I'm . . . telling . . . you.

The extension rang and he picked up the phone. "Max? Rob Kiplinger. . . . Swell, tootsie, swell . . . Max, I . . . No, I mean it, Max, I don't usually go overboard for farce comedy but this time . . . Yes, Max, a very lovely job . . . Max, I have a girl sitting here next to me, name is Janice Barker . . . That's right. . . . You haven't huh? Well, then you haven't been reading the papers, tootsie. . . . Plenty of stage experience, played with Gertie Lawrence, couple of Guild shows, and why should I tell you how beautiful she is when you'll see that for yourself? . . . Just what you've been looking for, Max. . . . Of course, I've seen her. . . . Sure. . . . I caught her last year in Boston when I was . . . What? . . . (What was the name of that show, honey?) . . ."

"Louder and Funnier," she said eagerly.

"Louder and Funnier, Max . . . That's right . . . My idea was, give her a stock contract to start, put her through the works and let her carry the ball from there. . . . What? . . . Well, what do *you* think? You oughta know better than to ask *that*. . . . Sure . . . in water colors, too. . . . Uh huh . . . Swell, that's fine . . . (Take this down, honey) . . . Ten o'clock tomorrow morning. . . . Through Gate 3. . . . Ask for Miss Trueman . . . Max, I love you . . . Thank you, baby."

"OH, MR. KIPLINGER," the girl squealed when he had hung up. "Ferdie Saxon was right. You are wonderful!"

"You don't have to worry about a thing now, honey," he said, without smiling. "Just look pretty, don't speak unless you're spoken to, keep your ears open till you find out who's important and who's just acting important, and you're in. And if you don't follow my advice, that won't matter either, because Max Grannick doesn't know how to say 'no' to me."

She laughed a little hysterically and said, "I know this sounds silly, but really how can I ever thank you?"

The door was closed, so Kiplinger just looked at the desk clock, whose base bore an inscription: "To a Great Guy," and said, "The first thing you can do is drag me out of this office."

They stepped out into the anteroom.

"I'm leaving now," he said to Miss Delmar, who tried, with little success, to take her eyes off the girl. "I had a tentative engagement with Leslie Stiles for dinner tonight. If he calls, tell him how sorry I am that I couldn't make it. I'll be at the hotel all evening if he wants to call me. But only if it's urgent. I'll leave that to you, Miss Delmar."

He took the girl's arm as they walked out and he could hear Miss Delmar dialing her phone before he was halfway down the corridor to the elevator, and without ever having heard her personal calls he was certain he knew what she'd be saying, for a producer can be a hero to his own secretary if he's the wrong kind of man and she's the right kind of secretary.

"Mr. Kiplinger," the girl was saying, "I really don't want you to break your dinner date and go to all this trouble just for me. Honestly."

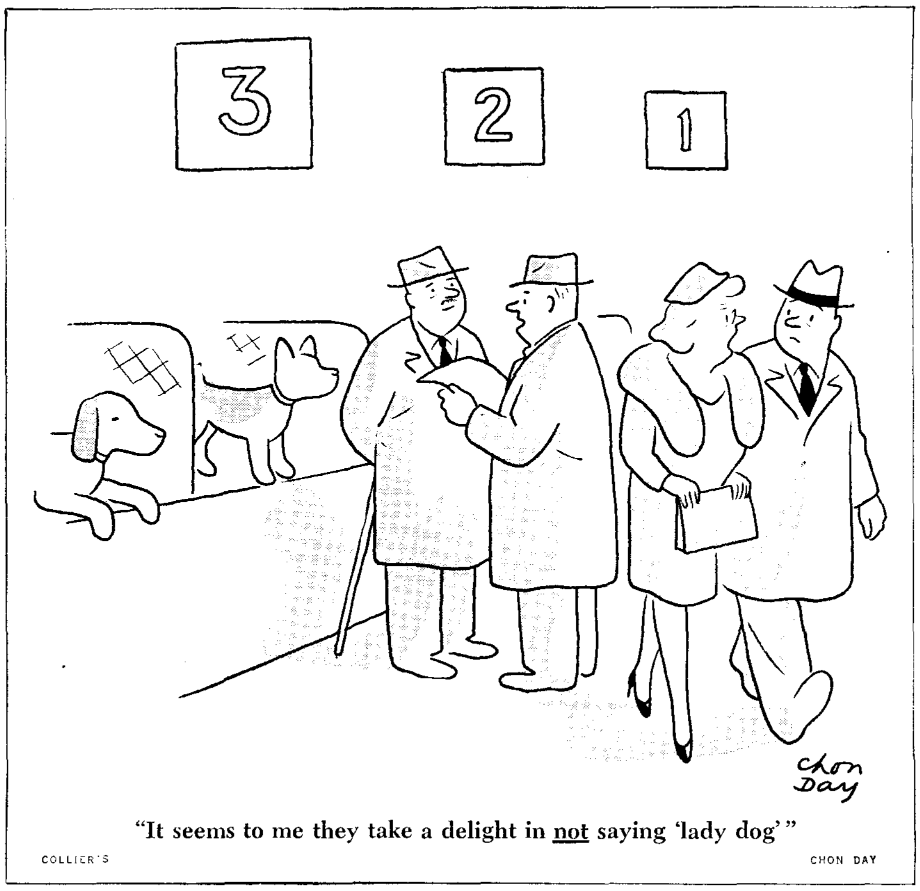
"Don't talk nonsense," was all he said, though what he might have said was, don't talk nonsense, I had no date with Leslie Stiles. . . . I haven't spoken to Leslie Stiles in four weeks, and he is, this very minute, three thousand miles from here, in all probability having dinner in Lindy's. . . .

Outside, the early evening air was toying with the idea of fireplaces and extra blankets, and Kiplinger stood with the girl for a moment before the entrance to the sprawling white building until Harry Davis, who drove the studio limousine, spotted them and pulled up to the curb. Harry had once been a studio stunt man and had gone over a cliff on a motorcycle once too often. And so now he clung to the pay roll as semiprivate chauffeur to a favored few at the studio and there was a tacit understanding that he was to endure the agony of using his legs to jump out and open the door only for Max Grannick.

He tipped his cap, turned the scar tissue of his face toward the girl, smiled happily and said, "Evening, Chief. To the hotel?"

Kiplinger said, "No, Harry, the Brown Derby," and Harry's smile collapsed. Kiplinger added, "We'll go to the Derby first." The smile returned.

The girl was staring silently out of the window and finally Kiplinger said, "Does that sound all right to you, honey? The Derby . . . a few cocktails . . . a little chatter . . . early dinner . . . and then up to my place to get that pretty little nose of yours down on drawing paper. . . ."



"It seems to me they take a delight in not saying 'lady dog'"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

"That sounds fine to me, Mr. Kiplinger. I'd love to," he heard her say to the window, but he did not analyze the tone of her voice too carefully nor did he look right at her as she spoke. For he was afraid that she'd turn toward him and that he'd have to look into her eyes and wonder again whether his name was Karloff, so instead he watched Harry adjusting the rear-view mirror to go with the sound track. . . .

THEY sat at a table near the door and ordered Martinis and everyone who walked past the table looked first at the girl, then at Kiplinger and back to the girl, and many whom Kiplinger knew only casually, and who usually had nothing to say to him, came over to the table and said it.

"Is there anyone you *don't* know?" the girl asked. "Is it always like this?"

"Not always," he said, thinking: It won't be like this the day after they sneak preview The Velvet Glove in Carmel. It wasn't like this for two whole weeks after Wherever You Are was reviewed in the trades. It wasn't like this last night, either. Last night he had dined alone.

One Martini was enough to de-ice her, and during dinner she told him of a young man named Larry who wrote unsuccessful popular music and who had asked her three times to marry him and she spoke of him just as though she were not fond of him and Kiplinger knew it was because she thought he would like that, and all the time, though he was listening to her, he was thinking only that she was painfully beautiful and ridiculously young and that if she stopped talking for a moment she would probably feel like crying. And it did not make him feel any better to know that he would not blame her.

SAM SKOLZI sat down at their table, swallowed two aspirin tablets and asked Kiplinger to tell him something funny for the column but he did not look at Kiplinger as Kiplinger recited a few anecdotes and when he left he had not taken down a word. An actor's agent was polite and charming and drunk, and a Broadway producer was honest and said simply, "I'm delighted to meet you, Miss Barker," but he let slip a few inappropriate Anglo-Saxonisms in talking with Kiplinger so the girl excused herself from the table to powder her nose. Then Abner Good, a small, scholarly-looking man, ambled over.

"Rob," he said, "it's nice to see you wallowing in this protoplasmic ooze again. Where you been? Gimme something on The Velvet Glove, anything you want. I'll work it into Friday's column."

Kiplinger said, "Abner, I could tell you that it's going to be a sleeper . . . a great psychological thriller . . . better than Hitchcock. . . . But I won't tell you that because you'll know I'm lying and besides you printed that last week. So let's not waste time. Get out your pencil."

Abner Good took out a small leather-bound pad and a little gold pencil. He wrote a Hollywood column for a New York racing paper and Broadway columnists appropriated his scoops regularly.

"Her name is Janice Barker," Kiplinger said. "B-A-R-K-E-R. Actress, nineteen, will be signed by Grannick tomorrow. I met her this afternoon." He watched Good scribble on the pad.

Good looked up at him. "And?"

"And what?" said Kiplinger, as though he didn't know.

"And?" said Good.

"And I promised her I'd do her portrait for her tonight. After dinner."

Abner Good smiled at his pad. He put it back carefully in his pocket and said, "Thanks, Rob." Kiplinger watched him walk away and he wondered whether Ferdie Saxon would be the first to mail him the clipping.

When the girl returned to the table with fresh makeup and each hair in place, he called the waiter.

"I'm leaving, Paul," he said to the smiling white teeth, "but I was expecting a call here from a Mr. Nick Grandy. Would you please tell the switchboard that if anyone by that name calls for me, I'll be at my hotel all evening. She has the number. Remember that . . . Nick Grandy . . . my hotel."

"You bet, Mr. Kiplinger, I certainly will do that," said the bright teeth. Kiplinger walked out, holding the girl by the arm, and pretended not to see Paul whispering to the hatcheck girl and he thought what a wonderful joke it would be if Nick Grandy called him at the Brown Derby that night, because he did not know a Nick Grandy.

The limousine was waiting for them.

"I got back just in time," Harry explained as they stepped in. "You know them two writers what's always makin' trouble on the lot? Well, tonight, they're so knocked out from playin' gin all day I hadda lug 'em over to the Turkish baths. But I got back in time, hey, Chief? Leave it to Harry. The hotel, Chief?"

"Right."

"Yeah, I says to myself, Mr. Kiplinger'll be wantin' me in an hour or so, so I hustle them two guys out there in a hurry and beat it back just . . ."

"I'm glad you did," Kiplinger said. Harry knew practically everyone in the industry and he had a big mouth. "You're a good man, Harry."

"Thanks, Chief," said Harry, adjusting the mirror.

After they had gone several blocks in silence, Kiplinger finally asked the girl, "Happy?"

And she said, "Of course."

HE LOOKED out of the window at the far-off lights twinkling up in the hills for there was no place else to look except at the girl or at the back of Harry's head, which was at alert attention, or at Harry's eyes in the rear-view mirror. So he looked out of the window and wondered whether it was really true that Harry knew more about what went on at the studios than Louella Parsons, and then they were pulling into the driveway, past the wide green lawns, now decolored by the darkness, up to the entrance of the hotel.

"This is it, Chief," said Harry. "Twelve minutes flat and I coulda done it in ten if that shomiss wasn't giving me the hawk-eye when I was gettin' set to jump the bell."

"Nice work, Harry," Kiplinger said, handing him a ten-dollar bill as they got out. "Buy the wife a new mink coat."

"You bet, boss. Much obliged." He grinned once more at the girl, and then he drove off.

They stood on the walk before the hotel until the car was out of sight and then Kiplinger turned suddenly to the girl and took hold of her hands and he didn't mind now that they were cold.

"Honey," he said, smiling, "thank you, thank you, thank you."

She laughed a little nervously. "I'm afraid I dont quite get it. Thank *me* for what?"

"Oh . . . let's just say . . . for walking into my office this afternoon, for having dinner with me tonight, for sitting at my table, for riding by my side in Harry's limousine . . . for coming here . . ."

It was too dark to be certain, but he imagined that her eyes were more bewildered than frightened.

He said, "You did enjoy yourself, didn't you?"

And she said, "Well, yes, Mr. Kiplinger, of course."

"And you did want to get into pictures more than anything else in the world, didn't you?"

"Why . . . yes . . . and you don't know how grateful I am, really. I . . ."

"Oh, but I do, honey," he said. "I certainly do. You told me yourself. You said that you once told Ferdie Saxon you'd do *anything* to get into pictures."

She looked away, and he said, "You know something; I was that way once myself. I wanted something badly. That is, there was a somebody I wanted to be. Well, for a while I was young enough and stupid enough to think I was going to get where I wanted, and then I found out it just wasn't going to be. So I made up my mind I'd do anything to get there. And you know what? I got there. Only, I found out something that no one ever told me: getting what you want isn't worth a damn unless the way that you get it is good. And holding onto it is even worse. . . ."

"Don't . . . Please . . ." she blurted out. He wouldn't know if there were tears in her eyes. It was so long since he had seen anything but glycerine. "Mr. Kiplinger, I . . ."

"No, let me finish," he said. "Tomorrow morning you are going to be given a small job in pictures. It won't be much, but it'll be a beginning. Whether you get anywhere, or lose out, will be entirely up to you. You are beautiful, but out here that is nothing. If you also have talent, or good luck, you will get where you want. But I want you to make me a promise."

"All right," she said, in a very small voice.

"I want you to promise me that if you turn out to be without talent or good luck, you will fail."

She smiled and said, "I promise."

"Good," he said. "And now that I have gotten you a low-paying, nerve-racking job with a talentless studio run by a barbarian named Max Grannick and have exposed you to an evening of brilliant boredom, topped off by my own Grade B speech, I am going to ask you to do me a favor. That is, I want you to keep a deep, dark secret for me. Every girl I've ever asked to keep a secret has managed to do it." He walked her over to a cab parked in the driveway. "Be at Grannick's office at ten sharp. Miss Trueman likes people who are punctual. Get plenty of sleep tonight. Wear your hair loose, the way you have it now, and for Pete's sake, smile when you walk in."

"What's this?" she asked pointing to the cab.

"That's your cab home," he said. He opened the door. "Go on, honey. . . . In."

She got in the back seat and held the door open. "But . . . but I thought there was a secret? And aren't you going to do my portrait? I thought . . ."

"Sure, I'm going to do your picture, honey. I always do."

"But how . . . ?"

"That's the secret, honey, and all I ask is that you please be good to it." He shut the door and looked down at her through the open window. "I'm going to do your portrait from memory," he said. "Just like I've done them all. From memory."

He looked into her eyes and they were smiling now with the rest of her face and she was even more beautiful than he had thought.

"You do believe me, don't you?" he said.

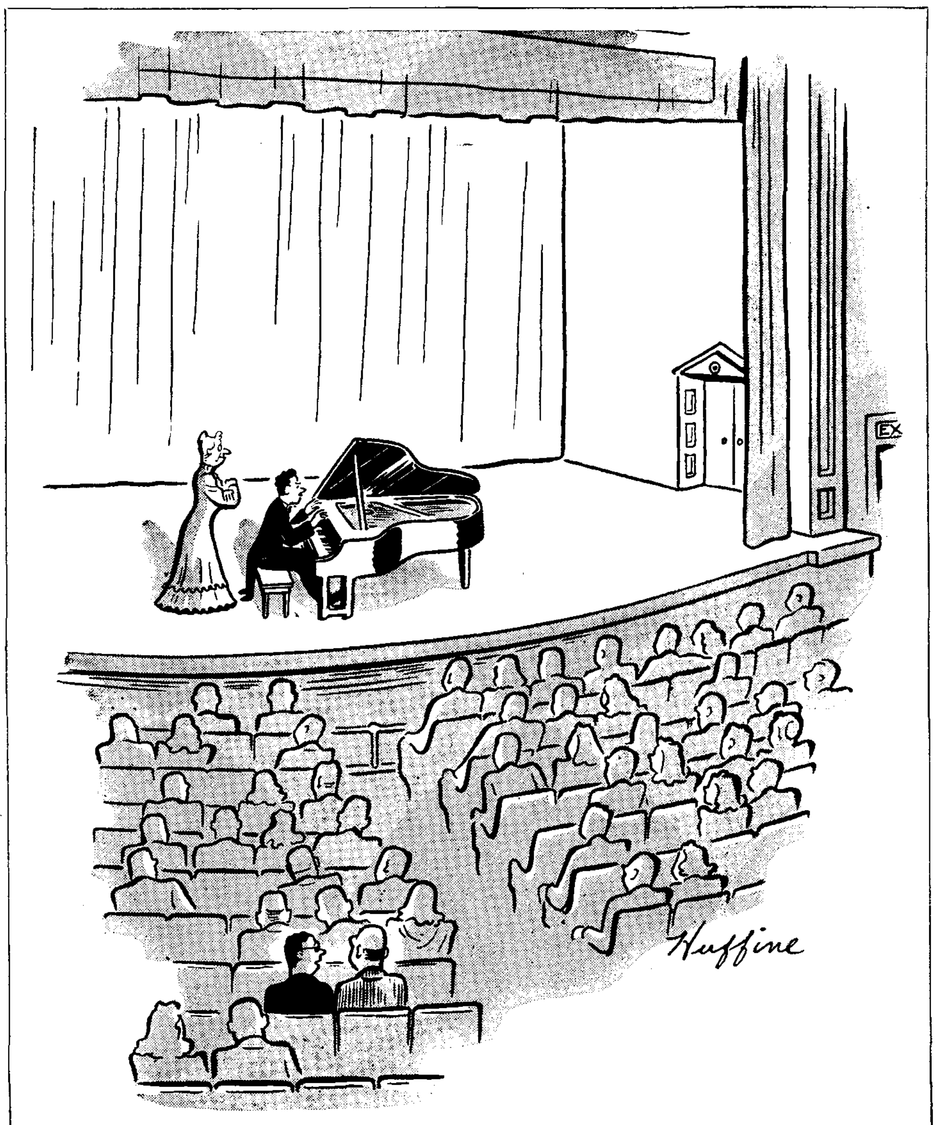
And she said, "Yes, Mr. Kiplinger, I believe you," and somehow he felt she really did and he was glad she did, though he knew that it did not matter one way or another.

He said, "One more thing, honey. If your friend Larry asks you a fourth time, why don't you say yes while the music he's writing is still bad? Think about it, will you?"

He started walking away, and she called to him: "It's a deal."

HE WALKED through the lobby to the elevator and already he was thinking of what brush he would use and what colors he would mix for her hair and how he would capture her eyes as they had been a minute ago. He was no longer tired, and he had an idea this was going to be a good one, perhaps even better than any of the others and they had been fine jobs, too. And as he went up in the elevator he thought how nice it would be to stay in his apartment for weeks—no, forever—and do nothing but paint, but he knew that that would never be, so he started thinking of the note of appreciation to Ferdie Saxon he would dictate in the morning, and how Miss Delmar would be able to thrive on it for days, and how he would have nothing to worry about now until The Velvet Glove was released, and how even then he would not have to worry because by then there would be another wonderful subject walking in. . . .

THE END



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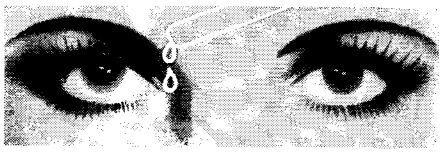
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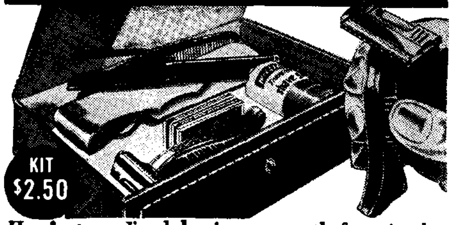
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Any Week

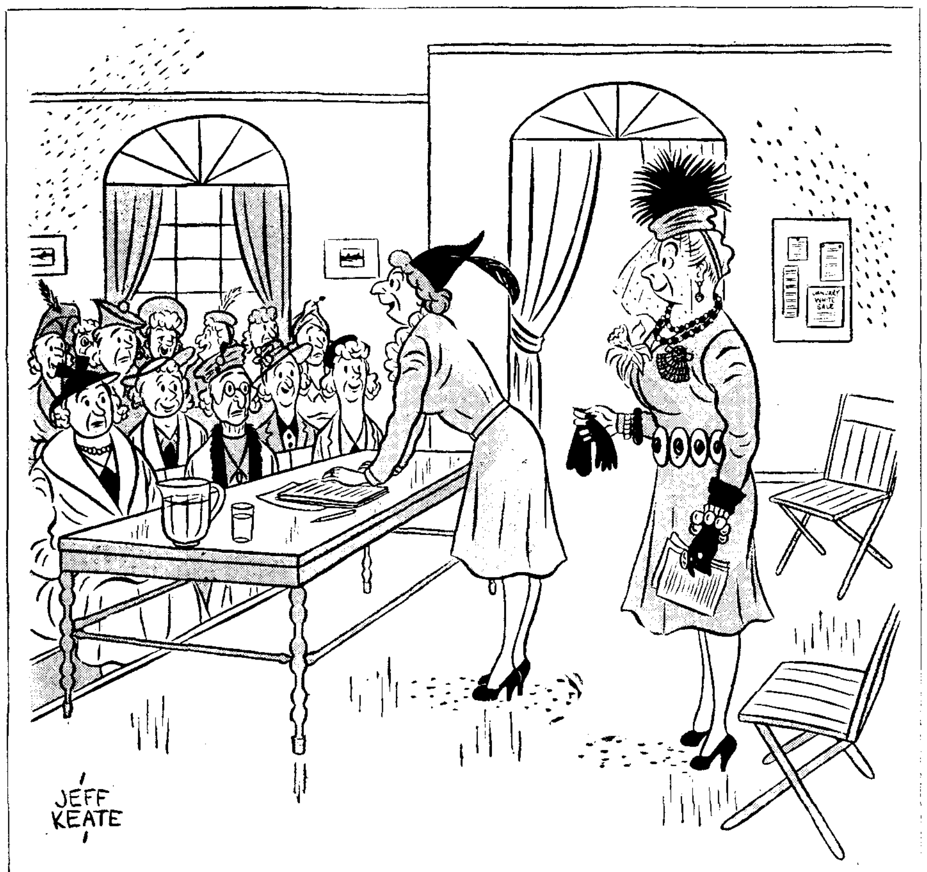
Continued from page 4

is, and that all we do is sweat out one situation after another. We don't want letters about rations, and if I could find my brother I would be the happiest person in the world. When I get a letter from home I want to hear about my business, about everything having anything to do with the U.S.A., and everything I left which means so much to me. Put this in your column and help every G.I. in the world." Okay, Sherman, it's put.

WANT ad from the Honolulu Advertiser: Young haole man mechanically inclined will go anywhere any time. No dependents. No scruples.

FROM Hot Springs, Arkansas, Mr. Harry Burtt Andhers demands that some attention be given his father who is eighty-eight years old. Mentally, says Mr. Andhers, his father isn't a day over eighty-five and "in his time he has written more than 6,500 letters to editors, all of them exactly the same to wit: 'What the hell are you trying to do anyway? Haven't you ever read the Monroe Doctrine?' " The elder Andhers has also written thousands of letters to school superintendents demanding invitations to address school children on the Monroe Doctrine, but has had no replies.

AND our correspondence this week includes a dispatch out of South Norwalk, Connecticut, from Colonel Stoopnagle, who says the postal zone system has confused him so much he addresses a West Coast friend of his as follows: "Hollywood (46), Cali(4)nia." And our roommate, Mr. Ulrich Calvosa, who presides over the photographic details of this publication, is in receipt of a telegram from Photographer Roy Pinney, who is not one to rest on either his laurels or his oars. "Available for assignment," Mr. Pinney wires, "within 12,500-mile radius." Lastly, a bundle of pictures just arrived from Jim Marshall, our Hollywood cohort. On the outside of the package, in Jim's own hand, was written: "Rush. Must Keep Off Planes. Use Trains for Speed." For the moment, that disposes of Hollywood, photographs and allusions to our overtaxed transportation systems. . . . G. W.



COLLIER'S

"Mrs. Dineen will talk to us on how we can avoid foolish spending during wartime"

JEFF KEATE

Battle of the Airports

Continued from page 23

links, swimming pools, children's playgrounds, bridle paths, ivy-covered clubhouses —and hidden by high, neatly trimmed hedges.

Four years ago, America had only 76 major airports—airports with runways over 3,500 feet. Intercity competition, cheered on by the prospects of state and federal aid, already has driven this figure above 850, excluding strictly military fields. Jet propulsion eventually may reduce the importance of runway length, but most new runways range from 4,000 to 5,500 feet, and some are 7,500 and 10,000 feet. Five to ten years after the war, we'll have more than 1,500 major airports—not all of them as large as Idlewild, but many of them several times larger than today's largest.

In addition, 4,800 secondary airports will bring flying to 88 per cent of our counties, or twice as many local communities as had air service before the war. And many of these airports will be able to accommodate the largest of our regular prewar transports.

Our larger cities are financing several hundred of these secondary airports in rural or suburban areas for private flying and to guarantee a steady flow of passengers and freight into their major terminals. Los Angeles, for example, will spend $32,000,000 on a string of 41 such feeder air strips within its own county limits.

Most secondary airports, however, are being financed locally in our small cities and towns. The same fear of oblivion which has driven our larger cities into the Battle of the Airports has also hit these small communities of only eight or ten thousand. Hundreds of such communities fear that to be by-passed by the airlines in the future may be as disastrous as it was to be by-passed by the railroads almost a century ago.

The nightmare haunting many of our larger cities is that their new air terminals eventually may grow into Frankenstein monsters which will devour the mother cities. So

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some of these cities, rather than risk losing population and business to new airport communities like Idlewild, are planning to build their new airports in the very heart of the mother city.

Chicago has such a plan, although it is uncertain whether it is practicable. Several large slum areas would be leveled on the edge of the congested Loop district to make way for new 2,800-foot air strips, within easy walking distance of Chicago's own hotels, theaters, office buildings and department stores.

The first of these Chicago metropolitan airports, capable of handling 500 planes daily, probably would be reserved for commercial and private planes operating only within Chicago's own immediate trade area. But if this plan is successful, additional strips of greater length would be carved out of the face of the city to make way for cross-country express liners and perishable air freight.

A Limit to Everything

But Chicagoans realize that the metropolitan air-strip plan also has its Frankenstein possibilities. There's a limit to Chicago's downtown slums, and after that, come a lot of perfectly good, taxpaying buildings which no one proposes to tear down, not even the airport architects. So Chicago also is planning to enlarge its outlying Municipal Airport to accommodate more than eight million passengers annually.

These rambling runways eventually will be able to handle a peak of 3,200 planes daily, and would still be within a few minutes of the downtown air strips by helicopter. But Municipal also will employ 20,000 or more workers who'll soon tire of commuting from Chicago. Chances are that they and their families will settle down somewhere around Municipal, and Chicago will end up with a new airport city whether it wants to have one or not.

Boston, however, may be more successful in trying to keep its major airport near present centers of business and entertainment. Logan International, which is less than fifteen minutes from the Hub by bus, faces on Boston Bay and can be enlarged indefinitely by dredging from the harbor. The largest dredges in the world already are at work on a $25,000,000 program which will treble Logan's present facilities.

And being 200 miles closer to Europe than any other large American city, Boston is hopeful of outbidding Idlewild and other East Coast airports for the bulk of postwar transatlantic air traffic.

But for unblushing ambition, top honors among our cities probably go to Miami where proud city fathers have declared war on every other airport in the country. Not content to be our major port for air traffic to South America and Africa, Miami is even challenging our West Coast cities for traffic to the Orient.

"Planes of the Army Transport Command," says Miami's Mayor Leonard K. Thomson, "are proving conclusively that Miami is the natural air gateway to the Far East. They're flying regular schedules from here to India every day."

Miami's taxpayers are backing up Thomson's salesmanship with $20,000,000 worth of airport improvements which will more than double the city's already sizable facilities. But Idlewild, New Orleans, Houston and other Eastern and Southern cities are bitterly opposing Miami's efforts to be declared the only official port of entry for South American air traffic. And, as might be imagined, Miami's claim on future Far Eastern traffic has been received in our California cities as if it had been made by Japan Imperial Airways.

Two Mayors Sound Off

But not much teamwork is being displayed by the California cities. San Francisco and Los Angeles have continued their fifty-year-old feud for monopoly of West Coast shipping right into the Battle of the Airports.

"Aviation is the most important thing in any big city's future," says Mayor Roger Lapham of San Francisco, "and we intend to retain our position as Number One business and transportation center of the Pacific Coast."

Mayor Fletcher Bowron of Los Angeles begs to differ. "There is no large American city," says he, "whose future depends more on aviation than ours. We plan to erect the best airport in western America to serve all commercial airlines as a major domestic terminal and international airport."

Neither city is telling all it knows about its future airport plans but, in the early rounds, they appear to match off about even. Each will spend between 20 and 25 million dollars in the next few years to increase daily airport capacity to 6,000 planes, which is the nearest any city has come to Idlewild's projected 8,600.

The final showdown in the Battle of the Airports has yet to be reached. The current shortage of vital construction materials means that final completion of our new super airports and airport cities must await the end of the war. But don't kiss these blueprints off as wartime escapism. The need for ultramodern airports already exists. They won't spring into reality the moment the war ends—but they're coming. Most cities already have the money with which to build them, and many cities already have spent millions on actual construction.

Look at Idlewild again. La Guardia has the money, and onto Idlewild's low-lying 5,000 acres enough Jamaica Bay sand has been dredged to fill a city block to a height of two miles. Instead of doing that with it, La Guardia has laid a solid, ten-foot foundation on which to build his air capital of the world.

Already La Guardia has begun pouring concrete for the first of Idlewild's giant runways, almost two miles long and 200 feet wide; and before the end of 1945, Idlewild will actually be open for business. But long before Idlewild is completed, the generals directing the Battle of the Airports probably will have raised their sights many times. Present plans for Idlewild, for example, are twice as large as they were only a year ago, and the question troubling you probably is the same question which troubles the generals.

"Can anyone tell me"—La Guardia asked recently, as he looked out across Idlewild's vast expanses—"can anyone tell me just where we're going?"

THE END

Your Life Tomorrow

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Seagoing Whirligig

An amusement idea that has turned into a lifesaver for hundreds of Royal Air Force pilots shot down in enemy waters holds out inviting possibilities to outboard motorboat fans the minute war releases the invention. It is a small boat with an outboard motor thrust down through the bottom amidships. Developed by an English powerboat firm as a "bump boat" for amusement parks, the propeller on this strange craft can be aimed in any direction around the compass, pushing the boat ahead or astern, sidewise or diagonally, and making it the most maneuverable thing afloat. It was delighting thousands of youngsters at Brighton and other English seashore resorts when war stopped production. Later, the Royal Air Force ordered hundreds of the motors for light rescue craft to be dropped by patrol bombers whenever pilots marooned on rubber rafts at sea radioed for help. It has saved many an airman who would otherwise have drifted to enemy shores.

Fishermen and duck hunters can use them, too, making sudden darts out of creeks, or changing course abruptly to follow fish in lakes and streams.

The motor is similar to ordinary outboard engines and costs about the same. It is fitted with a special mounting plate that can be installed in a boat's bottom quickly and closed watertight when the motor is taken out.

Taxi, Quick!

Future city dwellers who need a taxi in a hurry—when there are plenty of taxis—may telephone for it, simply saying, "Make it fast, please," and walk out of the door to find the cab waiting in the street. Two-way short-wave radio will relay orders to cruising drivers and bring a taxi to you in a matter of minutes. Experiments under way in a large Middle Western city indicate that the system will work just as well for cab service as it does for police cars and fire trucks.

Radio cab control is not so easy as it sounds, mainly because it will be very difficult to find wave lengths for communication that will not interfere with more important services. But short waves are expected to solve the problem and leave room enough for private-car radio telephones besides. Before long, if the experiments work out successfully, you may hear your taxi man say into his microphone, "I am discharging a party at Main and Washington streets. Where do I go next, boss?" That will be one more blow against postwar wasting of time.

Air-Conditioning, New Style

Individually controlled, year-round air-conditioning for every room of an office building or hotel will soon set new standards of convenience and efficiency. Turn a small pointer to the temperature you want; the room will be heated or cooled to that point, winter or summer. The system will operate on an entirely new principle. Instead of flowing through large ducts as at present, conditioned air will be blown at high speed through small pipes and delivered to units that resemble radiators, placed beneath the windows of the room.

This "mixing" unit will be the heart of the system and will contain a radiator something like the one on your automobile. In winter, hot water will be circulated through it; in summer, ice water. Air blown into the unit from the main supply pipe will first pass through a series of nozzles, sucking in three times its own volume of room air from the floor level. The mixed air will then pass over the radiator coils to pick up heat or surrender it as the temperature requires. It will then drift out into the room, passing upward across the window and pushing the air at ceiling level into gentle circulation. The new air will supply fresh oxygen and will control the total humidity by means of a thermostat.

High-velocity air-conditioning will solve one of the worst problems faced by the architects of large buildings—the saving of internal wall space. Since there are no return ducts in the system, but only small pipes that can be bent around structural beams very easily, rooms can be designed larger for the same building area, and there will be no trouble from bulky ducts cutting off useful parts of the building. And since only a small fraction of the total air in a room will be renewed, the apparatus in the basement will be no more than one third the size of present machinery for the same purpose. This space-saving factor alone is expected to revolutionize the air-conditioning of passenger ships as well as buildings.

New Hope for the Badly Burned

Out of recent glass research comes a promise of saving many badly burned patients who might have died in spite of the best modern care. In a new treatment worked out by doctors at Wayne University, burned areas are immediately covered with a layer of porous glass cloth, then bandaged thickly with absorbent cellucotton and sealed with moisture-tight film. The glass fabric can be laid directly on open flesh wounds without sticking and it can be removed without pain or harm. Cotton dressings alone are impossible because they adhere.

The purpose of the triple dressing is to catch and hold the fluid which is exuded from the burn. This fluid contains large amounts of proteins drawn from the body, and the loss is sometimes so serious as to cause death. If this loss can be promptly and accurately measured, it can be made up by injection or special feeding before the body chemistry has broken down beyond hope.

In the Wayne method, the glass-and-cellucotton bandages are removed at regular intervals and analyzed for the exact amount of protein lost, so that the doctors can compensate for it at the right rate. Formerly in treating burns, doctors could only guess at the protein deficiency, and the treatment given might be wrong. ★★★

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Jungle Express

Continued from page 21

Since the line runs through jungle, there were wild animals as well as domestic. T/4 Lawrence Harrison, Madison, Indiana, met a tiger while alone in a motor car. In his excitement Harrison killed his engine, so when the eight-foot jungle cat came at him, his only protection was a carbine, a pretty light weapon for tiger shooting. Harrison's first shot shook up the tiger. Then it really started to charge, and Harrison shot a second time, then a third, the shots taking effect, stopping the beast. He pulled the trigger twice more and tried to shoot a sixth time. A sickening click told him his carbine had not been fully loaded. The tiger dropped a mere twelve yards away.

At Bogpani, near the end of the line, is one of the G.I.s' favorite characters, Moonbeam. This huge elephant rumbles out of the jungle at his mahout's call and delightedly functions as a switch engine. Moonbeam is already a legend throughout the China-Burma-India theater because of his human-like trick of taking a rest by leaning against a car with his hind legs crossed.

Despite all this comic-strip atmosphere, the goods went through, and today the Bengal & Assam runs under the general-managing of Brigadier General Paul F. Yount. Yount is a professional soldier, not a railroad man, but veteran railroaders under his command tell you: "Don't let that fool you! The general catches on faster than an airbrake." He is often pleased but never satisfied with results. Some of his subordinates refer to him as "One-more-car Yount."

Born thirty-six years ago in the railroad town of Alliance, Ohio, Yount, although he had the usual boyhood desire to become a railroader, went to West Point and graduated as Number One man in the class of 1931. His interest in railroading persisted, however. When he returned to the Point to teach engineering, he installed a miniature railway system in his basement. Friends say he was down there oftener than his young daughter, Peggy, for whom the toy supposedly was bought.

In 1941, as war clouds thickened, the Army, realizing it would need soldiers who knew railroading, sent Yount to Saint Paul, Minnesota. There, under Carl R. Gray, Jr., then vice-president of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha Railroad, now a brigadier general in France and Director General of the Transportation Corps' Military Railway Service No. 1, Yount studied railroad operation in all its phases.

Railroading plus Diplomacy

In 1942, he was rushed overseas to organize transport at the first American base in India at Karachi, a job for which he was recently awarded the Legion of Merit. From there he was sent to Iran, where, under Major General Donald H. Connolly (at that time C. G. Persian Gulf Command, and later succeeded by Brigadier General Donald P. Booth), he was commanding officer of Military Railway Service Headquarters No. 3, charged with pushing cannon, planes and other war tools up from the Persian Gulf by rail to aid Soviet armies. The job involved almost as much diplomacy as it did railroading, since it required reconciling the conflicting ideas not only of American and Iranian authorities, but of the British and Russians as well. General Yount's success is attested by two decorations: the envied Order of Kutusov, third degree, from the Soviet government, never too lavish with its honors; and the Distinguished Service Medal from his own country.

In 1943, Yount was sent back to India on an urgent mission. Across the Himalayas, the Chinese were slowly being strangled by the Japs. They were gasping for supplies, the bulk of which could only be flown over the Hump after they had first been brought over railroads from Indian ports.

In Burma, the Japs still retained a grip on the end of the Burma Road, on Myitkyina, indeed on almost all northern Burma. If the Japs were to be driven back, supplies must be brought in over the railroad. For the moment, the Assam and Arakan fronts were quiet, but Allied Intelligence knew there was trouble coming in the spring.

Indian management of railways had reached its limit. The "tea-garden railroad" had been subjected to previously unimagined demands, and here were Americans asking still more. The Indians didn't see how it could be done.

But Yount saw. He found there was plenty of rail capacity to deliver goods to Parbatipur, a rail junction, 235 miles north of Calcutta. From there on, it would be a job for Americans. He told Lord Wavell, Viceroy of India: "If we take over the line from Parbatipur on, I'll guarantee to handle everything shot at us."

So early in 1944, the squalid little Indian railroad towns along the line bulged under the influx of American soldiers, some of them young, some middle-aged or more. They were members of the Army's Military Railway Service; men who had railroaded from one end of the United States to the other. Probably every major American railway was represented, and most of the others, even including New York City's subway system. For a month, the Americans looked on. They watched Indians operate the line. They studied how it could be done better.

The American right of way started at Katihar where the Bengal & Assam joined the Oudh & Tirhut Railway, some eighty miles west of Parbatipur. From there, it stretched farther east, crossed plains and jungles, drove through hills, ending at Ledo on the edge of Burma, a total of 804 miles of track.

Bottleneck in Freight Handling

The prime bottleneck in the entire operation was the yard at Parbatipur. There, all freight coming over the broad gauge from Calcutta had to be transshipped into meter-gauge cars.

The bulk of the transshipment was done by Indian coolies, pretty unsubstantial fellows compared to the G.I.s. Knowing little or no English, markings like "Fragile" or "Handle with Care" meant nothing, and it was no small job to convince them that they would live longer if they stopped throwing around cases of hand grenades.

Another quirk of the Indians is that a bulb can never be found for the headlight during daylight. Light-fingered residents stole them at every opportunity. Before G.I.s learned it was necessary to remove bulbs at daylight, so many were taken that, for a time, trains ran through the dark jungle night without lights.

Nevertheless, smooth co-operation between Indians and Americans became the rule. One contribution to good feeling was made by Pfc. Lloyd Aulick, of Indianapolis, when he plunged into the Brahmaputra in darkness and pulled out of the rushing current two Indians whose boat had capsized, a feat for which he was awarded the Soldier's Medal. By the end of the first eight months under American operation, the number of tons being ferried across increased several hundred per cent.

At one point it looked as if the trains would have to stop running, as a monsoon threatened to wash out a bridge over the Newbeki River just as it had with every monsoon for twenty years.

This stirred the G.I. railroaders because, over that bridge they were rolling bombs and bullets for hard-beset Chinese armies. The British Fourteenth Army, which had just tossed the Japs off the Manipur Road and was fighting back to Kohima and Imphal, also depended on this bridge. Loss of the span might mean the loss of a hundred battles.

"When the floods come, there's no way to save the bridge," said the British superintendent of the Bengal & Assam.

"There's got to be a way," said the Yank railroaders. Among them were men who had fought flash floods on the Canadian and the Pecos, who had helped cheat the rolling Mississippi and learned the trick of handling raging rivers from Maine valleys to California canyons.

Time was growing short. Fast ground and

aerial surveys were ordered by Division Superintendent Lieutenant Colonel George Branch of Kansas City, Missouri, formerly of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad. Acting on survey results, Branch rushed a party of G.I. rails with bulldozers and draglines to the river four miles above the bridge. They were to cut a twenty-foot channel ten feet deep to divert part of the Newbeki's flood waters across a 2,000-foot strip into the Bhulkdoba River. Already the monsoon rains were raising the river level. The rails slogged in. Men gritted their teeth and dug on a twenty-four-hour basis. They had to get that channel through. Ten days after, the channel was finished. But would it carry off enough water to save the bridge?

Down the valley raced the monsoon waters. Within forty-eight hours the flood reached the new cut. Part of the waters went swirling through, widening it as they rushed along.

At the bridge the river rose rapidly. Up twenty feet—then one foot, two feet, six, seven, seven and a half more. There it stopped. Word passed along the line: The bridge held.

A Miracle of Supply

Despite everything, the G.I.s made the road buzz. During their first month, March tonnage shoved down the line was stepped up forty-three per cent. It wasn't enough. The Japs had just started an offensive against Kohima and Imphal. G.I. railroaders poured it on. Shells, gasoline, armor being rushed up from Indian ports had to be moved to the front. Americans boosted the loading of each car. Where seven tons had gone before, they put in eight; where eight had been, they loaded nine. They increased the length of trains from an average of 40 to 45 cars; in some cases a hundred.

A shop battalion reduced the time for engine overhauls from three weeks to five days. New engines, new cars came in from America. G.I.s patched up others previously believed unfit for service. In the midst of their efforts, the tent camp of the G.I. railroaders at Parbatipur burned down, and men went to work in their underclothes. Not long afterward, the same camp was blown down. Again it was flooded out, but the flow of weapons down the railway continued.

By that time the Japs were surging north in Assam, and the G.I.s knew they were freighting goods down to save their own railroad as well. From Lumding through Manipur Road Junction, through Mariani, up and down, the track became an armed defense line. Railroaders became combat troops throwing up defensive positions, erecting strong points, installing machine-gun nests, sending out parties to patrol the line. Up Manipur Road toward the rail junction came the Japs. Thrice, small enemy patrols were reported to have crossed the line.

Meantime the G.I. rails bore down all the harder. The climax came when a strong Japanese force penetrated within four and a half miles of the Mariani yards. There they were stopped as the accumulated might of the Allied forces made itself felt and bore back the enemy. The worst was over, even though enemy stragglers continued to infest the region.

But Japs or no Japs, the rails still had their job to do. Brigadier General Frank Merrill and his Marauders, along with other troops of General Joe Stilwell's command were depending on them as they marched against Myitkyina. Near the end of the line, Army transport pilots were waiting for gasoline and other supplies to be ferried across the Himalayas to Major General Claire L. Chennault's Fourteenth Air Force and to the Armies of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek in Assam.

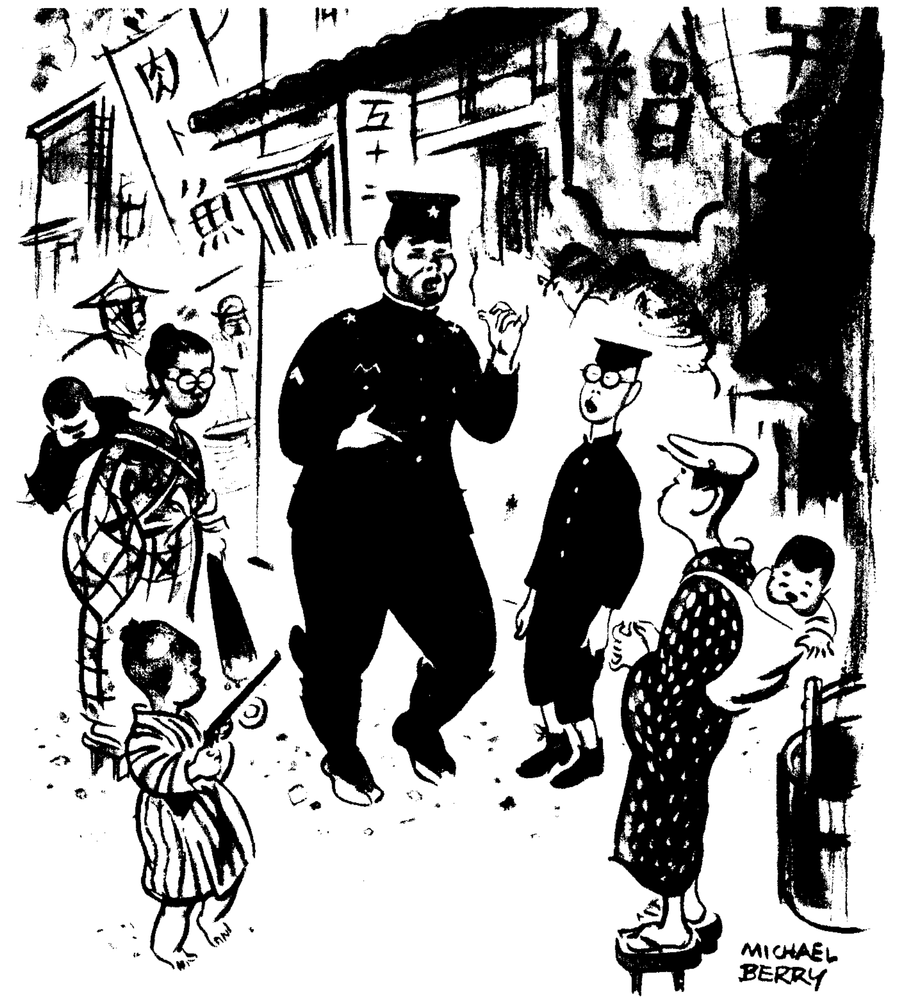
The "tea-garden line" became a major railroad operation. For reasons of military security, actual tonnage figures cannot be given, but since the G.I.s took over, the amount of military supplies hauled has almost doubled. An officer of the Military Railway Service estimated that if the boys are given the goods to move they can double the figures again.

As General Yount said to one of his officers who had complacently remarked upon progress: "You haven't even started yet."

THE END

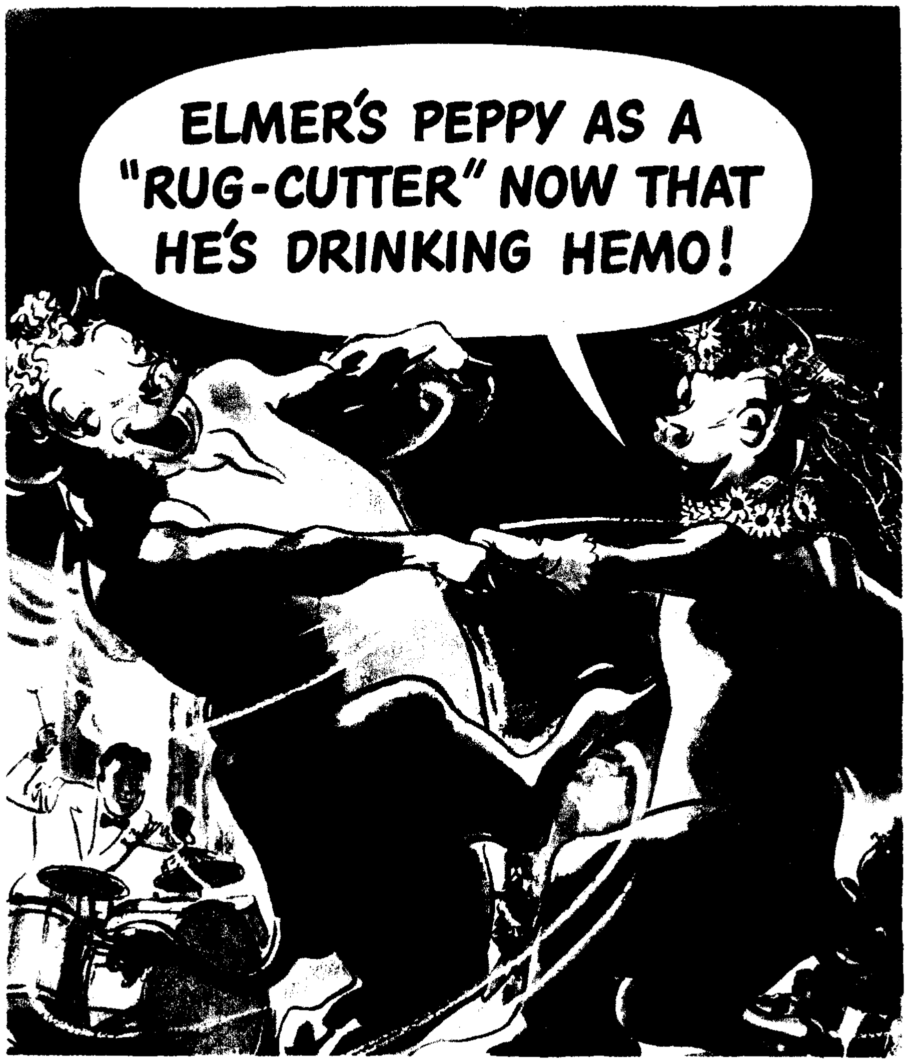
TOKYO TALKING

by MICHAEL BERRY



"American doughboy most cowardly—give up fighting Japanese soldier immediately after capturing him"

COLLIER'S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JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:
The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!
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The Vitamin B₁ in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!
PLUS
The Vitamin B₂ (G) in 4 servings of spinach!
PLUS
The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!
PLUS
The Niacin in 3 servings of carrots!
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PLUS
The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!

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4000 USP units	VITAMIN A	4900 USP units
333 USP units	VITAMIN B₁	400 USP units
2 milligrams	VITAMIN B₂	3 milligrams
400 USP units	VITAMIN D	410 USP units
(Not set)	NIACIN	10.3 milligrams
10 milligrams	IRON	15.7 milligrams
750 milligrams	CALCIUM	950 milligrams
750 milligrams	PHOSPHORUS	750 milligrams

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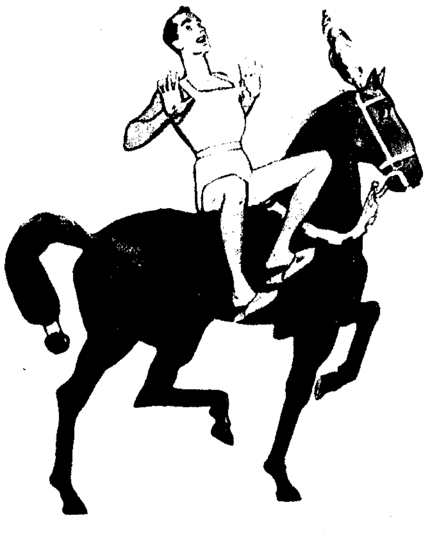
Borden's Hemo

Drink your vitamins and like 'em!

What do you know about-

A Lady G...?

(She was a 16th Century horsewoman. The G stands for Godiva. Got so fed up with scratchy, uncomfortable 16th Century clothes that she just wouldn't wear any, that's all.)



An Allen-A...?

(A 20th Century name for tops in knit underwear, hosiery and sportswear. Underwear and hosiery knit the way you're built. Underwear that fits almost as well as your skin . . . without binding or creeping up. *Made* to keep you comfortable . . . it's a name to remember.)

UNDERWEAR
HOSIERY
SPORTSWEAR

I Meet the Front-Line Russians

Continued from page 11

hotel complete with guards just for me." He smiled, and I waited and got nothing. I tried again: "Do you think when I'm very old I could truthfully say that I had slept in Marshal Zhukov's bed?"

Zeidner laughed and said, "Perhaps the marshal would be honored in the years to come, but in the meantime where you sleep is a military secret."

This was before the offensive started, and Zhukov's command of the First White Russian Army was as yet unknown. It was an important military secret because where Zhukov is, there is an offensive.

Monday, as daylight came up—at no time during the trip was I allowed to travel at night—we started out. Zeidner, his chauffeur, Ria and I were in the lead car. Behind us was a jeep with a chauffeur, and our Moscow major holding a machine gun. I stared at the machine gun and realized for the first time since the trip started, that we were really going up near the front lines.

It was a very cold morning and I had to keep wiping the window in order to see out. We were driving through country that had been hard fought over. Sometimes we seemed to come close to the Vistula and sometimes we seemed to be turning north. At one o'clock—we had been driving for over five hours—Zeidner said Ria and I looked purple from the cold and he said he would get out and find a peasant's cottage for us to get warm in. He came back in a few minutes and bustled us into a pleasant two-room cottage where he had laid out sandwiches and paid the landlord to make us some tea.

I began to like the major very much when he asked the peasant who owned the house to come and share our wine, and when he gave the peasants' two children precious chocolate but was careful not to offer anybody food, as this would have hurt their feelings. It was the first time, but it was not to be the last, that I saw how courteously Russian soldiers treated Poles.

At about three o'clock we crossed the railroad tracks and drove into a pleasant group of suburban houses.

The major said, "This was a middle-class suburb of Warsaw before—" and the end of his sentence was drowned by the noise of heavy guns from across the river.

I said, "How near are we now?"

The major shook his head. "From now on, there are only three questions you must not ask: exactly where you are, how many men we have, and how much material. Anything else we will tell you." He looked at me: "But you don't ask enough questions."

I said, "The first week I was in the Soviet Union I found out that if I did not ask questions, I always got answers. Anyway, I am no expert on anything and there is no use pretending I am by smart-sounding questions. Tell your people to tell what they want to. I will learn more that way."

We had been climbing the steps into the house, and when the guns started again and the windows shook, I must have jumped, because our chauffeur took my arm and nodded and smiled at me.

The Generals Have a Guest

It was a nice little house, and the lady from Warsaw who had once owned it had made it cheerful with a bay window full of plants and ferns. I stood looking at the plants and the heavy furniture, but the major said we would have to hurry because eight generals were waiting dinner for us.

"Including Marshal Zhukov?" I asked.

"No," said the major. "He isn't here."

"But we are in his house again," I said. "He must be a nice man. He has taken good care of the plants."

Dinner tonight with the eight generals was gay and friendly: I think they liked having a guest who was a woman. The Russians know they are men simply without thinking about it and, like all such men, they like women and act well with them: Wouldn't I like more food? Was the room too cold? I must keep as a present General Korolev's cigarette lighter. Wouldn't I like to rest for an hour?

I said I hadn't been so well treated since I was a baby, and General Kusmeon said sadly, "No, the war has toughened us. We don't know how to act with ladies any more."

After dinner, four generals, Ria and I pounded and bounced over the shell-torn roads, going forward in the dark until we got to a building that Korolev said had once been a Polish psychiatric clinic. We went into a room filled with soldiers who smiled at us and saluted. We sat in the first row of chairs, and General Kusmeon turned and said, *"Poryadok!"* in a booming voice, and everybody laughed and sat down.

"Poryadok!" means "Order!" and is used in the Red Army for everything. In this case, it meant that the entertainment could start, and it did start over the loud, cheerful explanations of the general who was telling me that these soldiers were celebrating the New Year tonight, because they had been on duty on New Year's Eve. Like all amateur entertainment, some of it was awful; unlike all amateur entertainment, some of it was good. But it was all very touching: a freezing, shabby room filled with men trying hard to have a good time, with the props, costumes and musical instruments they had made themselves.

Everybody wanted to think that this year would be a good year and that the war wasn't so lonely, or that this Polish village wasn't so far away from home. When the show was over and we drove back, I felt sullen and angry about wars, angry that it takes men away from what they want and makes them pretend they have it when so many of them will never live to have any of it again.

Tuesday: All night long, the heavy guns made the house shake, and I sat by the window unable to sleep, watching the signal flares go up. The reconnaissance units were out, and the sound of their machine guns was very close. Before it got light, I could hear voices down the road and, later, I found out they were soldiers bringing in German prisoners.

At five o'clock, when the guns had died down, I fell asleep, but not for long because Zeidner had shepherded us to breakfast by seven. I had three eggs, two cups of tea and four pieces of bread, and it didn't do me any good to say that I didn't want that much. He said it was absolutely necessary that I eat a lot, because we were moving forward and would have a long, cold day.

As we were going out to the cars, I caught a look at myself in a mirror. I stopped to stare and laugh: I had on ski pants, two sweaters and a blouse, long woolen underwear, which bulged in strange places, woolen stockings, socks, shoes, boots, an American Army sheeplined coat with hood, and a large shawl to keep the hood in place.

I said to Major Zeidner, "I want you to know that all American women don't look like this."

Ria said, "You look like the widow of a soldier who has inherited only his coat and is on her way to a government office to claim her pension!"

After an hour's drive we turned off the road and came suddenly into a wonderfully camouflaged clearing in the forest. Pine trees had been cut to make the clearing, and there were soldiers sitting on the tree stumps, smoking and cleaning their guns. Horses were tied to trees and looked beautiful standing there, pushing their noses into the snow. It was so quiet and calm that for a minute it seemed as if I must be in the pine clearing of my own farm; it was an old-fashioned scene as if from some other war, a long time ago.

Illusion Among the Pines

I said to General Chernov, who had come to greet us, "It is beautiful here."

"We don't think so," he said. "We're sick of pine forests. Whatever happens to me after this war, it is not going to be near a pine tree."

Chernov is a stocky, powerful-looking man with a big, gay face. We went down into his dugout where he showed me a locale map so detailed that I couldn't follow it. Chernov was wearing a simple overblouse, but hanging on the wall in front of us was a coat, both sides of which were covered with medals. I pointed to the coat. "It must be heavy with all those medals."

"Too heavy to fight in," he said.

"All from this war?" I asked.

"No," he answered. "I was a lieutenant in the Czarist army, then I joined the revolution and fought through the civil war. All across Siberia for four years."

Ria told him that, coming into the Soviet Union, I had flown across Siberia.

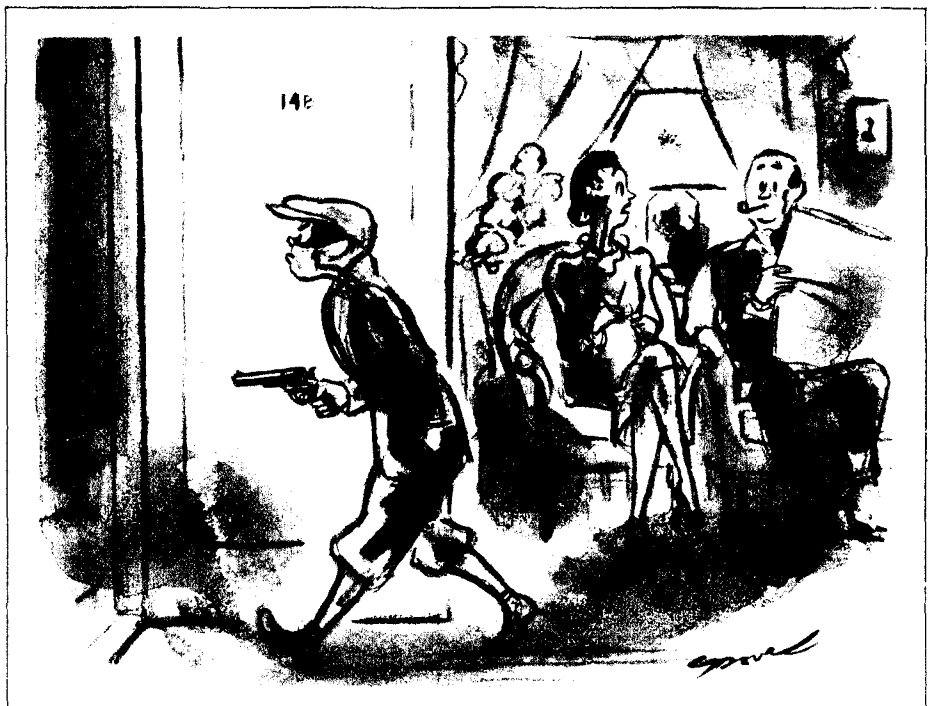
He smiled and said, "We *walked* across Siberia fighting all the way; across the Urals into Siberia, and on until we took Vladivostok."

"And in this war?" I asked.

"In the early retreat, it was I who had to surrender Kowel. It was the hardest thing I ever did in my life." He hit his stomach. "It made me sick. But it had to be done. Then we retreated to Stalingrad and fought there." He smiled at me. "We won there and started forward again. I hoped it would happen and it did: They let me retake Kowel." He patted his stomach. "And soon we will fight some more. The offensive will start soon."

"You have fought a lot," I said. "But you don't look tired. I guess winners never look tired."

He laughed and wanted to know if I would



"I think maybe we'd better have a heart-to-heart talk with Junior about what he intends to do when he grows up"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE

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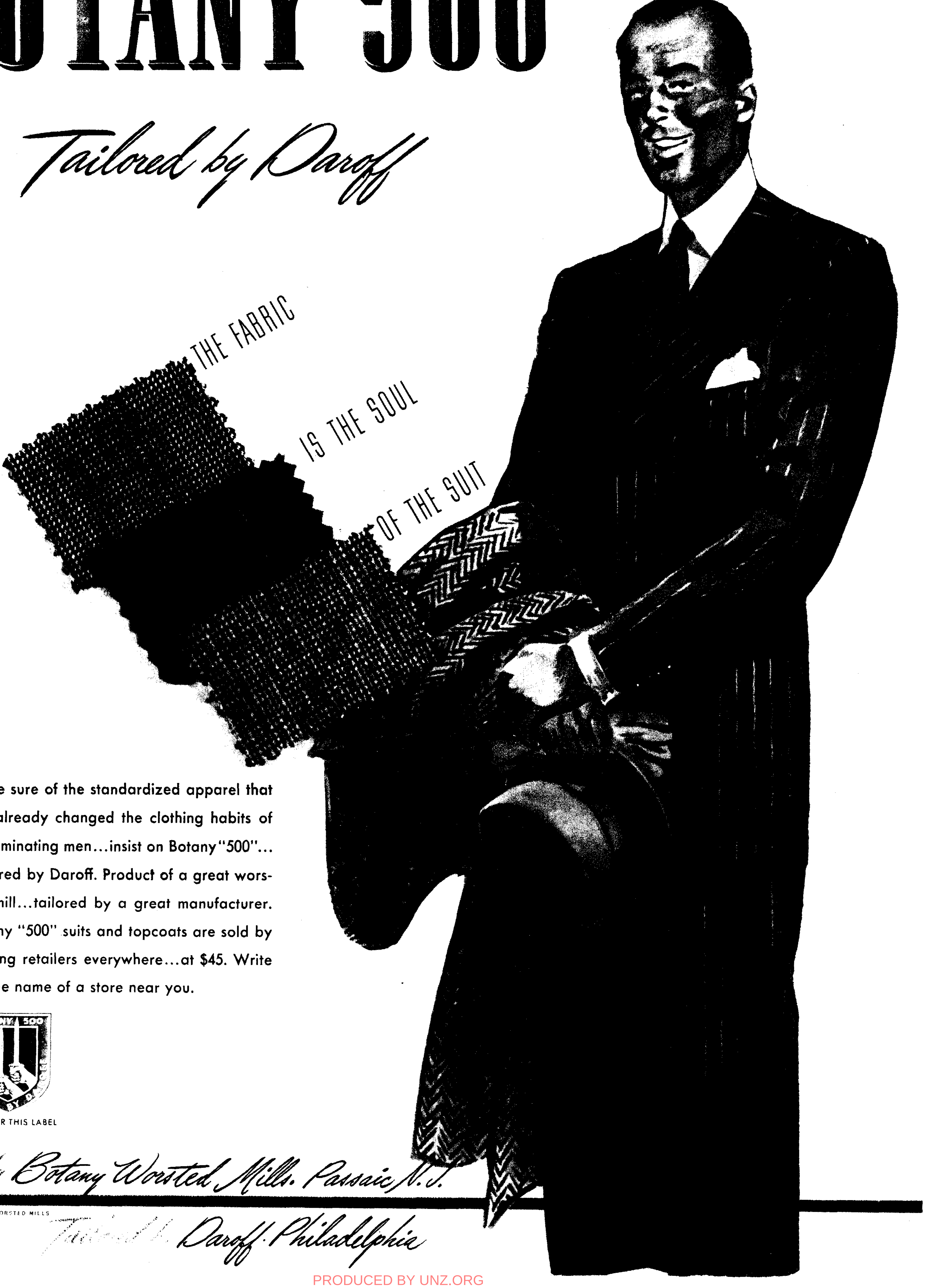
Tailored by Daroff



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What you do with your money can wreck you *(and your Uncle Sam)*

BUY, BUY, BUY! Foolish people are doing it, *over*doing it. But sensible folks know that with every needless purchase—or every time you patronize a black market or buy above ceiling—you do your bit to force prices up all along the line. That's the way inflation gets a boost.

. . . can end in this!
FACTORY CLOSED
NO HELP WANTED
NO HELP WANTED

IT CAN HAPPEN HERE—again! Today, with fewer goods in the stores while incomes are high, the danger of inflation is greater than ever. Inflation is always followed by depression. What can you do to head off another depression? Buy nothing you do not really—*really*—have to have...today.

This . . .
Savings Bank
SAVINGS BANK
LIFE INSURANCE

SAVE, SAVE, SAVE! That's the way to make America good for the boys to come home to. Pay up debts, put money in life insurance, savings bank, War Bonds. Every cent you save now helps to keep prices down—and when the war is won you'll have use for that nest egg you've laid away.

. . . can end in bliss!

A HOME OF YOUR OWN, a better farm, a real vacation, something to retire on—these are things worth saving for. Store up your money now while prices are high. There's a time to splurge and a time to save: today, while money's coming in, is a good time—the *right* and patriotic time—to SAVE!

4 THINGS TO DO

to keep prices down and help avoid another depression

1. Buy only what you really need.
2. When you buy, pay no more than ceiling prices. Pay your ration points in full.
3. Keep your *own* prices down. Don't take advantage of war conditions to ask more for your labor, your services, or the goods you sell.
4. *Save.* Buy and hold all the War Bonds you can—to help pay for the war, protect *your own* future! Keep up your insurance.

HELP US KEEP PRICES DOWN

A United States War message prepared by the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information; and contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

ANSWERS TO CULINARY GEOGRAPHY

(Page 40)

Russia
France **Southern U.S.**
Italy
Hungary **Germany** **Mexico**
India **Poland**
England
Austria
Turkey
Spain **Switzerland** **Czechoslovakia**
Arabia

like to go with him to watch the daily maneuvers. We walked across the pine forest, and the day was now wonderful, clean and sunny. We went down into another dugout, and Chernov gave me glasses with which to look out of the small window. I didn't understand, and still don't, why, if we were only watching maneuvers, he suddenly pulled me away from the glass slit and said sharply, "Keep the glasses down, please! We are too near to snipers."

Over our heads, machine guns began to go off, and then men came running downhill, followed by guns, tanks, a hospital truck and a field kitchen. They disappeared into another pine forest, and from across the river the German guns started up. We all climbed out of the dugout, and Chernov began to talk to his officers. I thought they were talking about me and the German trenches along the river, but I couldn't understand much, and Ria didn't translate for me.

Later in the afternoon a very large colonel, who boomed when he talked, took us to a large one-room dugout filled with soldiers and officers. The colonel said he was the political officer and that his job was to fight when there was fighting and, when there wasn't, to see that the men got what they wanted (letters from home, etc.) and to inform them about the war on all the fronts, and the political issues at home and abroad. He said a soldier who knew what he was fighting for always made a good soldier, and that he was anxious for his men to meet somebody from America.

It was a good meeting, and when we had all got over the first awkwardness, they told me about their regiment and about themselves. They had all been factory workers who had volunteered at the outbreak of war. They were still together, having fought at Moscow, up to the siege of Leningrad, down to the siege of Stalingrad, across the Volga, across the Don, through the western Ukraine, and now into Poland.

When I had got all this straight, the colonel said, "Now tell the lady about yourselves. You're all good soldiers in this room. Tell about how you got those medals." After a long silence, the colonel turned to a handsome young man and said, "Come on, Sasha. You start."

Sasha grinned, looked embarrassed, and the colonel said to me, "He's a hero of the Soviet Union, has the Order of Lenin, medals for Stalingrad and Leningrad, and he is only twenty years old."

Sasha said: "No, sir. I am not. I have got older. I am twenty-four now. I was twenty when you met me."

"All right, all right," the colonel said. "So you're an old man. Too old to talk?"

Sasha, who was a major, stood up and said stiffly, "I went out on patrol. I captured some Germans. I blew up a tank. I got wounded and I came back."

The corporal who was sitting next to Sasha, and who was also covered with medals, laughed and said, "He goes out on many patrols. He has blown up twenty tanks and three bridges. He has been wounded seven times."

Suddenly everybody began to talk; they were remembering things about themselves and about one another, but I couldn't understand anything that was being said, and neither could Ria, who couldn't translate twenty people all talking at once. But I watched these soldiers and listened to their voices and thought again that one of the most remarkable of Russian qualities is their ability to speak about war, death, love and hate without self-consciousness and without fake toughness; they speak simply, like healthy people who have never, fortunately, learned to be ashamed of emotion.

Wednesday: We came back to headquarters late last night and found that our eight generals had waited their dinner for us. It was to be my last dinner with them, so we all made speeches and drank toasts to the Allied armies, to victory, to a good and lasting peace, to Mr. Roosevelt, to Marshal Stalin, to Mr. Churchill, to our great Allied peoples, to art, and so many toasts to my good health that I began to wonder if I looked as sick as I certainly looked dirty.

Poor Ria had a bad time. She doesn't like vodka, so she was busy trying to water it or get rid of it. She whispered to me that she had arranged a hot bath for us, so when dinner was over and we had all shaken hands, two soldiers took us to a wooden shack. There was a bathtub in the middle of the floor, and a great tank of hot water. We decided that I should bathe while Ria washed her hair, and I should wash my hair while she bathed. It was her turn in the tub—both of us were very happy about all the hot water and thinking that maybe we would each have two baths—when Major Zeidner pounded on the door of the shack and said he wanted to speak to Ria.

Ria said, "I can't come to the door. I am in the bathtub," and Zeidner said, "Well, get out of the bathtub. It's important." His voice was so urgent and so sharp that I thought maybe the Germans had started the offensive and we were going to be trapped before we could get dressed.

Ria got out of the bathtub and ran to the door, saying to me in a frightened voice, "What do you think has happened?" opened the door a crack and looked around it. Snow poured through the door, and Ria was shivering.

The major said, "Please translate this immediately and hand it back to me!"

Ria put her arm through the door crack, took the piece of paper, looked at it, looked at me, and said in an angry voice to the major, "You know, I think *this* can wait until I get dressed."

The major said in a loud voice, "You are to translate it immediately. General Kusmeon is standing behind me and wants a translation right away!"

"Given in Friendship"

Ria closed the door and said to me, "And for this I will probably get pneumonia." She read it to me: "Please translate this into English immediately because we are making a cigarette case and want to have it inscribed and finished by morning: 'For Lillian Hellman, given in friendship by the men, officers, and generals of the First White Russian Army on the Warsaw front.' " When Ria had translated the message into English, she opened the door to hand it to the major.

I called out to General Kusmeon, who was standing patiently in the snow waiting for it, "Thank you. Thank you, sir, very much."

"Goodby," he called in. "I won't see you in the morning. I am moving on."

"If you are moving on to Warsaw," I said, "couldn't I come along?" I heard him laugh outside in the dark and move closer to the door.

"If you wait here a week I will come back for you," he offered, "and take you into Warsaw with us."

I had come to the door. I stuck my arm out, and he came up to the door and we shook hands. "I wish I could stay," I said, "but I have to get back to Moscow, and you might take more than a week."

He said, "Tell your army we will meet them in Berlin; give our good wishes to your great country."

I said I would say that to everybody, and good luck. It was undoubtedly a coincidence, but it was exactly one week later that the First White Russian Army crossed the Vistula into Warsaw.

THE END

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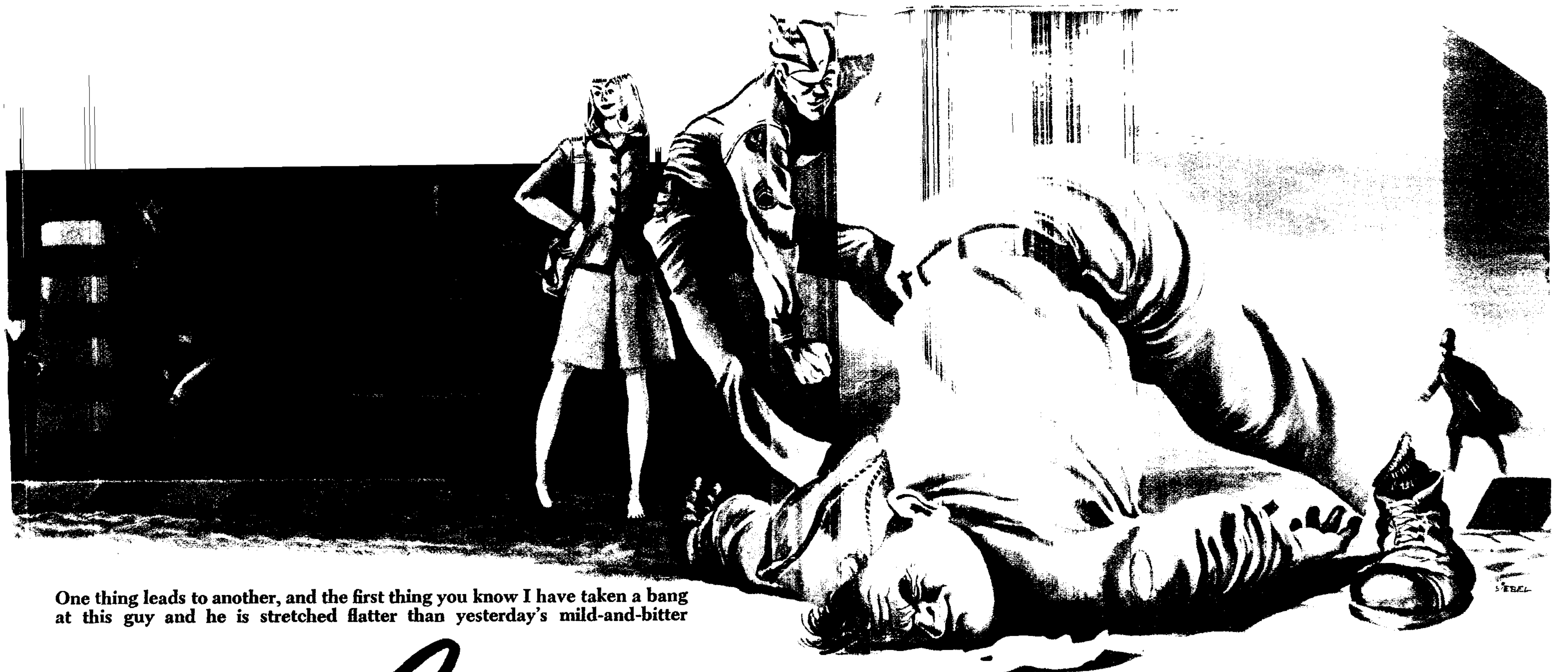

One thing leads to another, and the first thing you know I have taken a bang at this guy and he is stretched flatter than yesterday's mild-and-bitter

Leave IN LONDON

BY LT. COMDR. JOHN MC CLAIN, U S N R

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK SIEBEL

I AM a waist gunner in the Flying Fortress Languid Lady and I had just finished my next-to-last mission over Germany when things started to happen. I slept good that night and the next morning I put in for a pass to London. I wasn't exactly entitled to one but our Exec. is a pretty good Joe and I figured what could I lose?

"Sir," I said, throwing him a very fast set of fingers, "it just so happens that an old friend of my father's is in London for a few days. . . ."

"I know, Sergeant," the Exec. interrupts, laughing. "And if you don't see him they will foreclose the mortgage on the old homestead, your sister will be an unwed mother and your father will go bankrupt. Why don't you stop this malarky? It's that chick, isn't it? That Gloria?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

He got kind of serious for a minute.

"I'll tell you, Sergeant," he said. "I'm going to give you the pass. You're due to go home after your next job, and I think I know how you feel. One way or another, it's probably the last chance you'll get to see her."

"Yes, sir," I said. I got serious too; I hadn't thought about it that way.

"You can have twelve hours," he said. "Noon to midnight."

I thanked him, saluted, about-faced, started to the door and stopped. I was thinking very fast.

"Sir," I said. "Just suppose the train broke down. Twelve hours isn't much time, after all. I was just wondering—"

The Exec. stood up, and all the laughs had gone out of his face.

"You were just wondering," he started yelling, "whether if you overstayed your pass you'd be kept here in England where you could see that chick some more."

The guy must have been looking into a crystal ball.

"Well, let me tell you something," and he was beating on the desk. "You overstay your pass and you won't go home, you'll go to Iceland on a labor detail—for the duration!"

"Yes, sir," I said. And got out fast. . . .

Now, I am very fond of Gloria. She is a strange doll, half Irish and half English, and about the last person you would figure to be going around with a guy from Bridgeport, Conn. But the truth is we are great together.

She lives upstairs over a pub, so we meet down in the back room of the pub where we can take on a certain amount of mild-and-bitter (beer) before starting out on the town.

I might as well be honest. This mild-and-bitter is a very innocent-looking arrangement, but it creeps up on you. Let's face it: By the time we started out of the joint I was loaded, and what happened after that isn't very clear. There was a place called Jennie's where I remember four whisky-and-sodas, then there was a blank space, and then we were in Piccadilly Circus, trying to get a cab.

YOU don't know what a problem it is to get a cab in London, especially during blackout. People stand at all the intersections flashing their flashlights and screaming their brains out, and the odds are at least eighty to one you don't get one. However, screaming is in its infancy until Gloria opens her kisser, so I am really not surprised when a cab pulls up right beside me. I am over there with my duke on the door before the hack has come to a stop. Unfortunately so is another guy.

This other guy is a big G.I. with a doll, and he seems to have three or four other people with him, all very anxious to get in and very belligerent about it.

Well, one thing leads to another, and the first thing you know I have taken a bang at this guy and he is stretched flatter than yesterday's mild-and-bitter. I am just turning around in the dark, looking for another target, when somebody lowers a boom on me. I am reeling back, off balance, when I see Gloria go into action, screaming like a banshee, and beating several characters over the head with her shoe. The inspiration is such that by the time the bobby (copper) arrives I have another guy backed up against a building and am doing all right.

I say I am doing all right, and I can't be bragging, because when we get to court an hour or so later there are seven people there to make complaints against us. The fact that it is 12:30 A.M., doesn't seem very important.

The judge, a very old geezer, listens to the story, then says: "This is a most regrettable incident, but since there is a war in progress and the action is involved almost entirely with the United States Army personnel, I feel disposed to dismiss the case with a strenuous reprimand."

That is great but by the time I get Gloria home I am already two hours over leave. Furthermore, my jaw is starting to swell up where that first guy landed a sneak punch on me, and when I get back to the field I can't open my mouth enough to speak. I am in agony.

Now I am up against my biggest problem. It is three-thirty A.M. and I can't go through the gate so I've got to get over the fence, take a chance on being shot by a sentry and make a run for my quarters. When they start looking for me I can say I came in with a busload of guys and they must have missed me. It isn't good, but what's the alternative? Iceland.

This time I'm lucky. I get into my sack with nobody the wiser. I guess I was asleep a hot twenty minutes, when all hell breaks loose.

I stumbled out, put on a pair of fatigue pants and pulled my heavy flight jacket up so it would cover my chin. My whole jaw was now as big as a basketball, and every time my heart beat I thought the top of my noggin would come off.

I still don't know how I made it to the briefing shack, but I forgot everything when I heard the Old Man say, "This is it, fellows. Big B—Berlin!"

YOU think you've had trouble? The minute we're off the ground, the plane starts to jump all over the joint, but that isn't tough enough—I have to put an oxygen mask over that chin as soon as we get altitude. I would rather stretch a rubber band around Radio City.

The minute we hit Germany the Jerry fighters start for us. Our group is leading and it is plenty rugged. I am firing like a mechanical man—then somewhere near the target we got a 20-mm. through the tail, and Sammy, the tail gunner, is hurt bad. The skipper says he's getting no reaction from the rudder but he's going to try for home. Meanwhile I am getting too weak to make sense. I've been shooting and bobbing around and by the time we get over the Channel my whole head is numb.

I must have drawn a blank, because the next thing I know we are on the runway and the meat wagon is alongside. They take Sammy out of the ship in a stretcher. He's got some holes in his leg but the doc seems to think he'll be okay.

I am standing there, groggy, when the same doc comes over to me, and looks at my kisser, which I have forgotten to cover.

"You've got a bad jaw there," he says. "Were you hit?"

I couldn't talk, so he points to the meat wagon. "You better come along," he says.

At the infirmary they take an X-ray and find that my jaw is broken, but good. The next thing I know I am in bed, my head is in a cast and I have a nurse—not pretty but amiable. I can't talk but I am plenty worried, and I am trying to ask her for some literature on Iceland, when she says to me, "The C.O. wants to see you as soon as you're able. I told him you'd be over this afternoon."

The kid is trying to be nice, but it seems to me she is giving me a bartender's smile. Nevertheless, she helps me into my uniform and sends me out looking like the Invisible Man just before he becomes invisible.

The Old Man is a full colonel, thirty-one years old, strictly a dead-pan guy and very impressive indeed. I walk up in front of his desk and salute. He stands up.

"Tony," he says, "I just wanted you to know we've authorized the Purple Heart for you. Enemy action—" I could have sworn he smiled just a little. "But I regret I can't let you go home with your outfit. Our table of operations calls for a warrant officer to be gunnery instructor here at the base. We need you for that."

I couldn't have answered, not even if I'd wanted to. I am that happy.

But, tell me, what are Gloria and I going to tell our grandchildren?

a short short story complete on this page

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Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

the new carrier Lexington along in late 1943. The executive officer of the "Lex" was Bennett W. Wright, now captain and aide to Assistant Secretary Gates. It was Wright's job to receive him and establish him aboard, since Steichen had come armed with letters from the Washington Navy High Command that he was to have the run of the ship. Although he had heard of Steichen for years, Captain Wright had never met him; and while Steichen didn't and still doesn't look his age, he was substantially older than anyone on board a carrier, which is a young man's ship.

"So I tried to see to it that he wouldn't get hurt," Captain Wright recalls, "and I pointed out all the danger spots to stay away from while he was absorbed in his photography. He wanted to make take-offs and landings on the deck but we wouldn't let him. So, with two cameras hung around his neck, he decided to go out on the port stern where the landing signal officer works."

This is a real hot spot for anyone, but Steichen lay back in the net that extends out from the flight deck with nothing but the ocean below, because he could get a simultaneous shot of the landing signal officer in action and the plane coming in over the ramp with its hook ready to grab the arresting gear.

Feeling that no harm would come to him there, Captain Wright returned to his duties and had just got below decks when he heard the crash alarm. A Hellcat fighter had come in too low, the throttle didn't take when the pilot got the wave-off signal, and he crashed onto the ramp. The landing signal officer weighed about 180 and his assistant was an ex-football player of 210. When the fighter hit, they dived for the net, and both landed on top of Steichen. But he got the picture.

Steichen prowled the Lexington day and night. He was up before General Quarters, which in itself is very early in the morning, because he didn't want to miss anything.

"We certainly showed him everything about carrier warfare and almost went to the extreme of sinking the ship for him," Captain Wright recalls.

That was the night when the Lexington was under Jap air attack for five hours and she finally took a fish in her stern. All this while, Steichen was up on the bridge, occasionally dropping into the captain's sea cabin to sip coffee. The ship's steering gear was temporarily disabled and for a while the Lex went around in circles. When that was adjusted, she steamed back to Pearl and to the West Coast with Steichen aboard. For that engagement and one other he was in, he wears the Pacific campaign ribbon with two stars, alongside his Victory ribbon from the last war and the Legion of Honor—two identifications that helped mark him as no tenderfoot to this conflict.

CARRIER pilots will admit they'd rather make a landing on the deck than watch one, either from the island or the gun galleries. After seeing hundreds of landings, Captain Steichen says he still doesn't believe it.

"It just can't be done," he declares bewilderedly. There were times when he'd watch plane after plane come in safely. Then, unable to take it any longer, he'd go below, for to him, every approach looked like a potential crash.

Before The Fighting Lady was released for general showing for the benefit of Navy Relief Fund, it was exhibited to naval workers in Washington. On each of these occasions, Captain Steichen appeared and introduced the picture. He brushed aside all credit for the actual photography, tossing it instead to that little group now respectfully known throughout the Navy as "Steichen's Boys." He classed the gun-camera color pictures of air combat as "one of the greatest miracles of photography" and the disintegration of a Hellcat on the deck, whose pilot calmly and smilingly steps out of what is left of the plane—the cockpit and engine—as the "most dramatic crack-up you will ever see."

THE END

Storm Over Alaska

Continued from page 20

water, a total of 375,000 acres. The Kake Indians are claiming 1,585,000 acres, and the Klawocks ask for 1,349,000. In the Hydaburg community the department states that there are twelve fishtraps owned by corporations. The Indians have a cannery but no fishtraps. They haven't a chance in the world against that competition.

"If the Indians get their reservations," says John Collier, "they probably would need not more than two fishsites, so they can lease the others, or the United States can acquire title to them. That will save their lives and do little harm to outsiders."

It is estimated by J. G. McCaskill, assistant commissioner, that if all the claims of aboriginal occupancy in southeastern Alaska are allowed, no more than 10 per cent of Alaska's $50,000,000 fishing industry will be affected. Hearings were held this year on the three communities in southeast Alaska—Hydaburg, Kake and Klawock—over which all the hullabaloo has been raised.

"That's all they're asking for now, but if they get it, they'll eventually want everything," cry the whites. "We know those lily-minded idealists down in Washington!"

The result of the hearings has been a series of mass meetings, resolutions by chambers of commerce, petitions to Congress and even a resolution against the proposed reservations by the Alaska Native Brotherhood, which is an organization of the Indians of southeast Alaska.

The problem for the Indians is by no means an easy one. It is plain that they need help and it is equally true that their rights have never been given them legally, but, under the reservation plan, they lose their independence. Reservation lands can only be sold with the consent of Congress and leased with the permission of the Secretary of the Interior. The Indian retains his citizenship and right to vote, however, and it may be held that the chance to protect his livelihood and at the same time receive government protection is not to be taken lightly.

It has been said that much of the uproar in Alaska comes from the fishing monopolies and the vested interests, but on this question of the social betterment of the Indians, much support against the Ickes plan comes from liberals. Delegate Bartlett in a paper read before the Alaska Native Brotherhood has deplored the setting aside of reservations as a move which will set the Indians and whites apart and create racial disturbances.

"There has been discrimination in Alaska, as everybody knows," says Mr. Bartlett, if we may paraphrase his address, "but that was gradually disappearing and would, I think, eventually disappear entirely. This new move opens old sores in a more aggravated fashion."

In an effort to fit the natives into the normal life of the Territory, their friends have been urging them to take part in political activity, and in the last election Frank Peratrovich and Andrew Hope, both Indians, were elected to the assembly. They ran in the first five in the long list of candidates, proving that much of their support came from white voters. This means that an antidiscrimination measure will be enforced in the Territory.

John Collier disputes the idea that legislation will solve the problem of the races, holding that the only basis upon which mutual agreement can grow is economic equality. "The Indians are thought of as shiftless and dirty, and in many cases they can't deny the accusation. But the best way ever invented to make a man equal is to give him the chance to make enough money to act as an equal."

The Department of the Interior points to the success of its policy in this country. Learning from the sad experience of the Osages in Oklahoma, where two thousand Indians split up $260,000,000 and were almost ruined by the avalanche of gold, the Office of Indian Affairs has changed its policy and requires now that tribal funds shall be kept in a common pool. The Cheyennes and Arapahoes in Wyoming have put their money from oil leases into land, cattle and co-operative stores. The Blackfeet of Montana have plowed their money back into the land.

In Alaska there is an example close at hand. In 1891, our government established the first reservation in Alaska, giving the Annette Islands to the Metlakatla Indians who had decided to leave Canada. They were led by the famous Father Duncan, a Church of England priest who had fallen out with the church and had been subjected to persecution as a result. The Annette people are now about 700 in number and last year netted $100,000 from their fish cannery and sawmill. They hire a white manager for $10,000 a year, own their own power plant, schools and modern houses and live a fully civilized life. Alaska (including white Alaska) is exceedingly proud of them.

It is not generally known, but, with few exceptions, our government has always paid something for land taken from the Indians. When we made the Louisiana Purchase, to mention one instance, we bought sovereignty and nothing more. We then proceeded to make treaties with the Indians of the territory and of course with all other settlers. There are over six hundred treaties involved and our courts have held repeatedly that unless rights are specifically extinguished by arrangement, the Indians are entitled to their land by right of occupancy and can either retain possession or exact damages from usurpers, including the U.S. government itself. These treaties have often been violated but in law we are compelled to respect Indian rights, and those rights were scrupulously upheld by Mr. Collier.

In Alaska, the whites concede that the Indians have rights but insist that the proper procedure is to present their cases to the Court of Claims for damages. Congress granted this permission in the Haida-Tlingit Jurisdictional Act of 1935, allowing suit within seven years (later extended to ten), with the provision that contracts between attorneys and the Indians must be approved by the Department of the Interior before suit can be brought. In the first of seventeen Tlingit (Klinket) and Haida tribal suits, Attorneys William L. Paul of Juneau and Frederick L. Paul of Petersburg filed for damages of $10,000,000 in November, 1941. The Court of Claims held that the contract with the attorneys was not in order, and the suits were dismissed.

A Dark View of Washington

It has been hinted by Alaska newspapers that this may be part of a Department of the Interior plot to make a better case out for reservations, but Anthony J. Dimond, retiring delegate to Congress from Alaska, denies it. Mr. Dimond is not only one of the most highly regarded men in the Territory but he is also strongly against the Ickes plan for reservations, and he states that the contract was so badly drawn that the Court had no alternative but to turn it down.

The whites also maintain that the doubt about land titles in Alaska has set back the prospect of new capital and ruined several pending negotiations. There are said to have been two or three large lumber firms interested in setting up pulp mills in the Territory, only to back out when the Ickes plan for reservations was advanced.

John Collier answers that in this manner: "On Indian reservations in the United States, there are more leases to mining companies and more grazing permits and lumber leases acre for acre than in our other public lands."

Even the Department of the Interior admits that it was a mistake to bring the quarrel up at this time. Anything that might upset the present arrangements of fishtraps could cut down the food supply of a world that needs food desperately.

This brings up another intramural row in the Department of the Interior, polite, quiet, but nevertheless fundamental. The department's Fish and Wildlife Service cares no slightest whit about the social implications of its policies. It holds that its job is to promote fishing in a way that will get the most fish and prolong the life of the fishing territory. The fishtraps do that job beautifully, in the eyes of the Fish and Wildlife people, and they haven't the slightest interest in whether it is being done by Indians or absentee corporations.

Even Mr. Ickes is at sea on that one. He says it must be "worked out carefully." That might be considered a gesture of compromise but the Alaskan whites are not prepared to hear anything good about the little man in Washington.

"The fate of Alaska hangs in the balance," says the Alaska Fishing News. "It must now be apparent to everyone that Secretary Ickes is planning one of the biggest land grabs ever attempted by a bureau chief."

Mr. Ickes Holds the Bag

When Judge Richard H. Hanna of Albuquerque, New Mexico, former chief justice of the New Mexico Supreme Court, arrived in Alaska to act as examiner of the Indian claims, he was sitting merely as a man who craved information. The door was wide open, and the Indians marched in and claimed everything in sight. What they will get, however, is what Mr. Ickes finds they are entitled to. He is responsible under the law for the administration of public lands and public fishing sites.

The Indians themselves have the final word in the matter of reservations because reservations can be set up only if approved by a majority of the Indians by secret ballot. There is a further provision that in each instance the total vote cast must be in excess of thirty per cent of those entitled to vote. There are 350 Indians at Hydaburg; 387 at Kake and 450 at Klawock.

The whites scoff at this protection: "The schoolteacher, the Indian agent and all the other government people will work on them, and they won't have a chance in the world."

However, the Department of the Interior reports that, when seven reservations were proposed in 1943, the villages of Shiphmaref and White Mountain voted them down.

So there sits Alaska in turmoil. It has been the stepchild of the United States ever since Secretary Seward bought it for $7,200,000 from Russia in 1867. It was known as "Seward's Folly" and so little was thought of it that for years afterward the only federal employee on hand was a customs collector.

Only now is it becoming known that Alaska is neither an icebox nor a barren waste. The towns of southeast Alaska have a warmer winter climate than New York or Boston. As was once said by Doctor Alfred H. Brooks, first head of the Alaska branch of the Geological Survey, the Pilgrims would have had things much easier if they had landed at Sitka instead of Plymouth Rock. But all that's no help to the white Alaskans in the face of what might turn out to be original occupancy rights of the Indians.

"How would you feel," they say to other Americans, "if an Indian descendant turned up and proved that his people had never left the island and that the Dutch had bought Manhattan Island from the wrong tribe?"

This seems a bit far-fetched but it shows the agitation of the white Alaskans. There seems to be no dissenting voice among them.

But when that is said, what is to be done? Around the Department of the Interior (but not from the Secretary himself), it is felt that the present settlement of Indian rights is the best thing that ever happened to Alaska. The Indians will have to be taken care of sometime. It is better to do it now when Alaska is still young and unformed. Later it might cause a real civil war.

"Nobody's going to get hurt," Mr. Ickes repeats. "You'll see how painless it is as it works out."

That may be true, but Alaska is aching all over at the moment.

THE END

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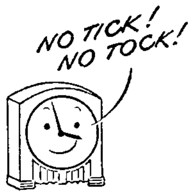
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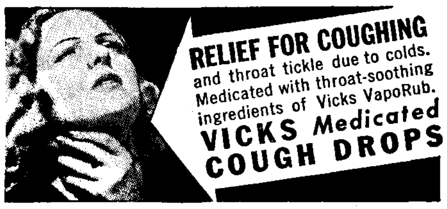

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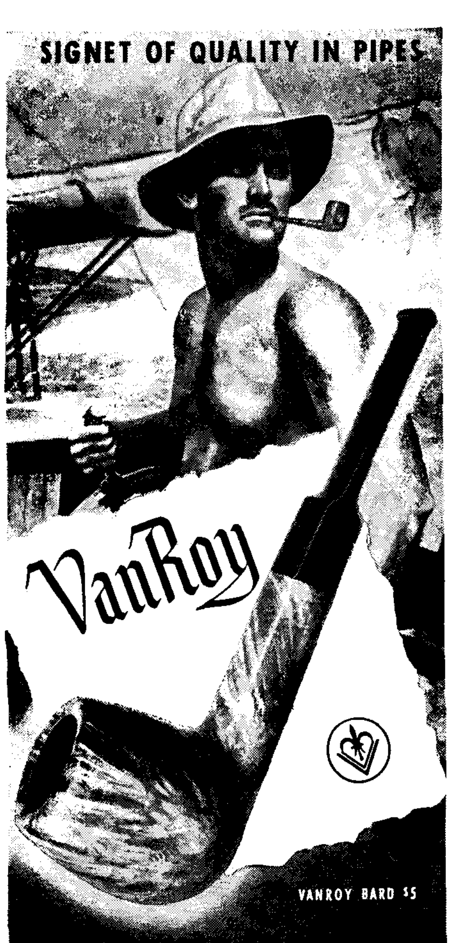

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Finger Exercises

Continued from page 33

two thumbs on his right hand. This bored him. So he had the extra right thumb cut off.

Her first paying client was Fannie Hurst. On the strength of the Fannie Hurst job, Miss Shaw wrote to Helen Hayes. When Miss Hayes signified her willingness to pose, Ray borrowed $10 for the trip to Nyack, N. Y., and did the job.

In 1938, things began to get a little easier. Lord & Taylor sponsored a big exhibition of her hands. In this instance they were all hands of children. Then she began to get orders: Lily Pons, Lowell Thomas, Bernarr Macfadden, Mischa Elman, Irving Berlin, Gladys Swarthout and many more.

She remembers, a bit grimly, her interview with Irving Berlin. While she was waiting for him she could hear Mr. Berlin and a visitor talking in millions. "At that moment I was overdrawn ten dollars at my bank," says Miss Shaw.

She doesn't worry about bank overdrafts any more. Now people are glad to commission her and are more than glad to pay sums ranging from $300 to $500 to have their hands modeled by Ray Shaw.

The process she uses requires only one sitting by the client. She uses a brownish rubbery substance which is a secret composition of her own. This, after she has posed the hands of the sitter, is brushed on the hands. When this material comes in contact with the hands, it hardens. But not as plaster of Paris does. It becomes a substance which Miss Shaw can pull off the hands as gloves are pulled off.

The cast that she has at this point she calls the negative. It, in turn, is filled with a plaster-plus mixture. Then the rubbery negative is again pulled off, and Miss Shaw has a rough sketch or outline of the hands of the poser.

Hands in the Making

At that point, she begins to model from this three-dimensional sketch—either in clay or Plasticine. When she gets what she wants, she makes another mold and casts it. This eventually becomes the finished hands.

Her tools are mostly those used by dentists. The finished hands may be cast in porcelain, a stone composition or hard plaster. Before the war some of them were cast in bronze.

Some of her clients have their own ideas about posing for Miss Shaw. One traveling man who came in insisted on posing with the index finger of his right hand sticking straight out. He was going to nail the hand to the wall of his wife's boudoir. He wanted an accusing finger there.

One married woman thought she had better pose with her wedding ring off. She explained that in case she ever divorced her husband and remarried, her second husband might recognize the difference in her ring.

A woman in her sixties, the mother of five children, had Ray make up five pairs of her hands. She presented one pair to each of her children with the inscription: "These are the hands that rocked you when you were a baby."

Ray says that sixty per cent of her clients are women, and that the men who comprise the forty per cent all claim they are in her studio at the insistence of their wives.

Several years ago she was assigned by the National Broadcasting Company to do a series of the hands of their guest conductors. She went about it methodically—attending the concerts to watch the conductors, finding out the favorite composer of each, and finally setting the date for the individual posing. Fritz Reiner would arrive in her studio to find her playing a record of his favorite composer. Put at once in a mellow mood, he would not object when she asked him to pretend he was conducting. When Ray saw a pose she liked and felt it was characteristic, she asked the musician to hold it and then she got to work.

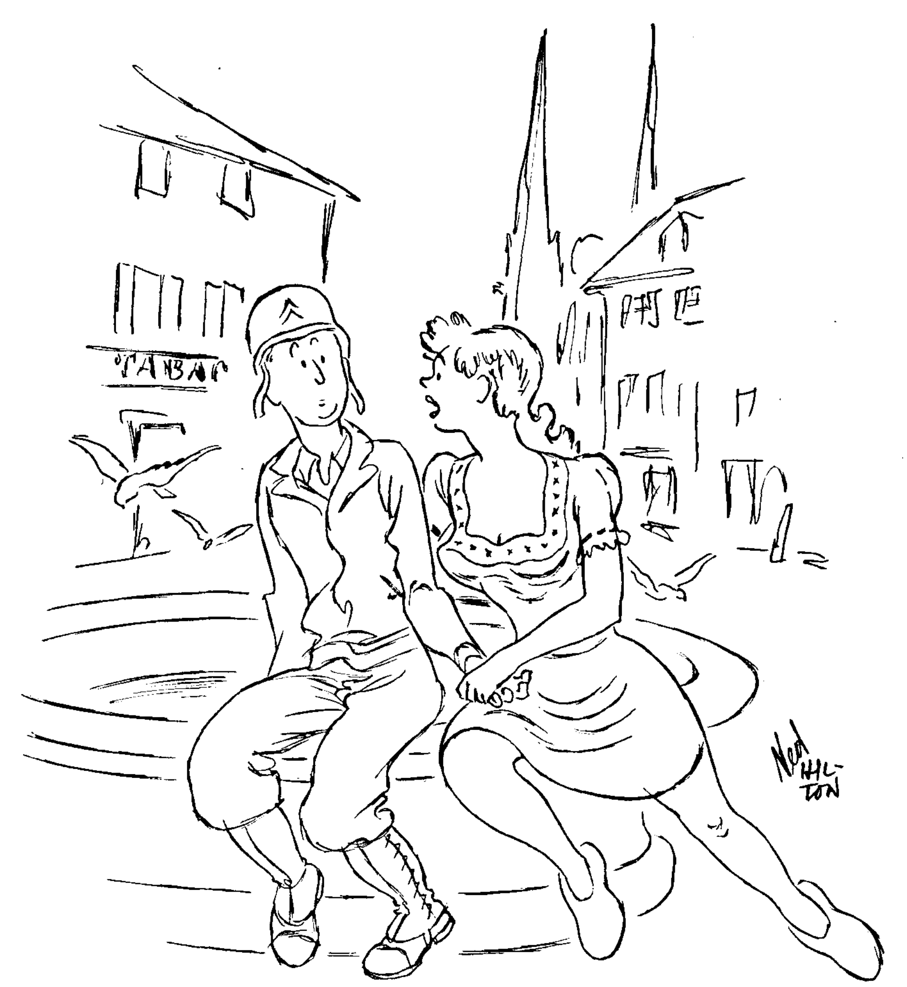
A short time ago she did a series of ten hands of women war workers for the 21st Women's International Exposition.

"I'm really greedy about anything pertaining to hands," Ray says. "If I see hands that interest me I want to own them—to have them in my apartment." In addition to the hundreds of hands in her studio, she has an imposing collection of material on the history of gloves, hand customs and rings, plus a list of all songs written about hands.

Speaking of songs about hands, Ray used to be very fond, in her teens, of one that began "Pale hands I loved beside the Shalamar." She says she used to look at her own hands and be afraid that no one would ever love *her* beside *anything!* If you will take a look at Miss Shaw's photograph, you will see she exaggerated her plight.

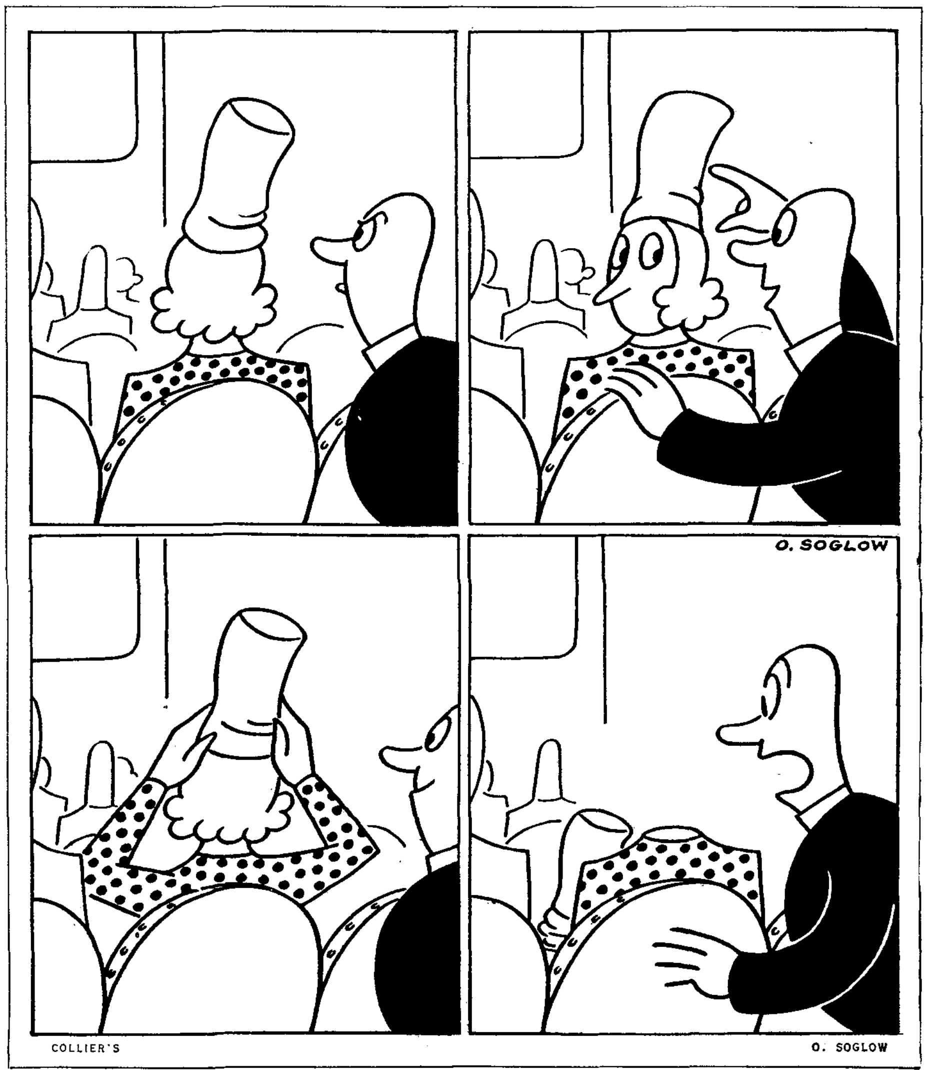
She has modeled the hands of Lily Pons, Peter Arno, Albert Einstein, Doctor Dafoe, Gladys Swarthout and many others. But she is not the artist commissioned by Sam Goldwyn to make a "bust" of his hands!

THE END



"Tell me about America—its tall buildings, its night clubs, its mustering-out pay. . . ."

COLLIER'S NED HILTON



COLLIER'S O. SOGLOW

The Week's Work

Lt. Comdr. McClain, recently returned from Iwo, holds Navy press conference in Washington

THE newsreel pictures you probably saw of the fighting on Iwo Jima were made under the direction of Lieutenant Commander John McClain, whose short short story, Leave in London, appears on page 73.

At Iwo, McClain and about a hundred cameramen did one of the smoothest and quickest jobs of newsreel coverage in the war, with McClain taking off by plane in the midst of a battle to deliver the films promptly in Washington.

One cameraman was killed at Iwo, and one batch of film was lost on a ship the Japs sunk.

McClain has had a lot of experience making battle movies, in Africa and in France as well as in the Pacific. His work takes him into the hottest danger zones.

But in between the grim times, this McClain seasons his military life with a kind of playfulness. In Normandy, shortly after D-Day, Army and Navy personnel were puzzled when they saw on the road an impressive-looking car with the words "Joint Operations" printed on its side. What (they wondered) does Joint Operations mean?

Lillian Hellman

Although he put the words there himself, John McClain, the driver of the car, couldn't have enlightened them. He just needed a car in his movie-making work, and he saw a German command car, and he helped himself to it, and he thought Joint Operations would look good on the side of it. Also, he thought it might save him answering a lot of questions, and it did. He wandered around all over Normandy, and nobody challenged his right to go where he pleased.

McClain, now a lieutenant commander in the Navy, was quite an athlete at Kenyon College and Brown University, doing all right at football and boxing. Later he got a newspaper job, and pretty soon he was writing the ship news column, On Deck, for the New York Sun. "Soft-spoken John," his friends called him.

He wrote his first short story, Gray Gloves, for Collier's. It was sensational. Movie producers began to watch his work, and after a few more stories, he was invited to Hollywood, where he served with ease and distinction at Selznick and at M-G-M. [illegible]sted in the Navy [illegible] Pearl Harbor, and [illegible]gnal Corps borrowed him to help film the story of the African invasion released as Desert Victory. Landing at Oran, he and his cameraman saw an abandoned baker's truck, which naturally they borrowed. They set out on an unscheduled sightseeing, picture-taking trip, got lost, and two days later found they were some twenty miles behind the German lines. They hid in a farmhouse on a high bluff, and when they heard shooting, they thought the jig was up. But the Germans hadn't noticed them. A battle was going on below the bluff, and McClain and his companion got some wonderful movie shots of German tanks at first advancing and then retreating, licked by the Americans. Now Americans fired on the out-of-place pair, but obviously the incident had a happy ending.

Ralph Coniston

Soft-spoken John, always fond of phony signs, thought up another one while he was in France. This developed when he and a couple of friends discovered a deserted château with a cellar full of potable beverages. They tacked a sign on the door "No Unauthorized Personnel Admitted," and stayed there undisturbed for three merry days.

Quentin Reynolds is really responsible for the story in this issue. Out in Pearl Harbor, John told Quent about this bombardier friend of his in London, and Quent said, "It's a great story. Why don't you write it?" John said he would, but he didn't, and he kept on not doing it until Quent said, "I'll write it myself, then." Quent actually wrote a line or two—enough to shame John into action.

IF THERE were an official contest for the title "most distinguished American playwright," Lillian Hellman would be among the finalists, if not the winner. The fame of Miss Hellman, whose works so often deal with fundamental social problems, has spread all over the world. Her most recent stage successes are Watch on the Rhine and The Searching Wind. And for the movies she wrote North Star.

Last fall, Miss Hellman received an invitation from VOKS, the government-sponsored cultural organization of Russia, to visit that country as a guest of the state. She flew to Moscow by way of Seattle, Alaska and Siberia—taking all the warm clothes she had, and two sleeping bags besides—and was welcomed with ceremony unusual in wartime. She made a visit to the battle fronts—and it is of them she writes in the first article she ever wrote: I Meet the Front-Line Russians, p. 11.

AS a correspondent with the Dutch navy for Aneta, the Netherlands news agency, Ralph Coniston is getting a close-up view of the complicated issues of race and empire which will have to be settled before a lasting peace is won. In Jungle Express, p. 21, he analyzes one of the confusing phenomena of global war. . . . A. P.

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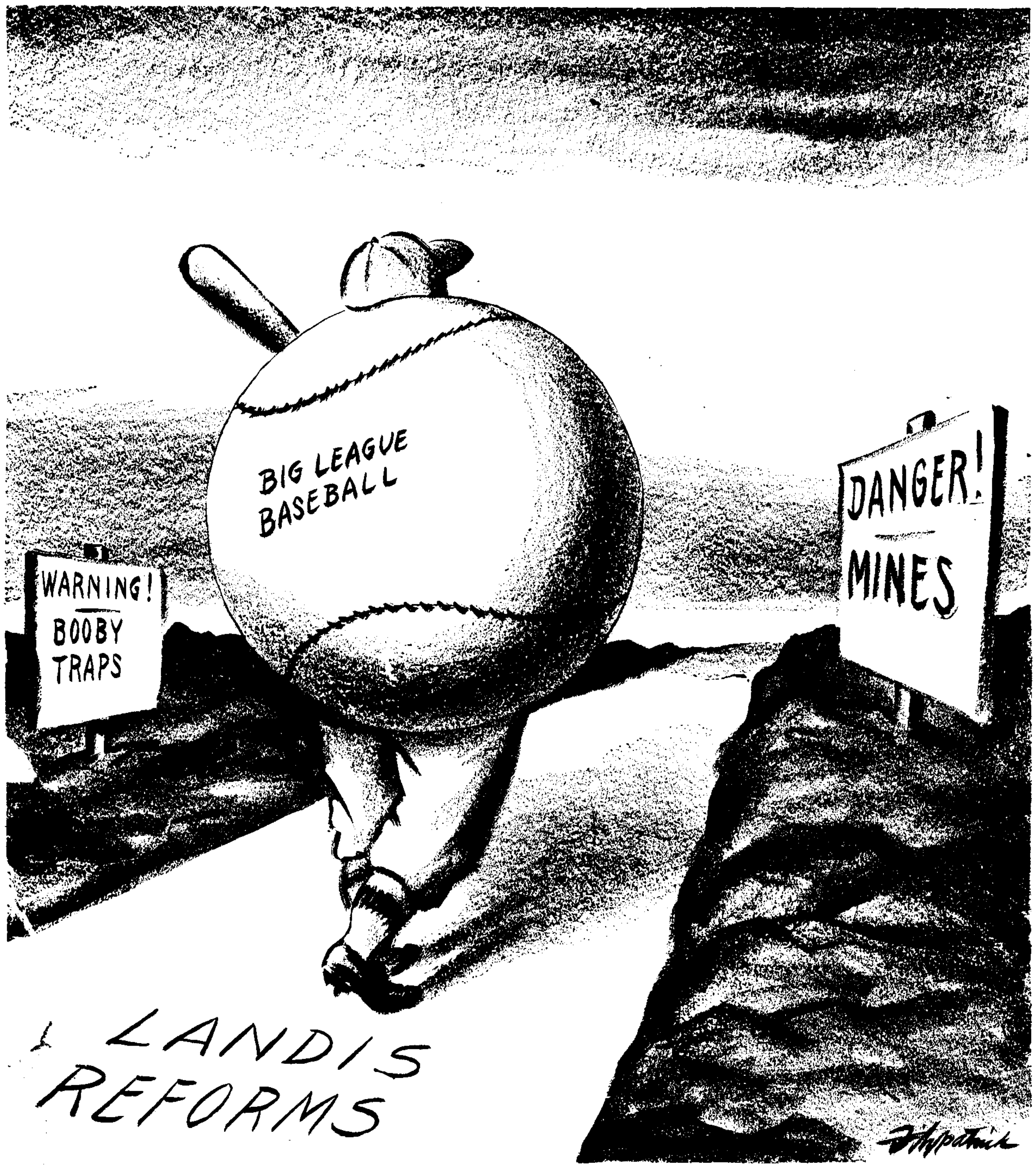

BASEBALL REFORM

IN 1919, the Black Sox baseball scandal cut down big-league ball overnight from the eminence of a beloved sport which the public believed to be on the level to the ignominy of a sport which the public believed to be run by crooked managers and played by gents whom gamblers could bribe to throw games.

Baseball hurried to clean up. It obtained a "czar" for itself, and gave him absolute powers to regulate baseball practices. This czar was Kenesaw Mountain Landis, at that time a federal judge, and a character of the most fearsome rectitude, of consummate courage, and of high principle. This tough egg ruled big-league ball for about twenty-four years, and with an iron hand.

Some of the baseball moguls who had hired Landis came to regret their act—to regard themselves more or less as Frankensteins who had created a monster too powerful for them. The general public, however, soon perceived that Landis was doing the job he had been retained to do, and baseball quickly recovered its old-time place in the public's affections.

Maybe it was coincidence, or maybe it was just that sports booms often follow major wars; but anyway, those years were a golden age for big-league ball. It had never prospered so much before, or produced so many top-flight players, or possessed so much of the color and drama which should go with any sport.

Judge Landis died last winter, between baseball seasons. And now, what is big-league ball doing about another czar?

It has made up its mind in a halfhearted and hesitant way to hire one; but it has also made up its mind that he will not be a real czar. His powers are to be curbed in important ways, as we (and numerous sports analysts) read the new contract adopted at the recent New York get-together of National and American league club owners. Under this contract, the real power to decide what is and is not detrimental to baseball will reside in the sixteen club managers and the two league presidents.

This, at a time when professional gamblers have been found to be boring into another important sport—college basketball—and at a time when the country faces the prospect of a big postwar boom in sports of all kinds.

We hope the major leagues have not begun the process of killing the goose that lays their golden eggs. We hope that big-league ball may continue to be as honest and as universally trusted and respected as it was when Landis policed it, and that the day may never come when something remindful of the 1919 Black Sox scandal will blow up in the faces of the baseball magnates and the general public.

HOUSEWIFE REFORM

MAYBE any discussion of household-servant problems is academic just now, what with most of the former cooks and maids in war work and most of the housewives who used to employ them doing their own housework as best they may. However, the Y.W.C.A. in Chicago is already making plans for a coming day when the art and mystery of domestic service will be revived.

The Chicago Y.W. has started a Household Employers League, composed of women who propose to live up to certain standards in dealing with domestic help henceforth, when, as and if they can get it.

Wages in the Chicago area are put at $20 to $25 a week, with time and a half for overtime, four national holidays per year off, and a week's vacation with pay each year. Servants living in would work 54 hours a week; those living out, 48, with meals on their own time. Except in emergencies, the work week would never go over 60 hours. Each servant would be treated with courtesy and respect, and for those living in, there would be adequately furnished private rooms, access to baths, plenty to eat, and so on.

To any housewife who hopes to get and keep help after the war, we'd say these plans should furnish a valuable tip-off on how to do it. It looks like a formula, not only for getting and holding help when it is available, but also for winning yourself a community reputation as a good person to work for—a reputation which any woman can afford to have.

We have a further hunch. It is that any housewife who doesn't expect to treat the help with common courtesy and reasonable generosity after this war is going to get little if any help.

POST OFFICE REFORM

REPRESENTATIVE EMANUEL CELLER (D.-N.Y.) has introduced a House bill about second-class mail which looks to us like a step in the right direction. Postmaster General Frank Walker has for some years been exercising in ways which look capricious and tyrannical the present powers of his department over publications' second-class mail privileges. There were the famous, or infamous, Esquire Magazine case, the Police Gazette case, and the less publicized cases of the publications called Sunshine and Health, the Fourth International, and View.

Representative Celler's bill would not abolish the Post Office Department's power to bar obscene or seditious matter from second-class mail rights—a power which you can argue the department should have—but it would take the exercise of that power out of the realm of each successive Postmaster General's caprice and regularize it.

Should this bill become law, postmasters would still be able to impound matter which they suspected of being obscene or seditious. But they would have to notify the United States Attorney within ten days thereafter, and he would have to bring a court action within thirty days. Otherwise, the suspect stuff would have to be cleared through the mails.

When court actions were brought, the trials would be by jury.

Celler may or may not have hit on the best way to solve this problem; we don't know. We are convinced, though, that the problem calls urgently for the attention and action of Congress. As the law is now applied, it is the Postmaster General—one man, human and fallible like any other one man—who has life-and-death power over all the publications traveling second class in the United States.

That is too much power for any one man to ha no matter how honest and well-intentioned he may b It's time to fence him in.